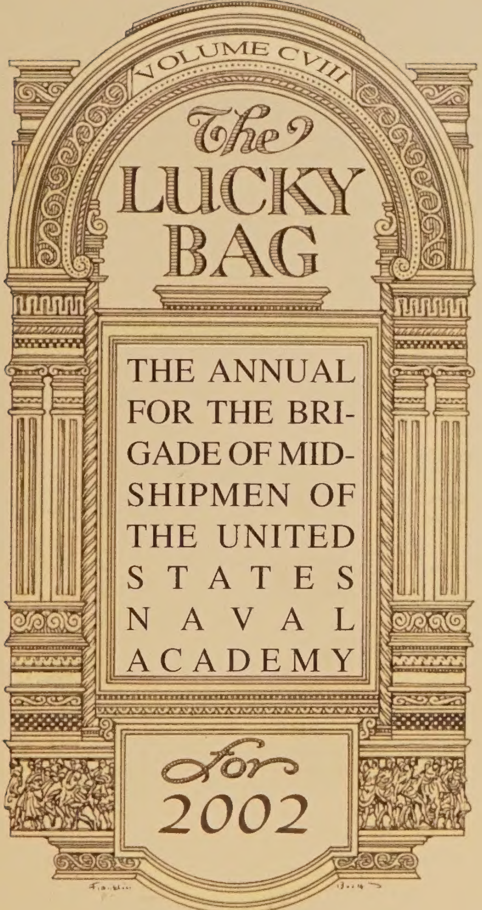
The LUCKY BAG

2002



VOLUME CVIII

The LUCKY BAG

THE ANNUAL
FOR THE BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN OF
THE UNITED
STATES
NAVAL
ACADEMY

for
2002

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bk. 1

COPY-
RIGHT
TWO THOUSAND
AND TWO
BY
J. A. AUGUSTO
& ASSOCIATES

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A Message from the Editor

This annual was founded in 1894 as a replacement for a class photo album, and has evolved into the largest full-color yearbook in the United States. The name, Lucky Bag, originates from the Nautical term for a ship's lost and found. Originally, the Lucky Bag was a random collection of short stories, poems, artwork, and photographs. Now the Lucky Bag is a sophisticated assortment of pictures and text that chronicles the year. In 1998, the Lucky Bag became an entirely digital production, which included a multimedia CD-ROM supplement containing video, sound, text and pictures from the year. This 2002 edition takes it a step further towards digital media convergence with the production of the multi-session DVD-ROM.

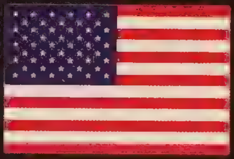
In any form, from the 150 page first edition in 1894 to this 1008 page, two volume book , the Lucky Bag has been a part of the written record or our nation's history. Spread through these pages are the voices of our nation's military leaders, past, present and future. Within these pages is recorded and pictured the year 2001-2002 at the Naval Academy, its successes and failures. We have tried to keep in mind the enduring and permanent character of the book, with such measure of success as th pages following will indicate.

We dedicate this year's book to the memory of all those that were lost in the attacks on September 11th, especially the alumni memorialized on the following pages. We aslo remember those fellow midshipmen which were both lost this past school year, as well as those that were part of the class of 2002. God Bless Matthew Klotzbach, Jonathon Hurdle, Stephen Douglas, and Kenneth Neptun. God Bless those serving in the United States Armed Forces. And God Bless America.

John Anthony Augusto '02

One Septemeber 11th, this country was shaken by the attaks that left thousands dead in the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and the Pennsylvania Countryside. Midshipmen, along with millions around the world, mourned the attacks with countless services, cerenibues and vigils. Though no amount of mourning can ever be enough to heal the wounds, we all move on with a sense of endurance, resolve, and determination.

We are all involved in this tragedy and our resilient spirit and the common purpose we saw on that day are the qualities that will see us through.



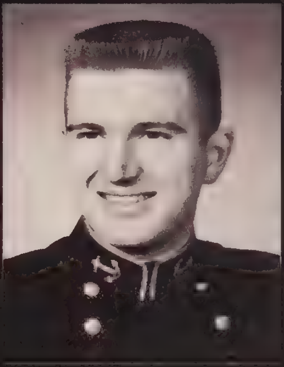
A TRIBUTE TO OUR SHIPMATES LOST ON SEPTEMBER 11TH, 2002

CAPT John David Yamnicky USN (Ret.) '52

John D. Yamnicky was a test pilot who had served in a combat tour in Korea. He flew off carriers on two tours in Southeast Asia. Yamnicky earned the Distinguished Flying Cross among several other medals. He died as a passenger on American Airlines Flight 77 which crashed into the Pentagon. Capt. Yamnicky was a devoted husband and father of four.

RADM Wilson Falor Flagg USNR (Ret.) '61

Wilson "Bud" Flagg was an active duty fighter pilot who served from 1961 to 1967. He was awarded several medals including the Distinguished Service Medal. After serving on active duty, Flagg remained an officer in the Naval Reserve and was an American Airlines captain. Rear Admiral Flagg and his wife, Dee, died on American Airlines Flight 77, leaving two children and four grandchildren.



Kevin Patrick Connors '69

Kevin Connors was a senior vice president of Euro Brokers Inc., having previously been associated with J.P. Morgan Bank and Morgan Stanley. He established and sold the investment firm Connors and Cook. Among other accomplishments, he was a survivor of a sinking 66-foot schooner and a finisher of a 550 mile bike ride through Iowa. Connors worked in the World Trade Center for Euro Brokers when he died on September 11. He is survived by his wife and five children.

CAPT Charles Burlingame III, USNR (Ret.) '71

Charles "Chic" Burlingame was a fighter pilot assigned to the carrier Saratoga before joining American Airlines in 1979. There he met his wife, Sheri, an American flight attendent. He was at the controls of American Flight 77 when terrorists took over and crashed the plane into the Pentagon. Burlingame was the father of one and had a grandchild.

Kenneth Miles McBrayer '74

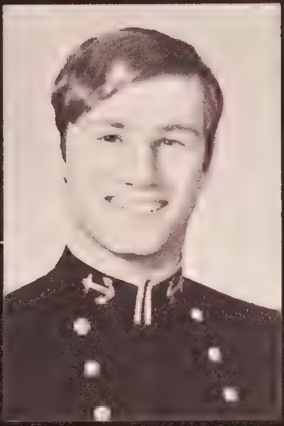
Nicknamed "The Commander" by his co-workers, McBrayer was a banker and partner at the investment firm Sandler O'Neill. He was a smart and efficient worker. McBrayer loved to sail and spent much of his time sailing the Chesapeake Bay with his wife. Ken McBrayer was at work in the World Trade Center on September 11th. He is survived by his wife of 11 years.

Kenneth Edmund Waldie '78

Ken Waldie worked for Raytheon for 8 years after his military service. He coached his children in little league in Methuen, MA. His 20 year old son is stationed with the U.S. Coast Guard in New Bedford. It was a quick change in itinerary that put Waldie on American Flight 11 that crashed into the Twin Towers. He will be missed by his wife and four children.

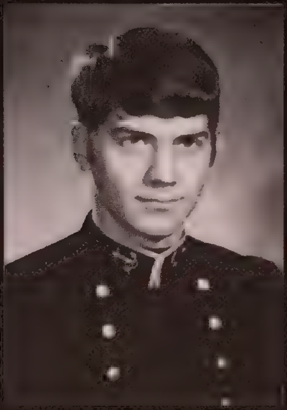
CAPT Gerald Francis DeConto, USN '79

Gerald DeConto played rugby at the Academy, enjoyed sailing, running with his dogs, and coaching soccer. He was the executive officer of the **LAKE ERIE**, commanding officer of the **SIMPSON**, and chief of staff for Standing Naval Foce Mediterranean. DeConto was helping organize a response to the World Trade Center attacks when the Pentagon was attacked. Gerald DeConto wil be missed by his mother and two brothers.



CAPT Robert Edward Dolan, USN '81

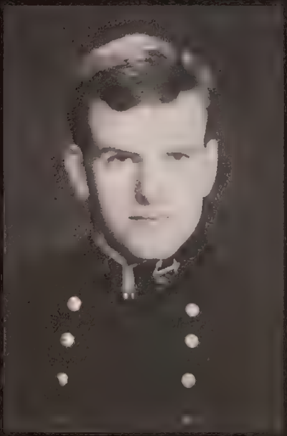
Bob Dolan was an admired man in and out of the Naval service. He was the commanding officer of the **JOHN HANCOCK** and was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal. Dolan served in several places overseas and was on a tour at the Pentagon serving under the Chief of Naval Operations when it was attacted by terrorists. He is survived by his wife, son, and daughter.



Michael Gregory McGinty '81

Michael McGinty was a nuclear engineer in the Navy until 1989. He became an insurance broker with Marsh USA of Boston and New York. An active member of his church, he was on the board of deacons. McGinty died in the terrorist attack in the World Trade Center. He leaves his wife and two sons.

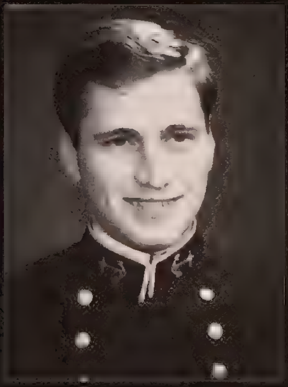
CDR Patrick Dunn, USN '85



Taking after his father and brother, Patrick Dunn devoted himself to the Navy. He was a dedicated career officer who was on his way to a major command. Dunn was working for the Chief of Naval Operations in the Pentagon on September 11th. He is survived by his wife and newborn child.

CDR William Howard Donovan Jr., USN '86

William Donovan was an aviator in the Persian Gulf who later was a flight instructor. He earned the Admiral William Adger Moffett Award for aeronautical engineering. An avid soccer player, Donovan played in a lunchtime league at the Pentagon. He will be missed by his wife and three children.



LCDR Ronald James Vauk, USNR '87

Ronald Vauk worked at the Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Laboratory in the research department after his five years in the Navy. The youngest of nine siblings, Vauk was on his second day of his annual two-week reserve period at the Pentagon on September 11th. He is survived by his wife and two young children.

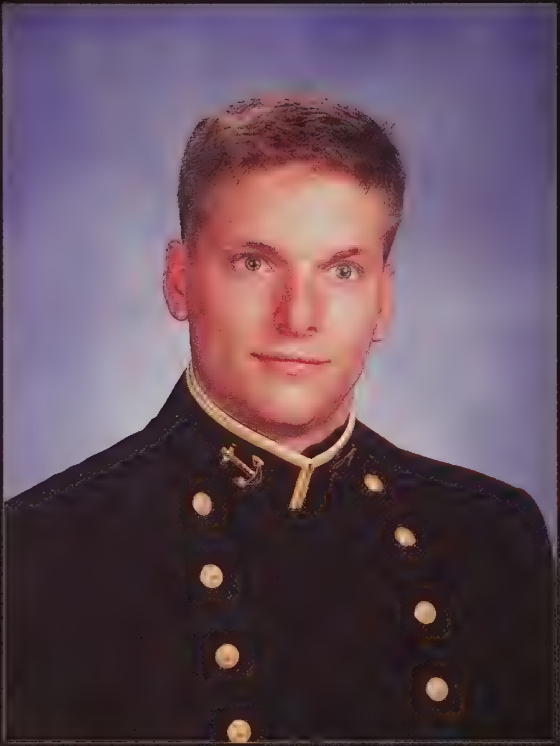
LT Jonas Martin Panik, USN '97

Jonas Panik graduated from the Academy with a degree in history and went on to be an intelligence officer. During his time since graduation, he toured much of the world. Upon his assignment to the Pentagon, Panik and his wife moved to Odenton, Maryland. He will be missed by his wife.

LTJG Darin Howard Pontell, USN '98

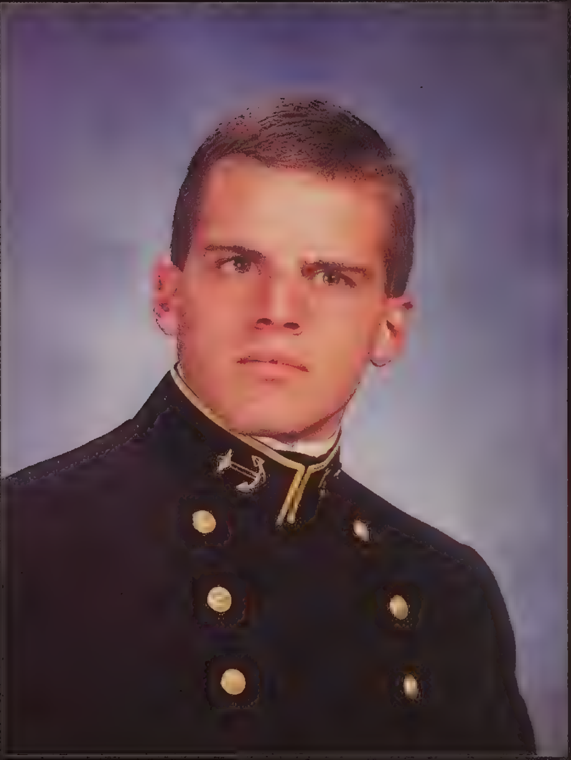
Darin Pontell was stationed in Virginia Beach for two years as a naval intelligence officer before moving to Gaithersburg, Maryland for a tour at the Pentagon. He is one of three sons and the second military officer of his brothers. He is survived by his wife of six months.

"Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty." -- President John F. Kennedy



Stephen Douglas 2002

MAY GOD BLESS YOU WITH FAIR



Kenneth Neptun 2002

Jonathon Hurdle 2003

WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS

Matthew Klotzbach 2003

The History of
The Class of 2002

2002

Leaving my civilian life behind

The Diary of Joe Mid

Plebe Summer - July 1, 1998, Induction Day

"It's kind of fun to do the impossible." - Walt Disney

It all began on July 1st 1998 with I-day, a day that will live in infamy for all time. After arriving with the sunrise, I began my lengthy indoctrination into my military future.

"The first and last words out of your mouth will be 'Sir', you understand?", the check-in detailer said while never releasing his penetrating stare into my eyes

"Huh?" I replied.

If I had been able to hear what the detailer said over the shouting around me, I would've realized I should have put a Sir sandwich on that "Huh". As I walked up the first set of stairs I pinned my new MID '02 nametag onto my shirt while trying to comprehend the next set of instructions.

"Your Alpha code is 020396, memorize it."

"Sir, yes Sir!"

My first time at parade rest. I hope I don't pass out...

With that, it all began, and a few hours later I had a bald head, sore feet, and three laundry bags filled with what must have been about two thousand and two pounds of gear. I was given quick lessons on how to salute and make facing movements before being herded like hairless cattle onto a bus. Each set of beady detailer eyes seemed to be watching my every move and glaring at me, but all I could think about was keeping the contents of my bladder where they belong. We were prodded off the bus to the courtyard of Mitscher where the long wait began. I must have stood there for an hour under the blazing sun and sweltering heat before a detailer finally told me to pick up my bags and follow him into the belly of the beast called Bancroft Hall.

I looked around my room to find my roommate already unpacked and sitting in his chair memorizing basic rates. Unlike me, he looked calm and prepared for what was to come. I looked towards my disheveled side of the room and found three intimidating boxes waiting to be properly stowed. Within a few seconds of my arrival I heard a shout for all of us to hit a bulkhead in the passageway. Without time to unpack, I ran out of my room and chopped along with the rest of my classmates to T-court. Here, I first set my eyes on the Admiral who would become so affectionately known as "Suuuuuuupe". Following a bunch of long-winded speeches by assorted

Swearing-in Ceremony with the "Suuuuuupe."

people and a fly over by one of the Blue Angels, we were dismissed to say our final farewells to our friends and family before the six weeks of isolation. My parents barely recognized me with my baggy White Works and "deer in the headlights" expression. After a few short minutes of goodbyes , I met with the rest of my company on the terrace between Michaelson and Chauvenet. Moments later I was introduced to Fleet Admiral King and his hall, where I inhaled a plateful of lasagna. I quickly learned there were two options on the King Hall menu - take it or leave it. After eating I was whisked upstairs to the company area.

Ahhhh!!! Headlights!!

"I am 1/c Smith, your company commander. My staff of 2/c Frowny, 2/c Chef, 2/c Wisesculpter, and 2/c Karen will be your best buds over the next few weeks..."

Boy were they right... The next thing I knew I was on my feet and they were making me feel right at home. As I stood next to complete strangers getting yelled at by complete strangers, I realized that this was going to be a very long night.

Plebe Summer
Training Day 14

"Anyone who isn't confused really doesn't understand the situation." - Edward R. Murrow

After 14 days I now knew I was not dreaming. It was 0530 and I was half asleep standing in the passageway with my sheets in my pillowcase. At any other school people would've thought I was nuts, but the practice is standard here during Plebe Summer.

"Good morning everybody how are you? We're as happy as a monkey in a zoo. It's a bright and sunny day here at good old USNA. We've got lots to do so lets get to it."

I sang our daily jingle half-heartedly this morning, not feeling like a very happy monkey.

"Make your racks, put on your Go-Fasters, and form up on Red Beach in five minutes for PEP."

As I carried out his orders, I wished that today would turn out to be one of those God-sent Black Flag days. The blissful paradise of a Black Flag meant I would spend hours coating every metal deck plate and doorframe with Brasso instead of the normal physical work. Unfortunately, today was not one of these special days. Today I enjoyed the euphoria of uncountable numbers of sit-ups and push-ups, followed by the orgasmic pleasure of a five-mile run. Little did I know the horrors of rifle PT and massive boot runs still awaited me in the weeks to come. Upon returning to the hall there was more than enough time - almost 10 full minutes - for my three roommates and I to shower and learn the massive numbers of daily rates. I heard from the hallway:

"5..4..1.. You're done."

Today was our lucky day; we began with another boring brief. As we sat down we repeated the chant all too familiar to us all.

The first of many outdoor formations

"Right hand right knee, left hand left knee, feet at a forty-five, Sir."

As usual I had no trouble falling asleep during the brief despite the chill of the air conditioning and the racket of the Plebe Hack death coughs. I woke up to hear bits and pieces of the Regimental Commander's speech about what we "Aught two" be doing as Plebes. He must have spent hours thinking up that bit of creativity. I must've started dozing off again because when I woke up, everybody seemed happy. The chaplains had arrived with their words of inspiration and best of all, their donuts. Maybe I was just starved, but those donuts tasted like they were made in God's kitchen. Maybe the chaplains put a special donut blessing on them to help us through the never-ending summer. As the chaplains took our mind off of what was happening around us, I couldn't help thinking that this time of relaxation was only a temporary relief from the hell that awaited us in a few minutes.

"On your feet!"

It was now time to change into White Works Foxtrot for noon meal formation. I found myself again along the bulkhead screaming words that were supposed to be a chow call at the top of my lungs. By the time I was dismissed along with my classmates and ordered to make it to Tecumseh Court, the start of formation was only two minutes away. We somehow made it by moving with a serious sense of urgency. The blinding white of 1000 plebes in white works was like staring at the sun with a telescope. As I reached the table I found myself in the one position all plebes dreaded — the hot seat. I led the squad in storing our covers, gear, and neckerchiefs. My squad received a momentary reprieve from the rants and raves of our detailer when the bell rang. I cringed as one of my squadmates was called to the anchor for losing his Reef Points. He would be spending the meal at the dreaded brigade tables with the Regimental Commander, Midshipman Commander Ceders, the same creative genius who developed the "Aught two" phrase. My outcast squadmate was definitely sitting with the best and brightest.

The parades allow midshipmen to demonstrate their teamwork, discipline, and professionalism

"Squad, take ... seats."

I then suffered through being asked every rate imaginable while serving food and drinks and opening the table for seconds and desert. I left the table after eating a few bites and rushed back to the room to change for yet another evolution.

Somehow the afternoon passed in a blur from drill, to almost drowning in the frozen pond known as Lejune, to the wrecking session fondly known as company officer time. As the sweat poured down my face, I strained to hold my canteen out with one hand for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, I was allowed to rest my tired arms by holding my lightweight rifle instead.

All great days come to an end, and I sat in my room for a brief minute during my personal time writing my thought of the day before going to blue and gold. I took my thought and my care package out into the p-way and joined my squad on the bulkhead. Fatigued, blistered, and frustrated, I was looking forward to getting through this last harassment of the night before going to bed. All my pains seemed to disappear as I sang Blue and Gold with my lifelong friends for the next four years by the bay and beyond.

"Splashdown, Splashdown..."

Plebe Year
Training Day 284

"Look alive. Here comes a buzzard." -Pogo

"Sir, you now have ten minutes..."

I shouted these words as quickly, loudly, and unintelligibly as I possibly could. The sooner I got this part done, the sooner I could go back to my room before my encore performance five minutes later. I had studied all my rates and read my articles this morning, but I knew there was always something they would ask me that would send me back to the feared "Shaft of Pain" where the hardest upperclass looked forward to making Plebes cry.

"Sir, you now have five minutes..."

I tried to do this one on just a single breath. Midway I was stopped by one of the dreaded second class and asked a rate. Fortunately, I knew the answer and that satisfied him for now. This second class had the physical stature of someone who knows the weight room intimately. At the beginning of the year, my classmates and I were all scared of him based on his gargantuan size, but we later discovered he was a gentle giant.

When I finished my chow call, I chopped down to King Hall to get some breakfast. Initially, it was pretty easy to get lost in the sea of people and tables with nondescript brown wooden chairs, but I found my way by counting the number of chandeliers between the door and my company area. When I finally reached my table, I rigged it for breakfast, not forgetting to take the plastic wrap off the cream cheese and place it on the glass of my favorite upperclass. Sometimes I would get the Youngsters because they were easy targets and generally thought it was entertaining, but today I figured I'd try to get my Firsties who were usually too experienced to fall for this amateur parlor trick. Once meal started, I threw food in my mouth and ate as much as I could. In between bites I dodged questions and rates thrown at me by my upperclass. After twenty minutes or so the bell at the anchor sounded my time to leave. I had escaped alive, another meal down.

I hurried back to my room to prepare for my morning classes, which included Calculus, Chemistry, and Government. Unfortunately, that combination of classes was sleep inducing and I knew for sure I would fall asleep this morning. I had stayed up until midnight cramming at my desk while my late lights chit guarded my door from upperclass intent on busting Plebes who stayed up late playing unauthorized video games or listening to music on their computers.

The afternoon passed just as quickly as the morning. By the time I completed my academic day, I still had some drilling on Warden to take up my time. It was one of those things here at the Academy that everyone hates, but has to do anyway. It was one of those traditions just like football

Soap and water make for a smooth Carrier landing in the old wings games, chopping, and Saturday Morning Training that would be permanent at this place. I guess the rest of my day will fall into the routine that I have become so accustomed to following just like every other day.

Within sight was the finish line. Sea Trials was scheduled for the day after classes end, followed closely by Herndon and graduation.

Youngster Year
Training Day 687

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." - Charles Dickens

Go - Fasters sacrificed to the Herndon Gods

As I transitioned from pond scum into a full-fledged upperclass, I found myself in limbo as a youngster. With no job, no responsibility, and no purpose, I found myself blending into the shadows of obscurity. I felt more like a plebe as a youngster than I did as a plebe. One of the very few perks of the anchor that I now was forced to remember to put on was being allowed "civvies" outside of the "22 mile radius." Holding true to our class reputation we took full advantage, assuring that no other class would follow in our footsteps. I also discovered a newfound relationship with my upperclass. Being in the same company meant I now saw that those former second class - who had flamed on me so continuously - actually did have a personality.

Crab Feast '99 gave us a chance to bang crabs and the table with wooden mallets

No one in the brigade could have told you when hurricane season began, but that didn't prevent the Academy from getting hit. I thanked my lucky stars as announcements were made for plebes to suit up in cammies and begin sandbagging. The loss of power reduced our entertainment to watching the heavy winds and rain wreak havoc.

The weather eventually did clear up, which was a good thing because the 8th wing players were performing tonight. Little did I know their performances would be limited. A certain Captain and a faithful following of mids made me laugh almost to the point of tears. Parodies abounded and while some of the humor was crude, I was reminded that this was the Navy... "Full Speed Ahead." The Log was my other source of positive cynicism. It was a dark day when I was informed the Log was cancelled and the final issue would never be printed. A few of us were lucky to get a bootleg copy, and after thumbing through it I was left with the question of why a hot girl in white works with a "BubbleBuster '03" nametag on the cover was a bad thing?

The first semester passed in a blur and I began to believe that maybe it was true what they said about the last three years seeming like only 1/3 of the time at the Academy. With the thought I was already more than 2/3rds done I pressed on into second semester.

Tiger Woods made a guest appearance at Halloween

What a way to come back. I somehow braved the freezing cold and passed another PRT, only four more to go I told myself afterwards. Along with the PRT came the blizzards. I found myself dodging snowballs on my way back from class. I watched my fellow midshipman slip and slide all over the place as FID forced us to class across iced walkways.

I finished the year with the youngster luau. Food, a band, and tropical shirts lifted my mood. The best part was that in a few days the stash of civvies that I had retrieved my tropical shirt from would mysteriously appear; just like the music and movies of plebe year.

All in all, this year seemed pretty uneventful, and I was still left with the question, should I sign those papers...?

Second Class Year
Training day 1056

"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?" - William Shakespeare

The light at the end of the tunnel was now visible. I had signed, and it was definitely worth it. I returned from my cruise abroad. The Supe was in the process of making the Academy world class, but he had already done so with summer cruises. As a class we traveled the world, going to Spain on Submarines, Japan on Surface cruises, or Australia on a foreign exchange cruise.

Despite the fact I shifted to a new company, Admiral Locklear's plan to increase accountability and decrease fraternization, the year seems to fly by. I slid right into the new duty section watch structure, just glad that I was now in the company ACDO role. As Assistant Company Duty Officer I spent my time attempting to shirk all the responsibilities the First Class seemed so eager to "delegate." I took a step back and laughed at the new plebes and youngsters who would endure the torturous task of Company Mate of the Deck, or CMOD. I also shed a tear that I would never have the chance to stand the ever so important RDO, or Regimental Duty Officer.

The civies and Tuesday night liberty at Griffins seemed to help ease my transition to second class status quite a bit. I finally knew what the "Taco Tuesday" excitement was. Bancroft Hall was down to one old wing. It was a blessing and a curse to live there. I knew it was going down when I left, so the Alphas were pointless, but I longed for the fancy rooms of the new wings.

As a class we celebrated our momentous commitment with a two-beer limit at our 2-4-7 tailgater. The tailgaters were the best thing about the football season until I traveled to Baltimore for the Army-Navy game. Going in 0-10 with only a prayer, the team came through and showed their grit in pulling out a win. Baltimore was a blast, made more so by the fact the game went our way!

My higher paycheck was put to good use on gas, oil, and tune-ups to get and keep my car in some kind of working condition. This was important because now I could travel anywhere I wanted on my five weekends. Washington, Baltimore, New York, and even as far as Florida, my friends and I traveled the country gaining "worldly experience" we would need to lead the brigade in the fast approaching Firstie year.

Ring Dance Dinner
(aka fancy King Hall)

I put the second diagonal stripe to use in training the class of '04, yet another even year class going through the rigors of plebe year. All I know is that when the next even year class arrives, I will have graduated. Aught Four begged us for mercy, but we were unrelenting, just as our trainers were on us.

This year all the bonuses seemed to be coming my way. Who could pass up a "free" trip to Orlando, free eye surgery, or $23,000 at one percent?

The only thing I needed now was a date to Ring Dance. If only the Academy issued dates as a free gift along with the class ring, just like the incentives on the TV infomercials. I ended up with a perfect date on a perfect night. I enjoyed a surprisingly good dinner with a table of my closest friends followed by dancing to the Navy Band and a fireworks display.

When the hats went up in the air at graduation I placed the horizontal stripes on my shoulders and felt on top of the world. In 364 days my hat would be sailing towards the heavens, and my classmates and I would become Alumni!

Tecumseh got all dressed up for our parents.

Firstie Year
Training Day 1423

"Veni, Vidi, Vici!" -Julius Caesar

I came, I saw, I conquered. I sit under the blazing sun in my choker whites surrounded by my closest friends for the past four years and I wonder where the time went. It seemed like just yesterday I came back as a Firstie to discover all the changes and surprises that were in store for me...

I came back to school without the use of my "Midstore Gold" card, and with a reduced paycheck due to my huge debt to the USNA store. I always found it strange that the people who bought speakers and all kinds of computer gear always got flex pay, whereas I buy textbooks and owe an arm and a leg. I enjoyed liberty every day except Wednesday, which allowed me to increase my knowledge of imported and domestic brews. Wednesday nights were spent in the O-club after mandatory meal and briefs being entertained by drunken classmates with $5.50 pitchers.

Never again will Midshipmen be able to wander the halls of what we referred to as the ghetto wings. Sixth wing was taken down, again displacing mids to the paradise known as Ricketts. One thing is for sure, First Class parking privileges prepared me for whatever branch of the Navy I chose. Driving on the yard prepared me for SWOdom by allowing me to drive from my room to Hospital Point when I had an appointment, or for submarines as I tactically avoided the Jimmy Legs, and even for the Marine Corps by requiring me to sprint back to my room for taps after parking in the only open spot one mile from the Hall

Soon, after reform, I realized life at the Academy was not all fun and games as I watched videos on TV of planes hitting the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. On September 11th, all mids were locked in the hall with extra watch standers checking ID's at every entrance. The section of the Severn in front of the Academy was closed and patrolled by a small Coast Guard vessel and all planes were grounded. We all wondered what would happen next. Sadly, September 11th was the worst event this year; but it was only one of many heartaches that our class would have to face. Our football team had a horrible year, losing not one, not two, but all ten games they played. We even racked up the largest point differential in Navy Football history when we lost 70-7 to Georgia Tech. We also lost two of our class officers due to various reasons, leaving our class in need of new elections. In April, one of our beloved shipmates, Ken Neptun, passed away. The chapel was filled with friends and supporters for his funeral. He was laid to rest in the Hospital Point cemetery with a proper gun salute.

N
NAVY
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PAPA JOHNS
NAVY FEDERAL CREDIT UNION
LOEWS

As Vince Lombardi said, "We didn't lose the game; we just ran out of time."

While the class had its rough moments, we also had some of the best memories of our time at Canoe U. Firstie Parents Weekend brought our family and friends to the Academy. My parents sat in on my classes and told stories of when they were in college. I impressed my parents with Drill, and let them shop at the Midstore. One of the only questions I asked this year's plebes was: how many days until graduation? I used my position of responsibility to delegate my authority. I used this technique for the class of '03; so they would learn the power of delegation. As a result, I could go out with my friends every night.

"The countdown to Pensacola begins."

Halfway through the year, I said goodbye to Admiral Locklear and his two lovely daughters, and said hello to the first Marine Commandant in the history of the Academy. I also said goodbye to volleyball and wallyball intramurals. In their place, I began to participate in the new "Warrior Spirit" intramurals, wrestling, boxing, and the half-marathon.

Service selection found me celebrating with all my friends. We partied as we chose our flight dates, ship assignments, and respective school dates. Each specialty prided themselves on individualized traditions as preparation for graduation. Marines came as close to a shaved head as possible because for the first time shaving one's scalp was against regulations. Nukes, done with the stressful interviews, were now spending their bonuses. Aviators were given the chance to fly in the new Naval Academy aircraft. SWOs ate their donuts and broke out the mo-boards for review, and the spec-ops/spec-warriors continued their crazy habits.

I passed each day finishing up the required classes, with each test calculating what grade I needed to pass the course. Naval Law, Weapons II, and my practicum managed to occupy my attention for fleeting moments. Some of us were lucky enough to attend the law lecture featuring a "female" grad who served on frigates and advocated gays in the military.

Firsties have fewer parades than plebes have years.

One hundred days until graduation I reverted back to a plebe. I acted like a fool as '05 tried to control me. It was a joke as the plebes with 1/C insignia yelled and yelled to no avail.

A salute! A salute! A silver dollar for a salute!

A few months later I find myself inside the stadium, waiting to put on my new shoulder boards and make my mission complete. I can't help but realize that I would never again have the responsibilities, privileges, and power I had as a Firstie until I become an Admiral. What an amazing trip it has been; and as I look at my friends and see all the good times we had together, I realize that time will never let my memories fade.

"Three cheers to those we leave behind... Hip Hip Hooray..."

THE CLASS OF 2002

ENTERING

Applicants and Nominees

Applicants (includes nominees)	9,827
Number of applicants with an official nomination	4,876
Nominees qualified scholastically, medically and in physical aptitude	1,774
Offers of admission	1,552
Admitted	1,231
Men 1036	Women 195

Combined Scholastic Assessment Test I (SAT 1) and American College Testing (ACT) Program Scores

Score Range		*Verbal*	*Math*
>700	*(31-36)*	*18%*	*32%*
600-699	*(26-30)*	*56%*	*58%*
500-599	*(21-25)*	*24%*	*10%*
<500	*(01-20)*	*02%*	*0%*

Rank in High School Class

First fifth	78%
Second fifth	17%
Third fifth	04%
Fourth fifth	01%
Fifth fifth	0%

Previous College and Prep School

The Class of 2002 included 23 percent (277) from college and post-high school preparatory programs which include: 146 from Navy Preparatory Schools; 61 from private preparatory schools; and 70 who have completed at least six months of study at a college or university. Seventy-five midshipmen previously served as enlisted members of the Navy (55) or Marine Corps (20).

Geographical Distribution

Midshipmen were admitted from every state in the nation. The class also includes four international students from the following countries: Bahrain, Cameroon, Croatia, and Turkey.

School Honors and Activities

	Percent
Student body/council/government president or vice president	09
Class president or vice president	12
School club president or vice president	25
School publication staff	21
National Honor Society	60
Varsity athletics	90
Dramatics, public speaking, debating	67
Leader of musical group	09
Eagle Scout/Gold Award	08
Boys/Girls State or Nation	17
Reserve Officer Training Program	11
Sea Cadets	2

Sons and Daughters of Alumni

The Class of 2002 includes 45 sons and 13 daughters of Naval Academy alumni (4.7 percent of the class)

LEAVING

Total Graduates	965
Men	831
Women	134

Commissions

Navy (Ensign)	797
Marine Corps (2nd Lieutenants)	162
Air Force (2nd Lieutenants)	2
Foreign	4

Service Selection

Navy:

Aviation	
Pilot	257
NFO	89
Nuclear Power	
Submarine	127
Surface	41
Special Operations	11
Special Warfare	16
Aviation Maintenance Duty	1
Staff Corps	
Medical	10
Supply	8
Civil Engineer	5
Intelligence	3
Cryptology	6
Surface Warfare	223

Marine Corps:

Ground	104
NFO	5
Pilot	53
Foreign	4

Academic Achievements

The Class of 2002 had 99 graduates with distinction. Benjamin M. Heineike stood first in the class.

Honorary Graduates

The class has three honorary graduates:
- Vice Adm. John R. Ryan, USN, Superintendent, U.S. Naval Academy
- Maj. Scott Davids, USMC, Master Instructor of Aerospace Engineering
- Dick Purdy, USNA Women's Swimming Coach

In Memoriam

Midshipman Kenneth E. Neptun
Midshipman Stephen Douglas

You know you are a member of the class of 2002 if you remember:

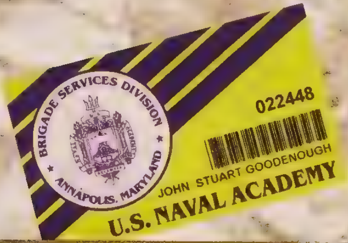
* Form-2's were written out by hand
* Mid store Gold Card was still accepted
* Plebe summer started on I-day, no such thing as a switch.
* Eating Legs and Eggs for breakfast before Sea Trials
* Watch inspections in Smoke Hall for CMOD's and CDO's
* Standing instead of sitting at Mate's Desk
* No Duty Sections
* No phones in our rooms
* The Log was handed out in print form
* Herdon was completed without shirts and shoes
* Close order and Platoon Drill was performed in the winter months
* We had to keep our doors open when rooms were empty
* There were Sunday formations at 1800 instead of 2000
* Squad outings could be held on weekdays
* "Suuuuuuuuppppppe"
* There was a bell at the anchor to tell us when we could leave King Hall after meal
* Liberty for plebes was from 1015 to 0100 on Saturdays
* We had a powder keg game during Army-Navy week
* Short and Long weekends
* Tailgaters were held without 2 beer limits or bracelets
* No restrictions on Saturday Morning Training
* Standing Main Office in the Rotunda cubicle over Plebe Summer
* Wooden Chairs in King Hall
* NATS instead of MIDS system
* The Donkey Dance
* Award weekends for lists and PRT
* Concert Liberty
* Doors were never locked
* Morning and afternoon uniform announcements on 1MC

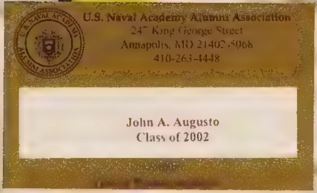
1952 vs. 2002

Marched to class with books and slide rules in hand.	**Stroll to class with embroidered blue bag and TI-92 calculator in hand.**
Midregs and form-2s in paper form.	**Midregs and form-2s online.**
Winter was drab, dull, and long.	**Winter was drab, dull, and long.**
Hard plebe summer.	**Hardest plebe summer.**
Younster cruise to London or Paris.	**Youngster cruise to Boston and New York.**
Top of the line typewriter.	**Top of the line Pentium 350 MHz computer.**
Army Navy game won 42-7.	**Army Navy game lost 17-26.**

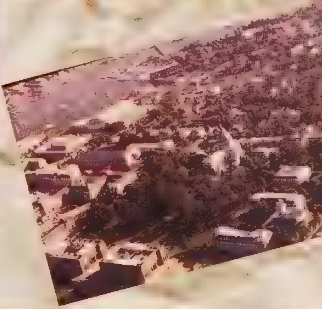
Now college men from sea to sea
May sing of colors true,
But who has better right then we
To hoist a symbol hue?
For sailor men in battle fair
Since fighting days of old,
Have proved a sailor's right to wear
The Navy Blue and Gold.

Four years together by the Bay
Where Severn joins the tide,
Then by the Service called away,
We've scattered far and wide;
But still when two or three shall meet,
And old tales be retold,
From low to highest in the Fleet
Will pledge the Blue and Gold.


BRIGADE SERVICES DIVISION
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND
022448
JOHN STUART GOODENOUGH
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY


U.S. Naval Academy Alumni Association
247 King George Street
Annapolis, MD 21402-5068
410-263-4448

John A. Augusto
Class of 2002



The Class of 2002

2002

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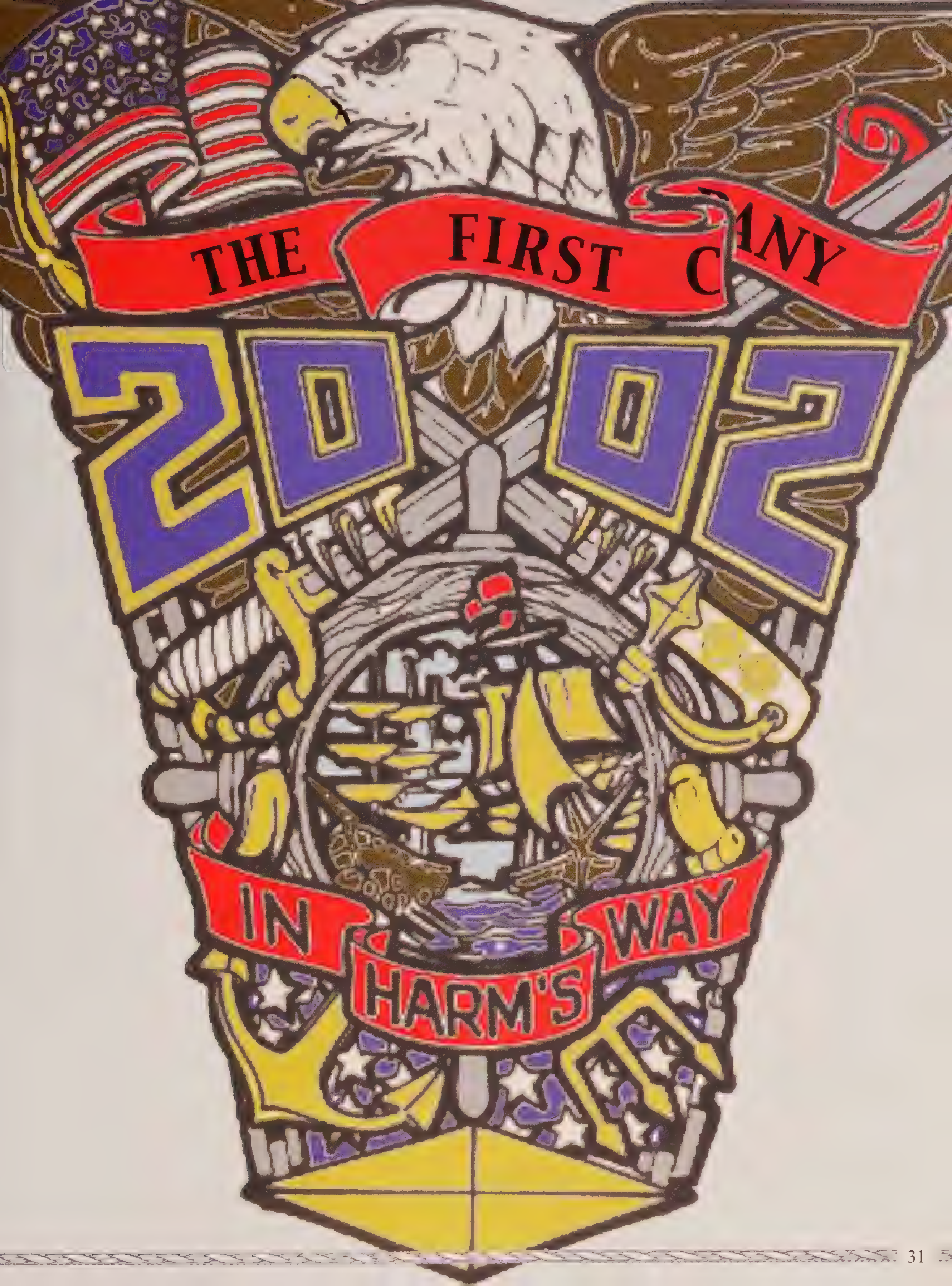

THE FIRST C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Katie Marie Abdallah
Los Alamos, NM
Navy NFO

Katie Marie Abdallah hails from New Mexico, where she spent her life playing next to nuclear reactors (does that answer a few questions???). Plebe summer she couldn't be stopped, and tried out for soccer and swimming, but stuck with crew, because as we always knew, she was a team player. She spent a year at UC Davis, recovering from a knee injury, which she overcame at the Academy. Always there to tutor in math or listen to your problems, Katie could always help. She did her stint on the Y.P. Power Squadron and ended her career as a squad leader on the Infantry Skills Team. She won't be found shopping at Forever 21… oh wait. Best of luck to her in the flight community and telling all the men to wait in line, "cause man, she's hot!!" Thanks for everything -AW

Joshua A. Alms
Hockessin, DE
Submarine Warfare

GWAR! A man characterized by intensity and passion for everything he touches. Countless hours perfecting and re-perfecting his vette. Unlimited patience resurrecting the old caddy; "Kill it! Kill it!" Unquestioned erg hammer. Outspoken Delaware patriot (well, maybe not). The flaming high-and-tight may have mellowed out a little over the years, but Josh is as driven as ever. Rebounding from boxing/snowboarding injury he is still determined to leave a little streak of Alms behind on every race trip. Ever need help and Josh will be there. You can always consult www.askalms.com. Devoted to his teammates, devoted to his team...we band of brothers...greasers.

The days have come and now these days are gone,
But the friends and the memories will stay forever.
Although we will travel different roads,
Our paths will converge again.

Robert J. Ballard
Matthews, NC
Navy Pilot

If Rob's half-laugh, half-I don't know what didn't win you over, then certainty his over-zealous charm did. When Rob wasn't taking showers unbeknownst to him in the middle of the night, calling his roommate Dad, or trying to hit the mice out of his bed, he was probably off winning (or trying to win) some Fieldball game. Rob a.k.a. the "Battalion Stallion" eagerly volunteered for as much Plebe Detail as he could, leading to his famous tour as Port Batt Admin. Hey, Rob didn't just work hard, he played hard. He's world famous for throwing his club longer than he can drive, and giving it all to his company's sports. He was quite the social stud as well. From long term relationships, to Internet Love, to not so long term ones, Rob's seen it all at the #6 club downtown. In fact, he's the only guy I know who was happy when his girlfriend got surgery. So what if he's not batting 1000, he gave his friend the perfect "marry-me" line. Courage like Rob's will not only take you through years of computer science programs and comedy clubs where he's a minority, but it will grant the honor of wings of gold and the legitimacy to sing "You've got that lovin' feeling" to someone... God Bless you Rob. FLY NAVY!
BJD, DMK, MJEIII

Kon Nak "Ronnie" Choe
Los Angeles, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Ever since we were young, I knew Ronnie was a leader. He always had an army that followed him...okay, the army consisted of only one soldier-his younger brother-but this single soldier always viewed Ronnie as his General. Now after years of hard work and dedication, Ronnie will finally be a leader in the U.S. Marine Corps. Having been under his wings for the last 22 years, I know Ronnie will take good care of his soldiers, as he's done so often in our past.
2LT Donnie Choe, USA

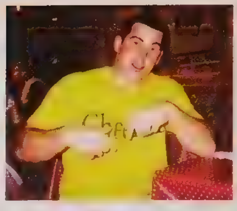
Michael Edmund Clark
North Hollywood, CA
Marine Corps NFO

Dikey. Dickey, wanna throw something at wilson?. "Hello Michael." Three things come to mind when one thinks of Mikey Clark: sleeping, ice cream, and Ronnie. It is truly the simple things in life that make Mikey happy as he smiles like a happy little girl when hanging out with his favorite friends, Ben & Jerry. Known as the skinny fat-man, his love of cheese pizza and root beer will lead to a coronary by the end of TBS. Yes that's right, Mike finally pinned down a career after changing his mind every week until service selection. He found out that it takes more than finger dexterity to become a SEAL, and it would have taken too many tests to go subs. Able to slam out a 10-page paper in a single night, Mr. PT loves to conduct rack ops whenever possible; his true happiness comes from his continuous state of unconsciousness. In the fleeting moments he is awake, Mikey is a source of Simpson's trivia, a good opponent in computer games and great at busting on the toolbox. JMN JAW KNC

Gavin Hughes Clough
Cambridge, MD
Surface Warfare

Gavinus Minimus Cloughicus aka Monkeyman. A mammal from the dwarf family who stands a mere 5 feet and change (not a whole lot of change) whose body hair resembles a sweater. He's a cute cuddly fellow who lives in the caves of Lothar with the big red muppet known as Alms. In order to survive in an environment such as this, he must be stealthy. He has been known to go undetected while running the PRT around Dewey. He must also rely on the little red midget-mobile to get him from point A to point B. However, this does not always work out because the midget-mobile is only a Volkswagen, and frequently won't even start. These cute and cuddly creatures make great pets. You must follow these simple rules: 1) Don't let your midgets near water (because he will magically turn into a drowned Chihuahua) 2) Do not let these creatures consume a lot of alcohol (ie two beers) because their behavior becomes quite erratic, 3) Don't abuse your midget, but rather love your midget and he will love you for years to come. -JMN and LSM

Jay Culnen
Wayne, NJ
Surface Warfare



Kjfakj klasqfhjslur slru slurkdjafsb...you aren't slurring already are you? "Phil, if I start to fall you have to catch me." Who let the dogs out?...the NY Yankees let the dogs out. Are you done with that, just leave me the bottle. Downing a whole bottle of blue tequila. Stop cursing, there are families here...RUM and COKE! I just jumped off a 37 foot cliff...that looks like 5 feet to me. But I landed on the rocks...what rocks? RUM and COKE! Locked out naked towel fights in Cancun. 30-45-60-30-7 and no they aren't lottery numbers either Two black N's. You throw sand on a person, you never throw it in a free drink. Schnides, where's the lime, I wanted a lime. Manny,help me find my shoe, it's in the swamp. I'm not fat, I'm big boned. I love CHEERIOS! Personally, I get on a line too. The shop. And 4 years with the Burn...good times, bad times and all those times in between. But I did get the best of ya in Otway's room. It's definitely been an experience. And never forget the Habu-Saki Kid. That's it. I'm out.

Joshua Brian Datko
Ardmar, PA
Submarine Warfare

Why is writing Josh's bio so hard? He has not taken over my computer yet, nor used it for field research on different computer viruses. The only defense against his computer genius was the threat of sending his computer "to sleep with the fishes," this method never failed. Well if he wasn't writing a program, helping his best friend "make good grades," or talking to UrATiger, ggrrrrrr, he was probably doing his best to annoy his roommates, calling "attention on deck" randomly throughout the day, telling green golf ball jokes, and endlessly quoting movies. Just the site of a hairy giant staggering towards you, after a shower, mumbling about Monkeys, and then having a sudden attack of rigormortis, which never failed to land him right on top of you. Sure he is in love with his Fiancée, that's a good thing, but we're certain he is going to take his antics with him to "the alter." Hopefully on their first night together, his palm pilot won't be enjoying the experience with them. Just remember while on your Sub, or at a Comedy club, to watch out for the <BONG>. None of us could have handled the Academy without such a true friend to comfort us. It is going to be as tough for us as his mother to give him away on June 8th. God Bless you my Brother. Your Brothers, RJB, JDD, ME, PRF, DMK.

Jarrod Dallas Day
Modesto, CA
Navy Pilot

Jarrod Day. The name says it all really. But if we must elaborate, Robo Day is a man of many interests. He loves PTing, karate-ing, pushup contests, PTing, mirror watching, PTing, and mostly, working out. We'll never forget oh the many times when the Optic Nerve himself would come up to us and bestow upon us his warm greeting, "Hi. Whatcha doing?" But Dallas has had his share of HappEDayz, if it wasn't watching his favorite Karate flick, "Bruce Lee Does Dallas," or performing "Jarrod Day on ICE!" to the Bee Gees, he always had Spikey Hair Friday. Being a California man, Jarrod also loved the seasons and snow, and especially Tammy who kept him company during the long, dark, Winters. Why, on those special, special occasions JDD would offer to Slap Hands, no wait, he actually did that all the time, but we all loved him for it. And you could always tell when he was pleased, because his basic responses included "Ha Ha <insert name here>" and "Very funny <insert name here>." These four years, nobody could get through to Mr. Day's Computer World, but he was always a friend, and always there. Have fun in flight school and God bless. May you fly with the wings of eagles.

JBD, DMK, RJB, MJEIII, PRF, DBS

Grant Elliot
Carlsbad, CA
Submarine Warfare

Skelliott. The Skellinator. I never thought I'd meet a kid as uptight about grades as myself, but then I met Grant. Despite knowing the value of an education he has always been out to have a good time whether it be in Baltimore at the Fiji house, DTA, New York, The Ra, or anywhere else life takes him. Youngster year was the beginning of great things for Grant, from Friday night "American Pie" to the Youngster Triumvirate, and the unforgettable weekend at the Captain's house. We parted courses for a time when he left us for the Coast Guard Academy, but when he came back he was truly ready to party; even though "dude I don't carry cash when I go out." Things worked out for the best when he hit it big at ring dance. Firstie year brought many trying times for Grant from a car covered in vomit to the tribulations of finding a career path. He almost had us convinced he was going to be a pilot; with the eye surgery and a helo cruise, but he stayed true to himself and is going to fly under, instead of over, the water. Best of luck with everything. DBS JAW

Michael John Esposito III
Valley Stream, NY
Surface Warfare

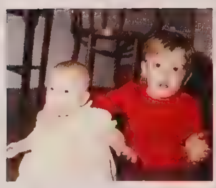
Espo is the kind of guy that would rather come stumbling out of battle than strolling out of a park. Of course, the park in question here is Central Park in THE City. Mike was kinda like another detailer for us plebe year, but that's ok, because not even Espo could withstand the tic-tac-torture... Youngster year was consumed with book writing; OOW visits, and door quotes that mysteriously disappeared every night. As he progressed through the ranks, Espo found solace in the Mets, pecan pie (not pecan), and pondering what it would be like to be one inch tall. Even if his mood frequency was in the megahertz, we knew we could always count on him to tell us what to think. In the years past, Mike has sure had his share of roommates who have done all sorts of crazy things. Mike has seen his share of Winter, received a yelling at for a turned on light, and hasn't always had coffee in his coffee mugs. Although there's so much more to say about our fine Italian friend, his legacy will run on, like a wild gazelle. Good luck Mike, the surface fleet doesn't know what they are getting!
RJB, DAD, JBD, JDD, GSE, PRF, DMK, MOM, SIS

Peter Rutherford Fanno
Eagle Creek, OR
Submarine Warfare

Before he synergized, before he was a certified thermo guy, before Grumpy McPete even existed, Pete Fanno was a mild mannered Econ major living quietly above the Rotunda. In those days he had need of multiple alarms to alert him of danger, or of the ever-present threat of the next class. Despite the relatively full life he led with his roommate the Scorpion King, Pete yearned for more. Early experiences with Aero notwithstanding, Pete joined the ranks of the mechanical engineers. Once among them, there was no turning back. In the next two years he would slowly change as he was confronted with a never-ending litany of engineering professors and strived to overcome them all. During his struggles, Pete would become a fierce engineer capable of constructing a flying monstrosity that would strike fear into the hearts of his enemies. Nuke school will present little challenge to the hero, and when Nuclear McFanno finally emerges from the briny deep, Jovial McRutherford will be ready to carry the cause ashore. -HRF III

...Pete Fanno, who somehow seems to go through life looking "always drunk." Pete's always been a great friend, one who you'd want to be taking care of you on your 21st birthday. We're all proud to know Pete, because later on in life, he's going to be that guy, behind the guy, behind the guy... If he wasn't off dreaming about Jerusalem, or hiding in Rickover, Rutherford would be there-Best of luck Pete! -JBD

Harry Feigel
Philadephia, PA
Navy Pilot



Beware! I hear the rumblings of Horven. Or is it Agoth? Either way, Harry is always right. Whether it be pistol-whippin' pirates or the inherent risks of plumbing, arguments with Harry never failed to tail spin into the realm of the outrageous. Despite the fact that he painted the inside of my car, he'll always be a great friend and a constant source of humor. Good luck in Pensacola and leave Bailey alone.- GSE From the halls of Bancroft to the shores of Norrath, men heard whispered tales of a man of enchantment and legend. In time, I would come to know this man of renown, whose stories of slayings, cash-in-hand, and drogs would fascinate and enthrall all who heard of them. Adventures and tales are his forte, and as Harry and I became good friends we fought many a battle in this dominion and beyond. Journeying to Rickover, we overcame the tyranny of Joyce, we persevered sinking ships and gentle ogres (novak), and watching Harry running for his life in the spring of '01 I knew that as it was with the spear maiden, his legend would live on. Now victorious, as we head out to the recesses of the deep and the wings of flight, I will neither forget his warrior spirit nor his good friendship at the end of this, our great adventure. Godspeed. -PRF

Jeffrey Ian Gaddy
Davidson, NC
Marine Corps Ground

U just have to start with da' boys… Duce, T-nasty, Moteese, Spence, B-Netts, D-mil't, Raheem, Bass, Shaka, Al, and all those cats that I rolled with.(p.s.-sorry if I couldn't get u in-look what da' H@!! I'm working wit'!)..what can I say? Bottom line is that, whether ya'll knew it or not, u were some of the main reasons this man hung around here so long. It's truly been a pleasure shakin' things up wit' ya'll. I love ya'll, u are my brothers. When our clique got together… no other rolled deeper. LOOKING BACK Plebe yr-four flights of stairs,"Gaddy Speeed!",panic, then football, then panic again. Youngster yr-B-Netts, da' Siebs, long summer school nights-longer days, (FB) I travel…but I don't play!, Spring Break-2..@.. 1..time, 9pm-Nate's asleep,130am-Nate wakes up to ask me how my work's doing en route to wiz. 2/c yr-Damn Duce!, did we sleep during summer school?(not @ night), oh yeah, class.,{BW ,SM,DB, nuf' said), watch "Tasty" play 1/c yr- I finally touch da' field (and, of course, the endzone), ESPN, SI, bowl games, NFL recruits?!$, M-A-R-I-N-E-C-O-R-P-S!

I LOVE U-Mom(1 that's probably crying), Dad(1-the original), Papas(2), Grandmas(2), Aunts(6), Uncles(8), Cousins(wow!), Girlfriend(Morgan)

David Michael Kissner
San Jose, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Famous Dave, Davey K., Kiss, whatever you call him, just be sure to nod your head and say, "Sir, Yes, Sir." Despite showing up to an inspection without his neckerchief, he quickly gained a reputation as "the luckiest plebe in the brigade." Although Dave was responsible for sending his upperclassman's laundry out of 4-4, and making his roommate smash a calculator with his fist, how could you not like the quiet, stay-up-all-night, coffee addicted guy? I mean... I mean... I mean... it's not like what he did youngster year didn't earn him honorable mention from the 2001ers! But from almost not doing a YP cruise, to eventful LAX tailgaters, to Plebe Summer Company Commander, Dave has always been that guy that will always come up to you and ask how you are doing. God Bless you in the Corps Dave, because with your restless spirit to go walking through Death Valley, biking up in Alaska, weekend trips to Niagara Falls, and other nameless spring break adventures, you would just be to motivated for the other services... Godspeed in your future endeavors. JBD "LIFE IS GOOD!! GOD IS GOOD!!"

Lucas Marrero

Purchase, NY
Navy NFO

Lucas was a bit of an enigma at first, splitting his time between sailing and the duties of a budding economist. Trudging up to deck 4-4 in a soaked rubber outfit day after day made most of us wonder if he was in fact a Midshipman or a bizarre reincarnation of the Gorton Fisherman. Our perpetual 17 year-old has finally joined the rest of us in adulthood this last year. Good luck in the fleet Lucas, and make sure you have someone ride down to Pensacola with you for when the Alpha disintegrates beneath your feet. -HRF You are the guy I could always rely on to talk my ear off, only listen to 12% of everything I said, and remind me of how our room smelled like a Chinese restaurant second class year. You ruthlessly verbally and physically abused me in our FJ and 420. Your eloquent vocabulary will be remembered by all, especially you quoting an Irish bartender in "Boondock Saints". There was France, Ring Dance week, and Rocco... all stories which will be repeated and I am sure we will continue to meet over brews and exaggerate other stories of sailing, drinking, and conquests. Hang on tight in the backseat. -"The Midget"

Matthew Douglas Moore

Dennis, MA
Medical Corps

Matthew Douglas Moore... your own named sealed your fate, Doc. Congratulations buddy, no wait, brother. Because you are the brother I never but always wanted. Four years of the Boat School and who knows what's next. We've shared so much man. From frequent phone calls during plebe summer to the Chapel wall, you kept me sane when this place nearly squashed me, and it nearly did. You showed me how to work the system, any system, and most importantly, have a good time doing it. From those late night chats and All Saints to the roommate fights, you've made me a better and more caring person. I can only think of one time I helped you out: Chip's Ahoy ring a bell? But you've done much more for me. Thank you for your selflessness. If only there was something better than the best, because that is what I would wish you. Good luck brother, finish strong, and I'll be calling you when my kids get sick.

Daniel Myers

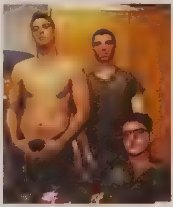
McLeansville, NC
Marine Corps Ground

I'm still wondering where you were hiding for three and a half years. From those warm brown eyes to that caring heart, we're so thankful for who you are and what we have, for the memories we've shared so far and for hopefully many more. Exhibiting unrelenting passion on the field, you also had your sensitive side. The Christian, the student, the MARINE!! Little brother: I wish you enough Carolina blue, squirrel-gravy, and bow-leggedness to get you through the times when your wife is barefoot and pregnant. Just remember: in reality, there is no perfect woman out there; only a woman that's perfect for you. God wants you to live your life and follow your primal and juvenile instincts; He gave us specific instructions to help you remember to have fun with your friends and that not all things are bad (booze and fast women). Nice high and tight, it matches your highly starched camies. Keep that hair down around your ears and those boots unbloused, and you'll be ok. But whether you're our confidant, the dance machine (look out girls give the man some room), the die-hard mtn. biker/aussi climber, seal hoo-ya, you are a true friend through thick and thin. ~HLH,JWW,MHR,BWF,MFW,BHP

Justin Michael Novak
Pittsburgh, PA
Surface Warfare

Slovak, Meathead, Kranus. "Novak SMASH!!" Watch as the North American Novak awakes from hibernation; notice the disorientation, large belly, furrowed brow and small boxer shorts, an excellent specimen. Personal hygiene above reproach. Unable to turn small bolts on the Chevy because of his meathooks, Novak was always available to make sure I did most of the work so he wouldn't inadvertently break the oil line: "turn it off, turn it off!!" Never one to tread lightly on a tender subject, Novak was the first midshipmen to be censured in 1st company. A master of all weaponry from the M-16 to a wet towel. Novak smells nice and dresses well, somehow able to trick the ladies to think that he bathes regularly. As 3/c training officer (under instruction) he secretly taped the Zubenator, proving without a doubt that his squad leader was a 'great guy.' He will be in his natural environment drinking coffee, eating swonuts, and screaming like a sandperson while waving a big stick from the bridge of his ship. Yep, ladies and gentlemen, the hunter from Pensyltucky has graduated from the Academy and will be serving your country. MEC, JAW

Nate Olish
St. Louis, MO
Supply Corps



Nate, Helmet, O, Grillshaker, "Who does that?" "Me!" Uncouth. I have a paper due, but "It's the Sharks!" Who brought this guy? Gimme the remote. NAPS-the infinite shotgun position in the 'Burban. Kamikaze! And did you see the face on that girl? Sorry man, I didn't remember a thing. Miami-"I'll get out of this car and hand you..." The Nasty-climbing aloft with the red eyes. Hey Buddy! You're gonna get yo head busted! Super Bowl weekend: 310 miles on ice and snow. "Quick" trips to Blacksburg. "That's it, I'm done with this mountain!" "Thank God you keep pulling stars, because your driving skills are horrible." Naw, I'll just cut them off. On the Fourth of July, "Are you gonna pass that?" How many times did Justin and Earle have to run that mile and a half circuit with you? For all your foibles, you are an amazing guy. No doubt the wardrooms of the naval fleet are in for a wild ride, a grand, but wild ride. I only hope that they are into St. Louis sports. Best of luck.

Brian Henry Anthony Pennell
Saratoga Springs, NY
Navy Pilot

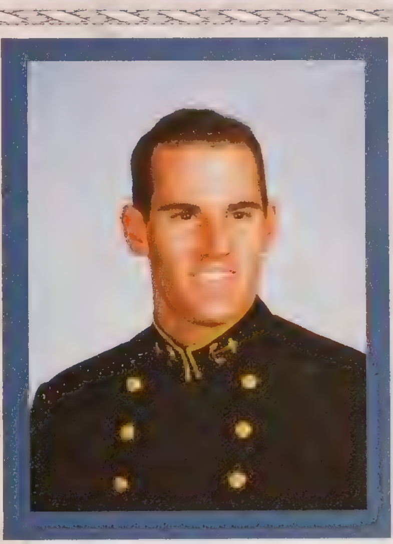
Shoogs, RED, Nelly, the man with too much stuff... Intensity can be a powerful thing and you have shown that to be a truth. Your compassion and loyalty to friends is stronger and more passionate then I have ever seen and maybe the means by which you show is misunderstood, but the sentiment is there and there is no one I would rather have by my side in times of trouble. You have taught me many things... how to mingle with the locals while driving through downtown Baltimore, special ways to utilize your thumb, but most of all how to never give up and always succeed. You will always succeed and never let yourself or anyone else down. I am thankful that you have never given up on me. You refuse to lose and make winning fun. I can't wait for what the future has in store for us. All I know is there will be trouble in the skies. I love you man, we have been through it all together, so much I could say, and you have kept me on my toes, and I love ya for it. I hope that we can share all of life's triumphs together. You are pure and simple; you care about and take care about the people that matter. You are strong for them and put them before yourself in every situation. Good luck with all that you face and thank you for the privilege and honor of being your best friend. MM,CP,TM

Christopher William Lancelot Pintuaro
Darien, CT
Navy NFO

People may make fun of the Lancelot part, but it serves you well. Like him, you are both noble and loyal. You have been my best friend from the very first day and have never deserted me. Whether I have been neglectful or back stabbing, you have never given up on me and for that I must truly thank you. Laughing in the room late at night for no apparent reason... tweezers before a big weekend... or even the occasional IM from 3 feet away are all time only you and I will ever understand. You have taught me kindness and humility. You have it all, yet you throw nothing but praise and compliments to everyone you see. As for your women troubles... all but gone my friend. You have come into your own and whom ever you end up with will hopefully get to know and understand you the way I have. It has been a long difficult road and even you and I have had our bad times, but I could not have done it without you. You better believe that you will be standing there next to me at every crowning moment I have for the rest of my life and I will be there for yours. It is a privilege and honor to be your best friend, no, your Brother.

Craig Replogle
Visalia, CA
Special Warfare

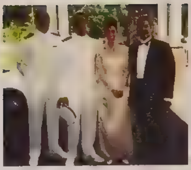
Tore it up all over the place for four years, earned the respect of everyone. Swimbuddy and surfbuddy, it's time to go back out and catch the big one. This time the deal is for real. Skatin' in the hall on 3-3 youngster year. Your new board riding in your lap sticking outta the Nissan Z. Getting starred at because we have our socks pulled up California style!! Spending the dark ages droolin' over the latest issue of SURFER. Vacationing to Coronado, and stealing all their mints. You taught me the California ropes; how to surf...how to blend in...sandals, barefeet, and no shirts...everywhere..."Nah man, its the California way." God Bless California; still learning to respect the surfboard. Who needed 3rd wing, our wardroom on 4-0 rocked. Honestly, is it really that messy? Ok she called at 3am, I'm sorry, who's the drunk guy with the phone? If I were you, I wouldn't play that fieldball game. Boat Crew 6 can't be beat, time for round two at BUD/S. You're so Barney you don't even know you're Barney. Survived the east-coast and heading back out to live in board shorts and flip flops. What became of it all...ensigns surfing in San Diego living the good life after all.



Dave Selmo
Racine, WI
Marine Corps Pilot

Bitter, bitter Dave: A skinny little bald kid from the Ra-town, who is smarter, faster and sharper than all of us put together. Dave was born to be a Marine. After validating plebe year, he found himself with too much time and too little work. Solution: the Youngster Triumvirate. He soon channeled his energy into more positive endeavors as a grease monkey "under instruction" working on a prehistoric lead sled called "Da Chevy." A niche was found when Dave donned the distinctive red nametag, as his table would become the bane of plebe summer existence. "I'll never be a striper, I'm going to be a squad leader," boasted our future CC. We knew they had you marked since Day One, it was beyond your control. Interesting phenomenon with Dave: while he may have good luck, he builds up an equal and opposite amount of bad luck. Off-duty Dave was another story: as if he didn't speak his mind enough when he was sober. Dave was the voice of Reason after a few pints. He also had a penchant for burgeoning young lasses. "I do love me those high school girls, I get older they stay the same age." GSE
JAW

Jeffrey T. Servello
Hollywood, MD
Surface Warfare



Jeff aka the Swerve or Swervie - a true full blooded Italian. YP693 is where it all began. It was there that I learned the merits of good Italian cooking, drunk driving, holding onto the rails in bars, strip clubs, and how hard a chief's son can work. Old Blue Eyes would be proud of you, young Jeffrey. You drink hard, love hard, work hard, and live hard. If it's worth doing, you're the one who's in there with his sleeves rolled up and crap up to his elbows. Listening to your weekend exploits was better than any adventure film or trashy romance novel. You were never at a loss for words always had a deep thought from the shallow end of the kiddy pool. When things were rough you were there holding my hand while Jack held the other. Levi helped too. So there I was... What music do you want to listen to tonight, Sinatra or punk rock? The rest of the company's living in 3rd wing, we'll set up our own wardroom on 4-0. Youngster BBQ's with the Hibachi. Long talks on the way to JMU. Who knew you'd meet your future wife in a bar? You always said you'd marry her from day one. God Bless you Jenn and take care of our boy Swervie, it's going to be a wild and wonderful ride. You kiddin' me!?!?

Bradford J. Shedwick
Woodbury Heights, NJ
Cryptology

Bradwick Shedford, aka Napoleon or Mini-Brad, the man who taught me to appreciate Jersey. Four years together by the bay, the best friend a guy could ask for. Hey, remember the time when...? I can still read your mind. The Glee Club's steadfast pint-sized powerhouse baritone. Tours in Europe, Florida, Hawaii, NYC, and Texas?!? Hotel bathrooms in Portsmouth. Olaf rising. Playing Rummy 500. Sprinting back from the Stadium for taps. The only person that was cold in Hawaii. Relationship difficulties worthy of Jerry Springer. Dealing with a roommate that had rather odd beliefs and a peculiar odor. Jersey? Isn't it supposed to be the Garden State? I'm not drunk, tee, he, he! Hey, there's a great store across from our hotel! Hey man, the rest of the group is going that way. Hiking miles at night, in pouring rain, but the campsite's just up ahead! Adventures with cars. Tidewater and Lindenwood. Waiting around pictures. We finally got you in the Library, but don't get lost! A Gentleman and a damn fine baritone. You've been adopted into my family too. Now you're all set to play with computers like mini-Bond. Most of all, watch out for the Wicker People. AJB, BWP
Pr 18:24

Michael Wendelken
Syosset, NY
Navy NFO

Rat, Raton, Wombat-Sexchat. Who takes organic chemistry just to help out a friend? I'll tell you who, someone who would never put himself in front of anyone. We will have to get a booster seat for your jet, but that's another story. You did hit that Mercedes and stop using your MID charge....Price's scams never worked-"We were at church sir." One of the most brilliant, talented, hardest working, caring people I have ever had the privilege to call my friend. Love ya Bro-BP. May I begin by stating that I would not made it through this joint without you, for so many reasons. Someone who believed in me when I had given up on myself. Not only is the smartest man alive, he's also the funniest, most positive, selfless and idealistic person I know. It all started with Mighty Mike and Jugs taking the port-o-potty. You didn't know what you got yourself into with those first statics tutor sessions...look where it got you now! Falling asleep in Aunt Grace's meatballs. Almost as indecisive as I am-just stick with the chicken parm, Mike. "What if you jumped the wall, and landed on the Marine?" Mike, we could go on forever about nothing, and every time, I swear it's the funniest conversation I have ever had in my life. "No tickles!" It was so fun to hear you laugh! Clothes under clothes-off to the movies. There is nothing you can't do, Michael. You truly are an amazing individual and an incredible friend. I am so lucky to have met you. Thank you. -LZ

Justin Adam Wilson
West Covina, CA
Navy Pilot

Justin Wilson came to us from the ranks of the nuclear community and vowed to never go back. The first thing we remember of Justin was a quarantined floor during plebe summer and secret laundry/PT sessions with 1/C Rasco way after taps. His next big impression was made on his upperclass, "Ma'am no Ma'am" or was that sir? After a tough start, including a brick, he got his bearings when he morphed from a computer dork into a journeyman poet who has had a number of "good ideas" (#'s1-4). He finally found meaning in a 50 year-old pile of steel that he affectionately calls the "Chevy." Not making the PRK list did not stand in his way, but it did prevent CAPT Schultz from getting anything done for three months until he gave in to Wilson's demands, "Sir, it'll be a detriment to national security if I don't become a pilot." We all learned that persistence pays off in a big way. We hear the women in P-Cola are beautiful, without a Ba'Hai in sight. Too much else to say and not enough space; time to secure operations; here's wishing you all the best, Fly Navy. DBS GSE MEC JMN

Alexis Wright
Missouri City, TX
Marine Corps Ground

Alexis from Texas. Kind of draws you in, with that big smile and gracious "y'all." And that hair, those silly boys stare at you letting it down. The ill-starred engineer destined for a BS in English but finding BS in ocean-eng. But hey, stuck with crew for 4 years. Long-limbed cowgirl, ride that erg, STROKE. It's all just a big dance though, right? Plie and high-cut around those other Marines. Teach them about life with a glance from eyes smiling through those tortoise-shell glasses. -ESV Starting out at Univ. of Texas thinking of nuc swo, my how times change. "When you come to the edge of all the light you know...There will be something solid to stand on or you will be taught how to fly."

Coburn Yearian
Waterloo, IL
Navy NFO

From the loo Waterloo, IL. if I leave ya out, fagetaboutit. Booted from Fenway. Dom, "Protramid-96 (Clueless in Quantico, can't remember New Orleans, 98% poo) space donkeys and cody. Hoosiers, Pacers, Illini. XO of Scaminar (DTA at 1)." Tre, "Huskers rule shuttlecocks. Jeepies. Buffet o'ladies" Pennel, "wow, didn't see that comin, but if I didn't deserve it then, maybe I did some other time." Dom, "aint mad at ya." TO, "Riddick landed a nice one!! Don't ya love when people think they know ya, Torbi..Cobi's flavor of the week?..Hey don't have a table..its's cool I build it.. hey you take my CD's and radio?..great stolen.. Sweet chair"...Kiesel, "you get to leave class but I get to punch you in the groin, would you?"..stu "worst boyfriend ever..always 5 ladies..thinks he's good at golf, but isn't...jax beach"...shawn, "Cobi,..one more: mcnabb TD, green beer, rico suave move ..but only one true friend. Good luck bro and stop asking how defensive scoring works." Dave, "I wish I could tell but my memory has faded about what happened in places like JMU, Ohio, College Park or DC." JJ-4years like a brother..fightin, movies, beer, darts, sopranos (boo: yanks, jersey, go:cards, rams) Keep in touch, you will work FOR me one day.

THE SECOND C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Lucas MacGuire Adin
Port Ewen, NY
Submarine Warfare

NY buddies. "Well, 4 out of 5 of us are OK." Beer bottles in the fireplace. Searching for porn in the Bible Belt. The only man with a bowling pin named after him. You and I, only Liberals at USNA. Mayport, Model UN and the Montreal. Luc the stud... workout partner, running until we puked. A good time at GW. Thanks for putting out my fire...then standing restriction WITH me! Detail...I was a tool, you were the best! Thanks for being there for me, you're a true friend. Pens and pencils. LUUUCAASS, Mucas, Lukester. Insightful sparkle, midnight talks in the dark, goodnight Lucas, watch out for the cloud of gas, love for BM. PRT partner, don't forget your roots in MA. I will miss you, but not forget you. Lucosity, got any useless facts? So, you're an Irishman tonight? Had to drag you across the hall. Nice guitar. Four years by the bay, all of them with you. Plebe year cow calls, rates and chopping, cops, Rob's craziness. That 3-way beer. Worms, DVDs, bars, and our talks. Florida, NYC, Montreal, way too many memories to write down. Seldom apart... this is not the end, just a great start to a long and happy future. BPR, SWP, RA, SDM, RLT

Robert Aho
Gardner, MA
Navy Pilot

Kid's sick inside, better light a candle. No more veggies-or-weggies, Luke, is he too hard to handle? "Look, I sat in gum!" Wasn't Europe really fun? Still don't know how that was done! Going 100on301? Getting to Philly to meet someone. CR's pool, yeah that's nice! You can give good advice. "Lost another set of keys tonight." You're a preying mantis, right? You're a big brother, little brother, sailor, father, toddler. No, Scott's niece isn't your daughter. So Robert, can you be any odder? Take your bloody foot out of the seawater. Model UN, some real good times. Love how you're so inclined to wine and dine with strange foods you find. All the years you kept us laughing, warm-rafter beer, that's not nasty. Never get married right? Please read another legend tonight. From the shower to chair, that's a sight. Can't be labeled with stage fright. Restriction, tours. What's the time? It's four. No more swears, we swore. Whatcha you doing on the floor? Gotta study, got a movie? Thanks for all the times amusing. Thanks for always being there, thanks for showing that you care. These days and years are in our past, but in our minds they'll always last. Ahead I see us apart but still, more times and memories and thoughts we'll fill.-RLT, LMA, SWP, LAZ, KCS, SDM

Roben Eduardo Alfonso
Malibu, CA
Special Warfare

To USNA from Mexico-no-California, you became the fearless SEAL we hoped you would be-you ARE coming to my kid's show and tell right? The most modest guy ever-a true and stalwart friend- The chocolate to my chunk. Remember road trips, "townies," and countless Starbucks raids? How many pull-ups did you do today?? Oh, 300...it was a light day..! The man who built his upper body to freakish size and his lower body to-well, his upper body is huge! "I heard this is where all the SEALs hang out!" I got this theory about girls...."We can drive through it- just another jeep ride." EE scandals, essentially, pretty much, and darksiding to white Russians and screwdrivers. "Whatever it takes!" No one quits after pool week! Bottom line: They don't come any better than you-I'm proud, and honored to say you were my roommate and best friend. If I ever get shot down, I pray you would rescue me- the only problem being you would have to fix your hair first. I love you buddy, and wish you all the best at BUD/S, but don't wander off on long walks- we all know that you really do get lost in the woods sometimes.
BPW, JDH, SWP, KMS, DBC, RRB, NS

Leslie Danielle Boegel
Livermore, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Four years together, and Leslie never ceased to amaze us with her effervescent personality and larger-than-life-size heart. Through thick and thin, she was right beside us to share the laughs with the tears, the brassoed walls, grocery store sales, random breakdowns, and two marathons, all the while dishing out more than her fair share of shooshes. Company commander and cheer captain extraordinaire, she never lost her focus, and quickly became our resident Marine Corps hooyah. My favorite devil dog, she will without a doubt bring to the corps that wonderful combination of charisma, intelligence, and compassion that I will never forget and always love. TI Life at the Academy would not have been the same without Leslie by all of our sides Mama Liesel, as some liked to call her, was a constant inspiration; her drive and ambition will be an asset in all she encounters. However, I will always remember Leslie as my partner in crime, my Friday night date, my cruise companion, and most of all, my best friend. She is as close as I can ever come to having a sister. How lucky I am to have met such a remarkable person, who has brought so much to my life. Carpe Diem Les! AD

Thad Christofer
Republic, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

No one, in a million years, could guess that Thad would end up a Marine Corps Pilot. The Aeropace Engineer who was Masqueraders President will boggle minds for years to come. "Sometimes I dream of a revolution, a bloody coup d' etat by the second rank . . ." How fitting. — HEM Avoiding studying at all costs, tag and go to Mahan . . ."to work on the set, I promise!", and driving down one way roads (and they're going to give you a plane?) were just part of the fun; Masqueraders won't be the same without you. - HMT

BAD THAD, me Thad Ugabuga, shady mofo, firstie brass Marine Air?!? How do I get the youngsters? What really happened in Canada? The target of most (all?) the rooms pranks - "poke Thad with sticks" became a favorite pastime. I think you're going to need another spanking after you're done with TBS, YUT! If something's stolen on my Sub, I'll contact you. You never really were in the Honor Committee, just a member of the liar's club. One could never ask for a nicer guy. I hope I've trained you for the Corps. I'll see you in space. P.S. What symbol did Gunny make? - WNS, AJP, BPR Semper Fi

John Cude
San Marcos, TX
Submarine Warfare

So, I guess this is the part where I have to lie about what a great guy John is. Truth be told, I couldn't stand him when we met at NAPS and the feeling was more than mutual. Eventually, I found out he's as great a guy as I am. In all seriousness, John is the best friend a guy could ask for. Hey man, it's been a crazy 5 years. Shall we run over the highlights? Building wardrobes with the wrong parts then almost getting killed by them when they fell over, beer run to New Hampshire (stupid blue laws . . .), pink death, phantom (oh, so THAT'S what the F stands for . . .), FRC, EQ, out-shooting you with your own dowry, Team JimmyJohn, I'm taking a quick power-nap (seemed like a good idea at the time), and of course I've got mints (they steal you know)! Now it's back to nuke school again for you since you had so much fun the first time. I wish you and Lauren all the best and I know you will do well in all you do.

MSM

Amanda Donges

Raleigh, NC
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

From cheerleading to debutante balls to brigade operations and trident projects, Amanda did it all and never without the sweetest smile and cutest personality. Sharing frozen yogurt, shopping trips, movies, marathons and even nuke interviews, she soon became an adopted sister to all of us. What started as a shared plebe summer closet soon became shared giggles, late night stories, and the unforgettable trip to Target in a Caprice Classic. The nuclear navy is lucky to be getting such a girl, but we will all miss her. See you on the high seas! TI

Always an inspiration in the darkest of moments, ready to bring a smile to your face, Amanda's genuine concern for and attentiveness toward others, made us fast friends. Maybe it is the sound of her voice singing Les Miserables to lull me to sleep, the late night laughing before bed, the many MO's spent together watching movies, the time she did my hair everyday, the memorable chocolate feast, or the hours spent giving one another advice, that I will cherish. Actually, it is all of that and more that I will treasure now and forever. You will always be a part of me. Carpe Diem..XOXO. LDB

Michael David Galdieri

New Tripoli, PA
Navy Pilot

Italian, shady balla, G-train, made the widow's peak cool again out of the true A-town, Allentown, PA. (ok, actually New Tripoli) Went from football to football with flags, thanks Dant. Still graduated though, thanks Supe. 300 demerits in 3 months, check the record book, he's on fire! Started back in '99 Rolling Out to B-more and the Lava Lounge (Wags, you got a backing?) to OC & DC (scared w/ Kunda) to Myrtle Beach (jail for Pani) to VA Beach (she's only 15 Lam!) to A-town (it's tricky, right Tom) to Cancun, Jamaica, Hawaii and back. 8th Wing days. Bowman. Who's that girl stripping in my room? 9pm, where the party? 12am, touch and go. 2am, don't stop. Numbers. 60/6, the worst two, 1 more throw on the ice (where'd that bottle go?), Elite 8, 21st birthday (finally), 313 - Da Hood, 2000 rides (those aren't dubs, they're 15's Reed), 28 to 2, 723 in the 323 to 1223, we been there and yeah we did that all the way to May 24. BALLAS: MW, BR, ER, TR, DK, BM, JL, BS, JS and my very own prodigy Fat Merch - We went from invincible to separatable and back again. I couldn't of made it through this place without you Boys.

William Michael Guheen III

Hyde Park, NY
Navy Pilot

A.K.A Aladin, Kaiser Wilhelm, Four years...English? Plebe Summer...we were running? Darn Blizzards, can't we go somewhere without ice? Climbing Bancroft when Gunny took da keys! "D" qual'ed and still couldn't take a boat, but at least we had the best cocoa ever. You are a great friend, thanks for putting up with me. TCP

Under the radar, like a good pilot should be, Bill was always there, but you couldn't quite spot him. You always knew where his true yearnings lie, and he never did exactly assimilate, but you could always count on Bill to be himself. Somehow I imagine that when we have all passed from this world on to the next, Bill's spirit will haunt the mountains and the streams for the want of time spent on them in the temporal world. Hoops. My cycling...swimming...babbling...climbing....camping...hiking buddy, always ready to lend a helping hand and talk your ear off too. Truly ingenious, generous, and genuine-he has a heart of raw elements that only make you smile when he speaks Afrikaans and plays the pipes. "You can't ride a bike on the highway....says who? Your heart is now home with Kalia, soon no more systems, only high flying. LF

Daniel Adam Hancock
Augusta, GA
Surface Warfare

Let's go to Juarez. Donkey Show? RosHell. Whoops and philly. Roommate from Induction through youngster year. Shipmate from YPs to Coronado. Here's what Dan learned: 1. His time in the Army/NMMI paid off. 2. USNA never quite matched up 3. The Severn is cold in winter 4. Matt is a great swimbuddy. I've learned from Dan that Georgia is the best state. The Dawgs are the best football team and the only place to watch college football is between the Hedges. Despite his great patriotism for this country, he wouldn't have thought it such a bad thing if the South had won. Good ole boy. NRA for life. Running=rain. MCM: How can you be so damn big and still keep up with my skinny ass? A true warrior. The SWO's will be sad to lose you. Road trip to West Point. Recons. Worden and Herndon. Ocean City. Stuffed animals and 20 stories. "That dog just ate your puke, man." "Dude, I think we missed the game." Beer diplomacy. PSUP. The Bulldawg perspective. Southern friend to the end. A warrior, trident or not "Dan-O.You went to NMMI???...God, you are my hero." Resident big man. "Make me a grilled cheese." God bless.
—BPW,MFK,JAS,CAH,BPR,SWP,JJH,RWK

Christian Hansen
Derby, KS
Navy Pilot

To the former Clubbers, he will always be the Grand Old Man of the Marine Corps. The only guy crazy enough to run around the Company with the guide-on, during formation runs, and the only guy to follow Julie Schmidt's infamous order to "Column Left, March" off the side of Chauvanet terrace. He always was a mentor for the rest of us, though he didn't even know it. I can still remember his first words to me, "If you ever pull something like that again, I'll kill you." By youngster year I realized he was just a normal guy, what a let down, and he was SO old! On the up side, being old meant a fast car, low car insurance, and a lot of good advice about girls, and beer in between... but that still didn't stop the Play Station football rivalry and the ever hated, 4th quarter "clock management." What about that VCR under your desk, isn't that from the wardroom??? Basketball and Old man moves... Hey, you wanna go shoot...ohhhh I see, you have to hang out with the Mrs... In the end, you're a great friend and an even better drinking buddy. Till our next brew... JJH,JAS,BPR,DAH,SWP

Jay Daniel Hanson
Crystal Lake, Illinois
Marine Corps Pilot

Furled brows, misleadingly intimidating at first...is he serious? The little G.I Joe practiced since five ...his forever smile, "bigger than normal heart" has made him our "dude." Too many "yuts" can hurt a guy-or can it? Yes, Jay, you always did smell the best, and your hair always had that flare...never forget prepping youngster year for that "trip" to the water fountain. A loyal man to the "T" Four years, four rooms...you and me. Please, anything but Brass Monkey. Brian, I'm serious...I'll destroy your headphones. And dude, Black Ice is real! You got 20 licks...I got 21...From strangulations to tear jerking hugs, we made it J-Bird. I love you. Yea, Chicago is great...but it isn't the center of the world! (Yet...) Found his Goldilocks and in four years, he not only shaped his body, he forged character and soul into what he dreamed of. His generosity immediately claims us as his family...his best wishes always for happiness...and his eventual success make us love him. Acquainted by chance, a deep friendship ensued-he rescued my heart and hasn't let go since we met climbing rocks...only tomorrow shows what our future will hold. Looks like the Corps got theirs today.

REA, BPW, SWP, LMF

Jared Jesse Hooper
Grants Pass, OR
Navy Pilot

I am not sure why the most skilled model-builder and crazed gear-head I have ever known chose history as a major, but that is the mystery that is Jared Hooper. From the first day in Bancroft to the bars and clubs of Vegas, you're always a great person to hang out with. A sense of humor only a select few can pick up on, but those who do are entertained beyond their wildest imaginations. Jared is the only guy I know who can raise the spirits of a room by sharing a can of Sustical, and can always be counted upon to keep a straight face when playing a prank. A man who never looks back and shows no pity for the weak, Jared embodies the spirit of the warrior. He is also the guy who can sit quietly at the edge of a conversation for some time before interjecting with the harsh one liner that will be funny for days later. Nothing but good memories with you, and only better memories to follow. We'll always know you as our West Coast friend and the only one who can toast to us all in Russian.
BG, CH, DH, BR, JS

John Joseph Houston
Houston, TX
Navy Pilot

John 8:32 "Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free."

Psalm 145:19 "He fulfills the desires of those who fear him; he hears their cry and saves them."

Psalm 37:4 "Delight yourself in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart."

A rich person is not one who has the most, but one who needs the least.

1 Corinthians 1:18 "For the message of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God."

Tara Inverso
Titusville, NJ
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Who needs health when you can have sex? It was the quote of the millennium, quite accidental and completely innocent, but only one of the many outbursts and stories of daily occurrences featuring none other than our Tara! Her smile never fades and she touches even strangers with her friendly ways and warm heart. Only those closest know she balances a quest for perfection with the ability to make it fun. From Brigade Administration, two, going on three marathons, there is never a dull moment with Tara! Her love of life is contagious. Love you always! LDB
How could I ever forget Tara; she took the top bunk, easing my worry of randomly falling out in the middle of the night. Someone must have been looking out for me when roommates were assigned, for I got one of the best ones imaginable. Tara is a ray of sunshine who can bring excitement to the dullest of days. Her work-ethic and shear intelligence go unparalleled, and her warm-hearted nature endears you. Tara, you are one in a million. I thank my lucky stars for who you are, and all you have given to those who truly know you. Stay sweet! AD

Michael Johnson
Pensacola, FL
Surface Warfare

Blackfoot (Jay's war cry), Navajo, Majo, Iceman ("haircut?"), Seal Team (STJ)... and Mike. Dan: "Are you a prior?" Roommates: Jay, Joe, Andrew (plebe summer, snacking after taps... "What's that noise?"), Tim, Bill (plebe year, the Marine and the crazy African, waxing us into bed; "liberty?"), Jon, Joe (youngster year, "I'm going to the library"), Trevor, John (youngster year, Trevor's "fat hog"), Tim, John, Nate (second class year, "the Delta"), minus Nate, plus Drew (second class year, darn whoop), John, Tim (engaged and whipped, respectively; the honor, silence, "truce"). To Roben (the comic!), Jay, Scott, Brain, Rob, Sean, Lucas, Russell: "Can I borrow your phone?" Weapons II Summer School with James (GNC: "I'm sore;" in the room: "Johnny Quest is a Sellout."); drives home to Pensacola. ("Sorry, I can't drive stick.") Spring Break MAC flight to Europe with Rob, Sean, Nate (Awesome, and with a whole three hours to spare!) SEAL PT with Dan; Shaft Gouge; Proofreading papers; darn Comp Sci. and Batt 1st LT, hail English, yeah Squad Leader! Crazy IMs. Jared and my Corolla: "Fin on the Grocery Getter!" "Hi Lucas!" The play for Thad; Club 28, then Deuce,.. and SWO. AFI (a fire inside); "Know thyself," Delphi.

Michael Johnson's BIO; 2nd Company, 023312
Word Count (minus all of the header): 199

Matthew Francis Kavanagh
Easton, PA
Submarine Warfare

Our Deepest Fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, "Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?" Actually who are you NOT to be?? You are a child of GOD. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightening about shrinking so that others won't feel unsure around you. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It is not just in some of us; it is in everyone. As we let our light shine, we unconsciously give others permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our fear, our presence automaticallly liberates others." Marianne Williamson. Thank you USNA. Thank you friends. Thank you God for helping me shine.

Kav

Andre LaBrie
Brookfield, WI
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

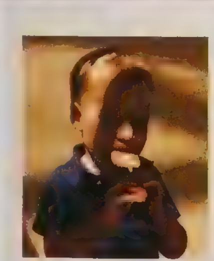
Andre- How we became friends I don't know, but I could not have made it through this place without you. Lifting, sprints, fights, laughs with Nels. Ocean City was a blast. Moonjelly, the saga. Beachhouse, boating, 2nd cousin, loads of laughs-RLT. Roommates for two years and we've had lots of fun, yet those late nights on IM made us wish we had a gun. Always in a good mood and never being rude, the greatest of roommates who's never in the nude. Peace Dre, jpm-mdg. "A brother is a friend given by Nature." We may not have always been best friends the past 21 years, but I thank you for the friendship that has grown these past 3 years. You will be missed. If you ever need anything — a laugh, a listening ear, some girl advice, someone to hang your X-mas lights up — I'll be a phone call or email away. Take care of yourself, dork. Lots of love, Your Fav Sister, Marg

James Lee Lagasca
Pensacola, FL
Marine Corps Ground

Got a plan? Four years, no prob...five years, oh yeah...six years, who's your daddy? Whatever man...it's under control. Who you calling a coastie? Naval Academy Preparatory School class of '97...break down (ahh)...break down(ahh) Who's chow call is it?...I don't know man, but I know Andre got a care package! OZ fest...HFS...930 Club...quarter beers...all-nighters, but first a quick nap (yeah right)...AJP- Get back here, Jimmy! MAJ- I think I need a vitamin? Mike a.k.a. Johnny Quest. MFK- You want me to drive you where? What's that smell...I think that's your closest bro? Fifteen pounds in two days...no prob. Billy- They didn't teach that in hand-to-hand. Jimmy is always there to try new things, if you could hide his anime. Sprint football-How many fifths? League Champs! Lager or Lags (behind) Jake- Calmer than you, dude. JJL- Thanks for everything man! You are the BEST bro anyone could have! I can't believe it, USMC. I'll do my best to show them that they made a good decision. To my friends and company mates, "Lo Que Sea, Cuando Sea, Donde Sea" (Anything, Anytime, Anywhere)

John Merchant
Canton, MA
Surface Warfare

"Yo turnup the bass!" ..From nikes to Timb's on his toes ..Where is his Kelly, wait, which one? ..Lightest kid ever to call himself fat ..The boarding of 698 ..Haven't been in Geneseo for 17 years ..Shippens with decliners ..Loon Mountain, Air Merchant ..Golfs like grandpa ..King Cobras with EOR and JC ..Smile in pics, nope ..Night on the Yacht ..professional clubber ..Where is the deck furniture? Ask John and Mike ..Him and Italian ruining bunk beds ..Email from a gymnast, scary stuff ..411 or da hood? ..Scared of everything .. "Are you yelling at me" ..Slow down that driving ..Family Tournament winner ..All around balla....My Own Words- an unforgettable four years ..Tripp and Brett in the early days, and those who made it to Grace's ..411 BTC greatest investment made, never forget you guys ..DP at Loon, Matty with the bunks, Smitty as a roomie, Sean and his mess, Mikey since middle school and we're not done yet, Reed cooking lobsters, Radich here's leftovers, Pani that's all we have to hit on, Lam woozy, Galdieri lets go get our boy ..Gtrain and Dre- two great years ..My boys in Canton, be back soon ..My family, can't thank enough ..it's been a trip, more to come...



Sean Mollahan
Belmont, MA
Navy NFO

First few years with Merch and Paul, the last one with 3 goonies,
Should've roomed with LAZ and Kase, cause after 4 I'm looney.
Poet, musician, songwriter, friend and freestyle walker,
Runner, listener, traveled man, but definitely not a talker.
Dubois, Paris, Boston YP's, Costa Rica, Nice,
Watch your knee, and where you pee, "but I've made a masterpiece"
Trips in trunks, DMB, Pat McGee, guitar 'til early morning,
Crazy clubbing, DC singing, loathing all the learning.
Orange hair and the brightest clothes, always pushing bounds,
Never one to scream or shout, hangs out in the background.
Our favorite times include Linc's Crew, and trips to Fresh Fields,
Listening to the rhymes you wrote, never knowing what you'll yield.
Fan of the Babe the cute talking pig, and also of candy, as I can attest,
Not one to shy away from a pair of beautiful... eyes.
Shared good times, bad times, ups and downs, all not lost forever,
Don't let our memories be the only thing holding us together.
My surfin smurf, from your serving serfs watch out for gate zero
We'll never forget the way you make us smile, you'll always be our hero.
-JP, KC, LAZY, Luke, Rusty, RA, SWP

Scott Paul
Anderson, AK
Navy Pilot

Scott Paul, Alaskan Assassin, first memory of this white giant was as he was standing on the other side of the hall from me sweat pouring from his head. 1,2,4...6 canteens per day? The rapid carbo-loss program in the bathroom. Plebe year...when he wasn't off to his bro's room for a nap, he was in the hall with the upper class. Wait...how do you spell Navy? Scotty Potty, finally my roommate but always my confidant and friend, he survived youngster year and became a detailer for third squad. With the summer done and 1st Sgt. to go... smooth running until a fateful trip to Florida, two?...blew a rod...a few drinks...One month later...fire? Scott, our local arsonist, always put forth the effort to look like a fool, gotta love 20 tours. Plebe summer again? "Hey Dan, I can do a pullup." Three of four years and this time as CC. Bringing together a rowdy bunch and ending with bratwurst, a grill, and heartfelt, teary eye reflection. Your words of wisdom carried us farther than we ever could have gone. Point? You are the true blue....my rock, my sage, my advisor...my dear friend. Close the window...we aren't in ALASKA! BPW,REA,NRS,JDH,DAH,CAH,AJP,JJH,RA,LMA

Tim Payne
Bernardsville, NJ
Surface Warfare

The most motivated SWO out there who's creased and starched cammies will be the talk of the ship. Who can forget the spring break trips that were encased in snowy weather and icy mountains, the Ring Dance yacht. He's the one with the big guns and high power rifle wont be the same. From plebe to Firsty he has remained true to himself and followed his dreams despite our persuasions. WMG.

Hoorah. Thermo class. "Is he the enemy?" my own JAG. Drill master. "Do the right." legal advice. Lock up that pleber. Blackfoot. He should come out. Notre Dame road trip. Late night procrastination. Studying by Mike's bed. A true swarrior. A great friend. God bless. DH

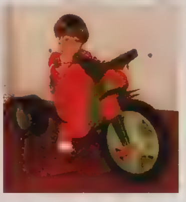
To the man who never sleeps: "Get your hand out of your pocket plebe." He was the "Fuzz" in the fleece. Now he's the Stang Man. Chestertown. Lunch with Al. "I love this car!" Change-Step, March! U little rat! "I'll go wherever you will go." Stingray bite "Death by a thousand cuts!" "I believe in you." Teaching me sword arch. Movie Soundtracks "I want my baby back." Rocco Columbo "Are you threatening me?" Look out onto the horizon, you'll find us there. NAS

Andrew Jamie Privette
Herndon, VA
Submarine Warfare

Despite graduating high school at 16, it has taken him seven years to graduate college. On the morning of July 1st, 1998, Andrew woke up and decided to go to the Naval Academy. He's still not sure why he signed his 2 for 7 papers. Andrew, what are you going to service select? I think the way we became friends is through movies and your mom's chocolate pancakes. Always be the second half of the 6 degrees to Kevin Bacon team. Some of the experiences that stand out are: DVDs, USS The Sullivans, PROTRAMID, PSUP, more DVDs, Vegas, and Disney (again) and even after that, Nuc school, dating your sister (JAS), day trading (can't do that on a sub), mess with TDC. A true to life person that can be counted on for anything-save for making a decision, some days I think I'm talking more to my brother than my roommate (3 years WNS...how?). I wonder how long it will take him to decide what to do about his girlfriend of four and a half years. May the coin never land on its side—Master Yoda (WNS). TDC, WNS, JAS, BPR. To those that I leave behind, thank you for touching my life, never forget your dreams. God Bless. AJP

Bryan Paul Reed
Loundonville, NY
Submarine Warfare

8125. Jimmy ambush. Lowcrawl Worden. GWU—lifetime ban."we serve our country officer." Braves/yanks-North/South. PSUP. Window sniping. Lasers. A TRUE die hard Yankee fan and therefore a true New Yorker. Vegas. Midgets. Taco Tuesday. Chicken Cheddar Melt. Stuffed animals and 20 stories. DC and a miniature tree. Flat tire in a church parking lot. A veteran of the Antarctic War. Ocean City. Homeless guy on Bourbon St. Laughing our way through hell in Quantico. That sketchy enlisted bar and bowling alley in Mayport. Laughing the hardest I've ever laughed in that cab in Montreal. Thursday night bowling. Smashing bottles in the fireplace. Funniest man that I have ever had the privilege of knowing. Knows how to have a good time anywhere. He always does his job with the utmost professionalism, but never takes anything quite seriously. He will stick by you, even after you get sick from too much exposure to DTA. He has shown us wisdom beyond his years, to take life with a smile and a laugh, and always be on your toes because the best practical jokes are the ones you never see coming. He is the kind of guy you can always go to when things are rough because if he can't make you laugh, at least you can laugh at Thad. -DAH, LMA, JAS, AJP, TDC, WNS, JJH



Jonathan Savage
Lynnfield, MA
Navy Pilot

Jon Savage is a true northern Yankee (though not a Yankees fan), who somehow managed to be an engineer, and yet be in bed before his roommates every night. Jon is a true friend who will always be there for you, just be careful about your sister when he's there and you're not. Big brothers around the world are up in arms!!! Although one must wonder whether he's so happy after a weekend because he went to see Nat, or just because he got to drive his cop car for four hours, while making numerous (often successful) attempts to enforce local speed laws. If Al Borland ever died, Jon would be Tim Taylor's perfect sidekick, for in addition to loving cars, Jon also enjoys pointing out his friends dumb mistakes. But few have been more dedicated to the pursuit of speed. Couple this with a dogged resolve in all things, Jon is the ally that you always want to have, uncomplicated and unambiguous. May Jon never change, but continue to serve his brothers in arms with the same dedication that he has served us, and may we never fail in doing the same.
CAH, DAH, JJH, AJP, BPAR

Nathan Rudolph Schmidt
St. Mary's, PA
Marine Corps Ground

Nathan Rudolph Schmidt (schmidt bag), what did you do in Europe? Nate, always on the high track, always there to give a dose of reality. Someone fart? Big ears, devilpup haircut, and smelly pits...irresistible? "What can I make out of my underwear today?" Mr. Motivation, a true friend, a great leader, the hardest worker I have seen. Who's civvies are those again? "Hey Nate, where's your tooth?" Plebe and Youngster year in a shell, except for Mid of the Sem. Then two years of detail. "Scott, I don't want to do it..." I'll never forget our firsty summer experience, the road was rough, but you had more heart than everyone. "Hey guys, watch THIS", "Just don't touch me...ok." Once a week, a minute at a time...showers weren't easy...you fit with the marines. Brigade XO..."What a tool". What a friend, never afraid to be the fool, never too timid to take a stand. We'll always be here for you. Plebe year roommate and a four year Hero. You inspired and shocked me; the smells, the yells, the tears and jeers. You're the "toot", my favorite...woof, bark, meow, and infinity squared neck kisses always. Be strong, have faith, good luck!! SWP,BPW,JDH,AJP,KLK,RA,LMA

Kasey Short
Penfield, PA
Marine Corps Ground

My little Marine, together since day one...."So we are going to be the best of friends, right?" Finding entertainment in icecream, markers, photo shoots, dance parties, pranks.....you guys liked ganging up on me as much as Hilary liked bananas! All for the Nookie! Never forget the nights we both itched to leave...and did! There is no better roommate! Cheers to you....LAZ
How's the farm? (Sean, there is no FARM!!!) To Costa Rica and back....thinking about him again??? RaRa, spirit fingers! Don't forget the spontaneous trips - football games and concerts, Niagra Falls and Lexy! Thanks for your friendship (and dance lessons)...it has meant more than you know...SM, RA, RLT
What do I say to a beautiful Belgium princess from Penfield? The one who suckered me into cheering....then into dancing in Colorado. The red nametag and tattoo did it for me. It's been a long time and lots of nights on the couch but its gone so fast. We didn't always have a place to go but we were always "abel" to figure it out. From New Orleans to Nebraska and the Grand Canyon...the only place we belong is with each other. "Do as you please, I'll back you up." I love you babe...JGF

Westley Noel Simancas
Woodbridge, VA
Surface Warfare

He is the master of twisting words around and the original swotivator who nearly mastered snood [I say I did]. Wes, wake up, can I borrow your Mess Dress jacket? Wes? "Ohh no." Taco-Tuesday, finally legal and what a night it was. A great drinking partner, just as long as you don't drink and there are no PSUPs or Plebes around. PSUP?, enough said on that. I don't frat, hmm, so what's the deal if I'm on 4/C privileges? So where is this church, and why am I hugging a pine tree, in the car!? Let's got to Deney's. Sacrifice throws on TDC! I knew those skills would help you out. Got Thad to boot in the sink. My true friend, and roomie for 3 whole years, wow (AJP). Good luck in Norfolk buddy, I'll see you in my periscope.-AJP TDC BPR I'm gonna miss you all. I made some good friends along this 5-year trip, you all know you guys are my family. We had some wild times, but I still swear that she was a freshman at ASU, Pachanga 2001. LASC always represents. Finally, thanks to my family and my friends for sticking by me, and helping me out when the times got tough, hey from a 1.6 to a 3.0, I couldn't have done it without you. I hope I can make you proud, and I hope to do the best I can. I love you all -Wes

Harry Rashid Spencer
Miami, FL
Surface Warfare

HarryRSpen..the rose that grew from concrete.Loved by few, feared by many respected by all. Adm.Windlan and Senior Chief Younker yall my boys for life. 4 Years of outlandish conversation and endless procrastination. Wouldn't have made it w/o u.Bas and Dre yall my dogs 4 lilfe.Spence. Ringin the bell, wrestling all night long, dumpin Dre up in third company's computer room, sittin in my room with Mackey tellin scary stories trippin all night long, those were the good ole days. When we were supposed to be at formation but we watched the airplanes fly by for the AF's birthday that's how we get down. True bruhs stay down from day one and that's what you have been for me, I appreciate that and got much love for you man. Duce. We all can't say we're the model type, but I know you lead a hard life. It ain't easy bein uncock. You were there in the time of need, when it wasn't convenient for you—thank you for showin you cared. One of the most hidden creative minds I know. Looking back at it we had some real fun times, You were always full of laughs and I see a bright future for you, just let GOD do your Navigating. Through thick and thin we held tough and made though I often carried you through(5:00 I'm in your room to wake you up for practice) but you proved to have the heart of a soldier! -Big Al Big strong country boy, we've had some good times together. From struggling at NAPS to living the good life in the mansion. It's only just begun.

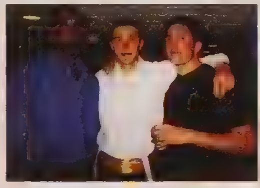
Russell Lee Thomas
Wilmington, DE
Marine Corps Ground

Crazy guy! Biggest story teller. Lost in PA woods. Irish Car bombs, plebe summer, detail, and soon TBS! its always fourth squad!, always ready for a beer or a party, trips to U of D, fights with DRE, you are my knucklehead, and I will miss you. ADD. Stop lying Surfing, You've been saved. Who took the milks. How do you spell ____? Great bartender. Lifting and sprints with Dre, hitting on your second cusin. Russell the muscle, stretch marks Katie, leatherneck, good times, beach house! I learned a lot from you. Russell, a minister at heart... always trying to convert me from my athiest ways! You're a true leader, and I have looked up to you! little arson here and there. Detail, Marine Corps ground. I'll cover you from above! Oooo Rah!!! He's unlike anything this world has ever seen. Ritalin posterboy! Good times in Florida, on the road, asleep at the wheel. Showing me how to party at U of D. Montreal, Niagara Falls, NYC, Kingston, NY, a 21st I'll never forget, even if you did. "You boys aren't AWOL are ya?" Mr. President. Politician, historian, theologist, philosopher, and my lord and savior. Sorry pal, guess I'm just damned. It's been a crazy game of poker. -Lucas, Rob, Sean, Kasey, Andre, Scott.

Brian Patrick Walsh
Ft. Lauderdale, FL
Navy NFO

Four years together by the bay. We survived Canoe U., spot corrections, paddles of sweat, and the last real detailers. "Bri Bri," "Droopy," "Dingle" ... The best and most loyal friend a man could ask for... My biggest supporter. From road trips and EE scandals to spring breaks, snoogles, and restriction musters, the two towers stood strong. Time tested and mother approved. Let's go to Lewnes. Marines? SWO? Pilot? EOD? NFO? Yeah, that one sounds good to me. Basically, essentially, and metaphorically speaking, it's snowing, so lets go surfing! "I am so sick of your crap!" "Well, I guess you could. Hey Brian, lock that Pleber up! 21st birthday. Do... the right. Please don't open the window. Frisbee on Hospital Point anyone? It might have been a hot summer, but you were the best damn roommate I ever had. Oh Man... just assuage me. So it is on this great event I admit to you how important you are to me. My best friend... I will always be there for you. The Batman to my Roben. I will see you in P-cola. Fly high... never forget! '52...'02

REA, SWP, JDH, JJW, DAH



Michael Thomas Windlan
Brookeville, MD
Surface Warfare

5 years of college, are you serious? NTF Forever, I had to hang mine up! My roomies, 4 long but unforgettable years together...Younk: LT's boat, Germany, basket leave, dazed and usually confused, "pull up a chair", silent mode, road trips, "I don't know about this!", homeless and starving in England, family for life, 1031; Spence...eyes on swivel, gangsters, countless hours on every game console, "you've been ruuuuffed", somebody's gotta take the buck, keep drinkin' that Hatorade, call "Earl"; J Lew: J Ham's crib, Bday and New Years Eve bashes, "I DID IT!", brother for life and you know this!; BP: ankles turned inwards, sweet tea, Saab to the Porsche, laundry pics, timmy = no sea trials, luv ya bro; Sweeners: driving skills, remote skills, wrestling matches, summer of '99, Orlando and Key West, countless shakin' stories, girls in uniform, Morena, okok, laaaaaate; EAK, late nite creepin'; MB, one night turned into 4 years of drama but I still got luv for ya; KTP, I started and finished with you by my side, Love you forever; TR, better be ready when I get out in 5; The Fam, Thanks for all your support, I Love you all, extra love to C Dubbs, my best friend!

Nicholas Eugene Younker Jr.
Ellinwood, KS
Surface Warfare

Well, what can I say about the last four years. It's been a pretty fun ride, especially for a Kansas boy who had only been out of the Midwest a few times. Mike and Harold...we started it together and finished it together. Harold...the man always down to be rugged with me. Plebe year inspections...days when the rack was more important than class...and waking up at Cannon's. Mike...trips to Ship, Goz's bathroom, the Days Inn with Duba, and your sister's Apt. Oh yeah and Europe...the night on the park benches in England...the weird Japanese guy at the trainstation...and Giessen where the sky was always blue and the grass was always green. Timmy "Towtruck" Sweeney I'll always have a boilermaker with your name on it. Second class cruise...great times in Vancouver, Cabo, and Panama City. And firstie summer...E "the Australian player" Reed and Austin "Bundaberg" Romberger...I'll see you boys out there. Finally to the fallen soldiers...Tuggle and Bingham...I don't know where you are or what you are doing but take it easy for all of us still here. "Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in awhile, you could miss it." -Ferris Bueller

Laura Ann Zarcaro
Houston, TX
Navy NFO

I'm impressed with your tenacity. Can't wait for the times ahead in sunny Florida, where we apply all we've learned (haha). 3 liters, 3 gallons...$288 shampoo. "Just a 5-minute nap." Ken Wendel? Buongiorno, principessa! Crazygummygold!! Sprints across tcourt, time me. President, First Lady and secret society. "I thought it was arts and crafts day." "Is he making this stuff up?" Since when are there 2 airports in DC? That'll do, donkey. We've had some goodtimes...I couldn't have made it without you...MFW. We have been through so much together, starting on day one...how many people are late to I-day? Always remember to close the blinds. Spontaneous-late night snacks at Double-T, "NINJA!!" always up for anything. You're the b-hole master. Hilary and Kasey vs. Laura, but all in good fun. Coordinated attacks, switched screensavers. Goodluck flying the "BlueSkies" and to answer your question, yes, we are going to be the best of friends...KCS. Aunt Grace's, goodtime oldies, fun first, Niagra Falls poems. Are we driving in the wrong direction? YP#2, candy! Song critic, DC Live and the wrong night at Nation. Drinkin with Lincoln. Secret ATM mission. Don't pick up snakes. Thanks for the talks thanks for being there, No worries...SDM

THE
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IN
HARM'S
WAY

Bjorn Gunnar Anderson
Newton, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Bjorn, the drunken elf from dirty Jersey who if he gave a fizzle, there would be nothing for him to prove. He spent three long years running for Al and all he remembers is 'Your gone!' Most nights youngster year at the Swallow ended with a spilled beer on the birthday girl followed by a pile of mushroom puke in the back of Slicknuts' car. Daytona Beach, where he earned his blood-wings and proudly pinned them up on the white linoleum. There were rowdy parties at 1025 1B where he skillfully moved through the eight stages of drunkenness, but none of the episodes compared to the night when he capitalized on his roommates' mistakes with the strumpet known as Julie. Ring Dance was full of adversaries, including Ricky, Goldschlager, and the sidekick Overson. While he stands watch in his boxers, no frat boy will dare enter 1025 1B or be beaten back with a plume of Natty Ice to the chest. Regardless of his studies, there was always time left for one keg of beer for the four of us...Glorious!-BM, RF, SL

Luke Anderson
Naples, FL
Marine Ground

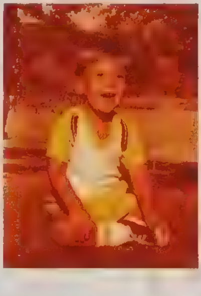
The consummate Florida boy-"so this is what snow looks like." That first year was lead by some of the Navy's finest: Lt Bonk, Chef H, M/Ens Pray for War, and M/Ltjg where did that tooth brush go? Saturday's at the Maj's motivated him to take on the challenge secret summer missions with Boy Wonder. Youngster year survived by sleeping through everything from animal crackers to the midnight sun. Dating by phone ain't all its cracked up to be. Powerlifting... that sounds fun. Air guitar and SEAL workouts were the norm. Run-swim-run to the spider buoy. "I'm not going to lie to you." We took USAFA by storm...well, almost. Time to welcome the pledges. Where'd my voice go? Football game...I have ABOOW again. Final powerlifting meet, but beat Army. The Ram has arrived. Spring break at UF. "Hey, do you guys know who I lived with plebe summer?" I have to detail again? SNL night, Ring Dance weekend. Shady Mountain High. This gray sling makes me look better in uniform. 3230 continues. "You want me to teach Sunday School?" A sudden love of sea turtles. "Enough electrical tape can fix anything." See you at TBS.-PHM, NFR,ABP,ARB,CAF,BB,BAO

John M. Antel
Houston, TX
Navy Pilot

March 24th, 2001: when I met Christy...Ram's Head Tavern: The 100 Beer Club..."You better figure it out"...Sleeping in the All-Faiths Chapel...Pink eye..."Oh...yeah...uh....I was at baseball!"..."You two are slower than a seven-year-itch"...deoderant stick instruction (among other things)...Thanks to Chief Day for all those SIR chits...Cigar Store Indians and Marvin Milktoast...Whiskey Tangos..."Is that a Slavic name?"...Being at the O-Club every Wednesday 2/c Year...Chambers of Death...Industrial-Sized Fan...Rooming with Duane...the Goolag and the Goolag Chief...Antel, Harrington and Povondra in the same squad...the infamous x-week firecrackers...plebes doing chowcalls in Kelly Court...slingshot from Dave and Poe's room...NMMFP..."MIDN Antel participated in a recon in which an egg was thrown at and struck a Department of Defense police car (Blank threw it...to give credit where credit is due)...Bailing Marc outta jail..."Oh...yeah...tell 'em I was setting up the tailgater"..."So, are you just like, Mr. Conservative?"..."Their go the GD Brownies!!!"..."You waitin' on a freakin' bus?"..."Go back to Michigan..."..."nah....I ain't doin' no rhymes"...with head motion..."Get your grubby little *#&!$*^@$ outta there"...watching the Air Force game from the luxury boxes (hey, it's the only one I went to firstie year)...CPAC 2002

Andrew Richard Beard
Binningen, Switzerland
Navy Pilot

The "Transatlantic Playboy". A true Comp-Sci. Anyone remember the egg recon plebe year? Yeah - let's drive to WV to go camping (following Sea Trials '00) - Dolly Sods Nat'l Park. Keith Lewis and Ron Chino - guns and "roughing it" to go camping. The only person to make it into the Youngster Manifesto by name. 5. Drew Beard = Drill B*tch. Nuff said. So 'relieved' at finding out service selection. Then the O-Club that night (and what happened later that night). Dining out firstie year - that was some good wine. Wine-O. Taking shots for Pat at UVA (14 in 1.5 hours). Eucalyptus. The Koala. Youngster year trips to Akron to see... Maggie. The box of sin = 1 week of partying commissioning week + big mistake (Colby). Who drinks a beer when you can funnel it? Late nights with the comp sci's - Pliers and Odgers. Who needs to wear a uniform to go to class? What do you mean we can't haze plebes (Plebe Detail '00) - mail room. How to choose your Ring Dance date. Late night runs youngster year. Ole'. The Annapolis crowd. JFK 50 miler x 3. MC Marathon x 2. JLA PHM ABP NFR



Clinton Edmund Blankenship
Fairmont, WV
Navy NFO

Blank, Clinny. Still missing Tiny Tim, Sir. Its Scheutter. Uh, yeah, I was at baseball. Sorry Chief Daye, its El Diablo. Whiskey Tangos? 3-man slingshot Button Wars. Coathanger wars=stitches. Fireworks during x-week. Is my hair alright? Which girl is this now? Midn Blank participated in a recon where an egg was thrown and struck a DOD police car. Which channel is the midget on? Bajas. That chic was defying gravity. Who is Navy playing today, I dunno, my tee-time is at noon. Offroading with the boys. What 30pack of beer? Don't tell them I went to WV. Ram's Head. Chambers of Death. Man girl, them jeans fit. Yeah, it's the flag song. Figure it out Coach. Friggin Blankenship, get a haircut. Nice burns- cut them. Looks like you were attacked by a wild animal. Please don't tell me you're taking Taps over the phone. Yeah that's what she said. Does this one know about the other one? Baked potato at CDO. Milk from 6-4. Was she pretty, ever been to the circus? MYOFB, MMFP, 2 tears in a bucket—Patty-O. I just hit the Dant with snowball. Mattress on the floor. You waiting on a bus? Cya when I cya.

Peter Andrew Bosler
Farmington, MI
Surface Warfare

There's a good chance Pete's got H20 in his veins: he's a proficient swimmer, sailor, ice skater, and oceanography major. If his astronomical QPR doesn't impress you, his skills with a hockey stick or a guitar will. Pete loves his not-quite-mainstream music, the Red Wings, fireworks, pinochle, and chaos math. He's wholesome, well-rounded, and American as apple pi, and perhaps the most harmless guy ever...or is he? Ask him about those "overnighters." He's weathered storms at sea, the Lake Michigan Circle Tour, rodent bites, foot-crushing closet doors, botched wisdom tooth extraction, roommate vomit, a sideways Ford Exploder, and...nevermind, those charges were dropped. Good times were had at the Swallow, Galway, McSorley's, Famous Dave's, the Chickenshack, G-town (Jon says thanks for not leaving him on the couch), Bjorn's place, Penn State, Mr Menne's...The JHU women's swimming trophy/bowl... "Thanks to everybody who helped along the way, especially Chris, Bjorn (and crew), Jon, Tim, Tony (and family), Mike, Dave, Charles, Murray, Jenn, the Menne Crew, 21st Co. Youngsters, Squad 1-3, NA-7 Dauntless, the '02 swimmers, and the rest (you know who you are)... couldn't have done it without you. Honest.

Robert Daniel Breakiron
Flint, MI
Navy NFO

Whiskey tangos. White works Breakiron. El Diablo. 10-fold. Tell em Im sailing. Cancelling classes. Snood. How many loans do you have now? Street racing at the metro. Catawba. Bicycle jousting. Guys, I don't think Im going to buy books this semester. Deadly w/ produce. 3 man sling shot. Jumping sand dunes. "Freshman girls, get em while theyre skinny" Who put these car parts in my bed? Battery Wharehouse. St Marys teeball. Throwing malotov coctails at the jet during army week. McHales Navy. Pissing off Batt O = early extraction via LCAC during FMF cruise. The Hobby shop is part of the yard, seriously. Throwing water baloons off the balcony. Ceiling tiles. Honestly Chief, I cant go to the dining out because I need to study. Wake-up Pepe...Fire in the hole. Britney Spears. It's a good thing I ran out of gas. Hey Rob, what was the score of the football game today? Not sure, I was playing golf. Who's car are you pissing on? Oh, thats mine officer. Where are your books Rob? Alarm clock during chemistry class. Is this a batchelor party ...no, its Friday night. Lime green shoes. Good tunes? Mr. Breakiron is a stellar performer. Not guilty.

Edgar Ray Britt III
Gate City, VA
Surface Warfare

Crucifixion at IT. Hell, hundreds of nights at IT. Getting lost on the way back and bridge embankments. Code Blue. Piano bar in Orlando. Off-roading mishaps, too many to count. Jimmy at the auto shop. The Dude, miss that cat man. Bull fight night with the refrigerator. Fire logs hurt when you try to break them over your head. "Shipmate, let me in." "T-e-e-b-o-n-e-0-2, no spaces." The days of handles of Captain. Dropping the bottle on 6-0. Getting pulled over for swerving in the hall. Engagement party. Creatine before the PRT. Throwing Ben out the window. Drunk test at the kegger. DAC at the Cantina. No sleeves at the Dining In. "I can no longer be a part of this funeral procession." "Born lucky or unlucky, I can't tell which." You smashed that plate over your own head. Craig and Sandy. V. The dog named Sandy. Got them car handles good that night. Save a seat for Steve. El Diablo. Green Ridge. Where did "TEEBONE" come from? It's a long story. Lifting our trucks. Traore. Smelly shower. Shootin our guns. Dumphrees. San Diego. Pensacola. Quantico. Women want me fish fear me. DIP!! Best of luck with Lis. She's as good as they come. Tee, hopefully our kids will play together someday. Friends for life. FROM HESS. HESS

Brooks Thomas Cleveland
Annapolis, MD
Navy NFO

Brooks, Todd, Nick, and Slash: the greatest rendition of Paradise City ever. 60 days is a long long time, it does crazy things to a man. Run for the Ring: Gun Hockey!! Youngster party room: that was the best. Man, the precom office makes me miss class a lot. Thursday classes are non-existent firstie year. You're living in the 1600's!! Well, my dad said I don't have to clean my room. I hate our major. You're gonna be the best FO, and living in Pensacola is gonna be a blast. Never held back in telling me I did something dumb, you're my best friend. NJ I'm bored, I'll talk to Brooks. What choo doin? Coulda been an Eagle. Nobody in navy rugby has ever seen the likes of us, and ever will again. We're 21 years old, not a mark on our faces, we must be the greatest! The fat man tried to hold us down. Inseparable and I wouldn't have had it any other way. Life's disappointments are but a speed bump to you, you're my idol. The FO world is gonna get knocked on it's a**! Never could have made it through without you, school, rugby or life. A better friendship does not exist. T.

John Stephen Cocca
Whitehall, PA
Navy NFO

That Hooter's chick was in the calendar man. It was your birthday and you had last picks. Orlando's finest red head. Nightly bedtime gas. 301 Plaza. Rocks in the frozen lake on New Years 2002. Irish car bombs. Feeding you to the Sharp wolves. Batt CDR. Sasha's false accusations. It's soap! We're just cleaning it out. Dinners and lectures with our old men. Long talks about figuring chicks out. Too-Tall in the hot tub. Green Ridge. Sailing Center during NTT. Dirty Cokes in that hideous orange shirt at the beach. Irish Times, granny hands. TKO with Blank, love the guy though. 30-degree sleeping bags. Fitz. Gamebreaker. Retrieving my phone for me after I launched it. Smelly shower. You're good people, brother. I've always looked up to you. FROM HESS. Dirty Cocca, the pornstar Youngster year, "Just tell 'em I'm at baseball." "Cokes, no gibberish tonight, I beg of you." 30 days and 3 months for one night in B'more, I owe you one, buddy. Fridays at Baja, The Mox at practice, "John, let me see you hit a home run." First person I met here, "What the hell is that noise out there?" Plebe summer with Lona, "You all have the brain power of a beetle." - Teebone. I'll never forget the 11, sophomore year, Charleston S.C.

Troy Jeffrey Dickey
Boring, OR
Navy Pilot

Who ever said WT's were only for watch standers? Unibomber, Trickey, TeeRoy, Weasel, shady. Uhh, Andrew and I'll be at track practice. Jello on the window-sill Why couldn't we stay in Youngsterville for 2 more years. Cune, don't touch me like that. Take a knee Troy. Don't mess with him if he's asleep. Let's throw him in the shower. He's not used to people. I dedicate this race to Carter, Chaa. Regionals in the Playboy mansion. Crazy like Woody, fast like Ollie, hookup like Carter (sorry Skip). Helmets are for sissies. Inverted in the snowboard park. Are you the one who skied into the building? Camping in the woods alone with just a knife? Bad Dancer. Woaa Baby. Who buys a pinstriped suit for CDS from the Goodwill. Big Ass Truck. Phantom MO. Assault=new roommates. Dave, you sunk a boat? Hey Troy, can we put this in the Ski Room? Rich, that'll teach you to drink my water. Wall-walker. Andy, It's Army-Navy week. Produce and Water balloons. Umm, just jettison it. Of course it's a file cabinet. If you hit me one more time with that ski pole! Don't worry, I'll just turn off their power. Moltovs.

Christopher Andrew Forman
Taneytown, MD
Marine Corps Pilot

A true friend and brother in Christ. You were there through the best times and the worst. For over four years I have watched you develop into a man of God and help me to do the same. From singing dc talk songs to taking accountability walks, together we got through this place. You will always be my friend. - Matt. Thanks for the smiles and the giggles and the good times. You'll always be my Disney-loving buddy, keep smiling and remember, "I'm still eating!!!" - Blythe. There were the times when I thought you were going to break your legs jumping over that chair, the hours of fun with FCA, singing with you and wishing I could sing as high as you, and enjoying your Disney renditions. For all the laughs, fun, songs, and hugs, I am so glad to call you a friend and a brother in Christ. God bless you! - HLH. My Disney-loving counterpart. We are brothers on the same pilgrimage, alike in mind and spirit, like David and Jonathon (1 Samuel 18:3). Thank you for opening your home to me, I truly feel like a part of your family (though I'm a foot taller than all of you!) I look forward to more trips across the country in the AmCav and playing football in the street. God bless you bro! DZ <><

Patrick Michael Haines Jr.
Vacaville, CA
Marine Corps Ground

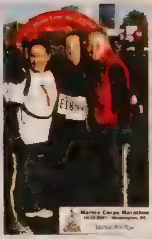
I stay breezy in the weather!! 5 long years, and I can't get out of here fast enough. There have been some hard times, but I came out stronger. I wouldn't have made it without my friends though. To my roommates, (sleezy n lew) thank you for being there through thick and thin (too many late nights with the sticks), you guys are what kept me here. Fire in the hole!!! To my housemates from Tyler Ave. we had some amazing times. Minors apt., westwinds. E.H. bro it's been different without you. K.B. Forever. Joe Kelly I love you man!! All the balla's we had it rough hopefully we'll see them turn it around. T, Hess, Coke's we got away with a lot. Teflon. To my family, thanks for being there- I love you!! From Newport to Annapolis. Hawaii to Jamaica. All good things come to an end. ONE!!

Nathaniel Merrill Hathaway
Bowie, MD
Navy Pilot

"Nathaniel Merrill Hathaway, the only one whose health and well-being mattered most. I know Florida is gonna be great but I hope it SUCKS, I'm gonna miss you bro, I'm gonna miss hangin out and golfing and laughing, but
most of all, I'm gonna miss you listening to me and my crap, the time you spent with me is priceless and always will be. Your gonna face a lot of people eye to eye now that you're a pilot big shot, but never forget the eyes that always looked up ... love you always..." -Max
Mom and Dad, I cannot thank you enough for your loving support throughout my life and I'm going to miss you. Thank you for putting up w/me and setting me straight. Nick be good, Holly be yourself and Max, thank you for coming home. I love you all.
Mike, Rich face it: I joined the better service. Bill let's get a cup of coffee, or maybe firewalk and tear down a barn? Tekken? How many times did you do that move?
THANATOS! "I think I, think I know it all..." God's got red-eye man, wasted! Max, hit the golf cart!

Jonathan Lynn Hesener
Bethlehem, PA
Marine Corps Ground

KAD's Christmas Present. "You think I could get this .40 bottle to land on that roof?"
Weekends at IT with Pete Papa. The Big Stuck the night before the PFT, "Man, no problem we'll just break out the winch." Wheelchair races and the "Sh_tter Trick," we pissed 'em all off. Hrurricane working party for 21. The Dude, we'll miss that little bastard. The race for the SIR record. IM Pimp, its gotta be those away messages.TEE
Which girl is tonight? Jlah? "Soon!!!" "Do you know you called me Sue?" "I think somebody was sprinkled with tough powder tonight?" Baja, quarter beers, no tip. Sandy, That dog drank beer. Do you ever go to class? Most missed classes ever. Greenridge State Park, Did you really just fall off that house? The Blazer, four feet under water. She almost made it through. Will we ever figure out chicks? Peter Feltersnatch please report to company area. Did we ever study? How many PRT's have you taken? New Year's 2002, what a night. Got to start off the night with an Irish Car Bomb. IT, what a bar! Our pops know best. Camping, off roading, 30-degree sleeping bags. Thanks man its been real. COKES



Monica Mary Hundt

Rockford, IL
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

But we weren't detailers!...Bow-monster...Spring Break Miami-Mouth-monster... YP-696...Sweet & innocent...capt's and crushes...Six Flags and road trips...Mother Monica Mary...how many roommates have we had? Elizabeth, Alpa, Claire, Laura, Julie, Lauren, Kat, Erika, Erin and Jen...Mice...Camping in the wardroom... Buuuuuuuurp!! Whoa that was Monica? ... Rugby...Tigger's abc's...Bike rides and tampon boxes ... Improvise...Mason & Hundt...King's Dominion with my best buds...winning the Turtle! ...speeding tickets (on my birthday!)...Ralph...Faso...You have touched my life more than you can know, and I thank you for all you have taught me...No one is happy who does not think himself so (Chinese proverb)...and remember YOU CAN DO IT!

Nicolas Juron

Lexington Park, MD
Navy Pilot

Where do I start? Plebe year football in the snow, "its Cleveland to Juron" sorry Dan. Lightweight conversion to real sport. Same schedule, sweet. Astro, they are all dorks!! Ahh S**t, I pulled S-duty. Orlando roommates, suck it Bud Light! Its 3AM, what is that noise? Psssss oh my God! Sure Pepe, we'll let you take us to the O club. Trip...60DR, "Old Man River..." We were the highest ranking mids HAHA, pranking each other. Firstie year, club O, astro sucks! Stealing beer at dining out, they can't put us all up.. Study hall, a necessity, not the too cool crew though. Thanks for doing all my homework, and getting me through, I definitely couldn't have made it without a sidekick. Gonna be the best pilot out there, if you ever need a FO, gimme a call. Next to Todd, my best friends...-BC S**t, is that the glaze? My diploma has your name under mine. Smartest redneck ever. Forever in debt for keeping B alive, but in trouble too. Don't know a nicer person to copy homework from. Damn richers! Haiku's! Whipped like no other. Gonna be livin' it up in Florida. I guess I'll have to settle for #2. One of my closest friends. -TC Nick Butkus!!! Original member of the A-Team. Punching out the bush in Orlando after 8 Seconds. Meet with the good Captain after this. Should we join him? God, no. -1MC Mom, Dad, Mike, Jess, I love you, thanks for everything. 11/4-Allison, you're my #1

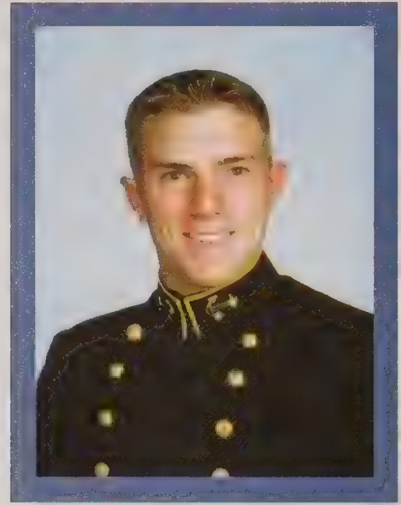
Elizabeth Anne Kreft

Union, KY
Air Force

So, lemme break it down for you:(hmm, very interesting). Lets go way back...gazebos & pictures, baseball fields & capt. morgan, tennis courts & vodka...sheesh! Sugar shakin' it Fri. nites @ Griffins; lil' Have a Nice Day action - "so he can dance!" gettin' rowdy for rugby; twix eatin' with Monica; jumpin' around in Rm. 3262; O-club & Missy Keystone on Wed. nites. I meeee whaaaa?! Bacardi, Hannibal, & Dixie Chicks; how many a. sours & seabreezes? A gazillion IM's while you're away miss popular; sticky fingers 24/7; Intercessional party (um, it's in Alpa's side of the room); "those eyes kill me." Lord, 4 boys please! And be sure to burn my diary; pinky swear!! Mee merp... George "Dubya" @ A/N '01; three yummy cookies (crafty bank robber); RVing it in Philly w/ B.C. - I know I know...he's that guy. You got that rumbly feeling yet? I mean, let's get ____real here. "Just cause she dances go-go..." Basically, as your 5th roomie & best friend, I say give 'em all hell and, 008, when you become rich & famous after AFOSI, don't forget about the little people. Oh, and I got 3 words for ya: KeyLimePie. BZZZZZZZ!!!!!! -EM

Jehiel Homer Lewis
Houston, TX
Surface Warfare

If you thought you knew, you have no idea!! The diary of Jehiel Lewis. First to the roommates...Patrick: Fatboy, welcome to the 21 Chambers, go Oakland, no homework for you tonight? , I forgot how Sharpe you were on the books; Marlon: got milk?! Mo-Terrell, Mo-Sleezy, Secret Agent 00Black (keep it on disk), Texas for life, 98 Degrees, It aint my fault (its always cuz of you), from 6-1 to the 3-2 boys for life; Shep: Road game roommate, odometer still runnin', always on some differences, from the church house to her house, I love you bro; Jwatt: Fire in the hole, hustle man 2K2, king hippo, who's #1 on the sticks (without a doubt me);Can't forget Dubbs, my main man, we went our separate ways but always stayed together, "Hypnotize" for "All My Life"!! Sweener, Cobos, Grandpa Barb, Deuce, Nasty, CK1, Jamie (Baldino), Spence, Bas, Shak, Dre whenever yall need me just whistle! NTF from east to west coast keep it grimey, tap the glass I got a story to tell!! I can swim 40 year passed! Nate holla at ya boy!! Last but definitely not least...MB peas and carrots for life and you know this!!



Dustin Lee Martelo
Berlin, MD
Navy Pilot

Martelo's a local boy, otherwise known as little martelo or cowboy, Anxious and manic, plebe summer was quite a journey, right Dan? "You just came out of a meat grinder" Econ Major baby, Once in 21st Co. always 21st Co, Chief Hughley, the Gazibo, wheelchairs, emails, hate chits...Club lax, We're gonna shock ya, Pitt Tournaments, UVA, Morgantown WV, "we're a bunch of rockstars", Little Nip, Lumberjerk, our Moral officer, Fam, mulcman, Timmy, the homo-hop, and don't forget Trashy Tracy, need I say more?...Montre ****ing-all BABY, I wonder where that video tape went? The League office, Halloween's, little Christmas balls, all of the trips to OC, Ring Dance, blind dates, poor Timmy, we'll just call new girls on Saturday, 9th wing, 1113-202, beer-pong, "I am the best looking guy in the room", categories, trips to JMU, Mylanta girl, Johnny ha ha, Frank's sheets need to be washed, Army/Navy, "Just jump in the bed and wait for her to come back" Those were the days. To the Cimag's, thanks for everything and I can't forget the fam, Thanks for everything

Daniel Scott McCune
Downingtown, PA
Surface Warfare

- Simple Green- Pissing in elevator- Chemicals on Wardon Field- Outside formation is cancelled- I'll just run mids.- Bare-back McCune- Drive to N.C. to observe Reveille- Gamebreaker champ?- Up and at them Dan- Snackster What time did you wake up?....You're looking at it. Nice biscuit you have there McCune

Johnson's email to Sandor Fletcher@hotmail.com. gobble gobble gobble. Exam dips. Jonathan Ogden's sister (AKA Commando). Ripped Fuel/Ultimate Orange cocktail=10min 30 sec. "Jedi, I lost it!". "Hey Dawg, can I talk to you for a second?"

"He's making a mockery out of sex."- Big Hess. Living Dead Girl at the Ritz

KAD and Tonnie Trott. I'm just laying on the couch like at home. Sizzler. 10 channels. Rocco and Naucho. Where the Boy's Aren't. Color Company Parking. Log book and aerial photos. Big Bites @ 3 AM. The glasses are off and I'm going hoggin'. Rasberry Nair. Paused Titanic. El Diablo. Whiskey Tangos. Bump & Run. Her supple lips.

Andrew Michael Menocal
League City, TX
Navy Pilot

Cubanos, mangoman; Oct 7th Jenny is born; Night at the Gazebo; The Hooters Girl; Waking up Dan at Virginia Beach; The Goddaughter and takeover of MSM; 21st B-Day and the 100 dollars of shots; Sailing with the Breakirons'; Rocco and Nacho; Winning the bet with Than; McDoogals and the lovely Nadia; Honestly Chief, I have to study; Whiskey Tango's; Band of Sisters?; Mafia Movies; Sucker punched at the Metro; Long Island Ice Teas; Cat; Bethesda Appointments; Death at Baseball Field; Thank you

Patrick Murray
Charlottesville, VA
Marine Corps Ground

It began with the training of Elf and Severson and 30 days of boards. Fueled by Jerk Chicken we conducted the first carrier landing and "leaned on" each other. After a cruise on the Love Boat, the scaminar and the squirrel, der Gerbil was born. Youngster year saw the Midnight Sun, the follower, and the day beginning at 2300. 2/C Year included a bloody pub crawl, the first Space-A adventure, an affair with P-3s, Berber battles, the Ebay phase, the Box of Sin, bridge jumps and airport abuse. 1/C Murray tried to shed the Gerbili mage, enjoyed cinnamon beverages, lost Jr.'s hat and soiled Pete's car. We built Capt. Pooh, funnels, skylarking hats, and the wall of shame. We've driven the Micra, Berlingo, Echo, and some scooters. From England, Morrocco and France, to Puerto Rico, Spain and Gitmo, through disorientation, oscillation and a dozen girls with the same name, whether sleeping in the rack, eating chimmies or animal crackers there, or fighting there, in 5129, 6128 and 3230, I've asked important questions like what was her name? And how old is she? Through it all I've always hoped to be "exceedingly cool" in the eyes of my friends. Thanks Boy Wonder, Patelvis, Squatto, Koala, Pboz and F-skin.

Alpa Patel
Schaumburg, IL
Surface Warfare

It started as a bet with my sister and a free ticket out of Schaumburg, Illinois....who knew it would be four years of emotions not even a manic depressant could fathom. In the end, there are some to hate, some to admire, some to love, and yet more importantly some to thank...so here goes: To Laney-monkeys and more; Rob- calling me Al and for showing me the path not taken; Drewbie- youngster year; Freeman- for "the light in your eyes," and for never bailing even when everyone else did; Luke-for being non-partisan; Chris Forman- for my nineteenth birthday; Carrie Craig and the rest of Eagle- to a mast that made me a better person...fair winds and following seas; Blythe- for being the only "normal" girl; The notorious five-striper-for fate and another life....perhaps as a cat; Bitter Kathy- for showing me that you could run away from the world, by running in it; Mom and Dad- for a childhood of character-building....no matter how painful; Patrick- for osKillating and full circles and free space and for being the best friend that I just could never be; to my sister- someone to look up to....and for being the best mother I ever had; Chris- for making me listen first to my heart, and then to my head...may forever be as blissful as the last two years. As always, "if you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run...," you too, can get out of Schaumburg, Illinois.

Daniel Christopher Polese
Phoenix, AZ
Navy Pilot

Poe-Poe. “What a beautiful day, they can’t expect me to go to class.” I have misplaced my pants-Chony Day! Sunday champagne brunch at Buddies. FRC: oh the carnage. “What’s the difference between a urinal and a shower?” The Harem: evil care packages, “I’m leaving on a jet plane” & “I fly, I’m pilot.” “Dan, wake up - formation” Atlantic City with Werg. “Hello, Visa, what is my limit...can I raise it?” indictment is not a conviction. Memorial Hall with Jessica. Leave me alone...my brain hurts. “Bi don’t make me hurt you.” Shut up or you will anger me. So, the fan actually makes the room warmer When are your free periods...I don’t want to clean. It’ll be bravo tomorrow. Restriction during finals a chef Hugley’s revenge. Ahh...minshew...WHAT, no minshew. My car is parked where?! Can I borro your Victoria Secret catalogue? One more long island and we’ll go. It’s all about the flight suit...chic dig the flight suit. “Let’s go do intervals...drop dead, Smitty.” “Bad Dan, Bad!” Thanks to everyone w helped me keep my sense of humor and see it through. I couldn’t have done it without you. Fair win and following seas to you all. I’m off to slip the surly bonds of earth and touch the face of God.

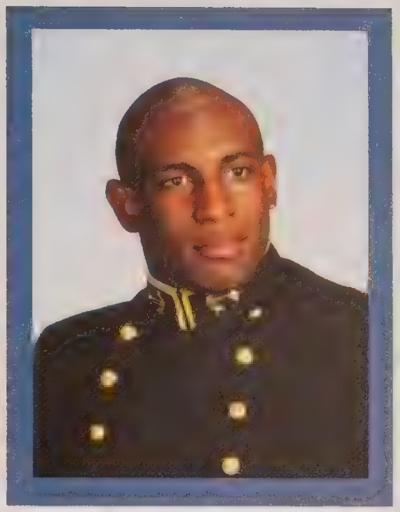
Noah Reddell
Darrington, WA
Submarine Warfare

The young one from a small town no one has heard of. You’ll get back to the west coast someday. Plebe year was a shock; Lona ranted and the rest of third squad stood waiting rigidly on the bulkhead on so many occasions for you. You are even slower now, but believe time is something you have an infinite supply of. Maybe. We never understood your dreamy and idealistic philosophy. We will always remember the good times, but you should probably hang on to the pictures. Never one to shy away from adventure, the risk is acceptable if you live and get a good story out of it. Recons and Space-A with Pat - you two always made it home, jumping the drawbridge, the Freeman Clear Creek, Jamaica, the Berbers - seven countries in all. The Little Devil and bark food, you know who you are and what you like. “It’s a matter of principle.” Will you ever just l something drop? Submitting a claim for one lost laundry pin? Working to make things better - youngst year training, Plebe Summer detail, and revamping the recycling program. Consistent and steady. If on everyone cared as much...A serious and focused side: the basement of Nimitz, geek-club president, a your own office in Maury. We are so glad you can unwind and make people laugh themselves into tea Sometimes you just get on a roll. Captain Pooh, Skylarking hats, and the ‘scuttlebutt’. What the $#* Noah? Remember the Fab-5: PM, AP, LA, DB, and NR. It`s all about the people.

James Lee Smith
Riverbank, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Smitty/tall kid. Bond? No, Dan. Uno Mas. Ok one more game. Welcome to another cold day in hell. The car calendar never lies. The Car Gods are angry we must appease them. “Sorry James... somebody pushed me.” Are you 21 yet?! FRC: Put the tequila down. “The bouncer says we have to leave.” Smitty, get the Bill Ball, its your turn to hit him. Chocolate cake... hooters...chocohooter. Hawaiian pizza (I’ll buy, you fly). “Hmmm...con carne.” You’ll ru the day... go on, start ruing. Did we ever return those videos to Blockbuster, We can never go there again James, your girlfriend is bothering me again. James, lets go swimming... screw you. I can’t feel my arms...just you wait, tomorrow we go running. What intramural are we again? “Put the boots on, sir.’ “These lies you speak of...they intrigue me... tell me more.” “You won’t be doing anything premarita now would you “? Punch my honor card. Tijiauna, the happiest place on earth. Norfolk via Panama City. “Where did the sun go? Its gone, and its never coming back.” Mobile rack unit. Off to Rickover...kil me now. What do you mean no programmable calculator, how will I survive? Hold it, “I’m going to Nuke school...does this mean I have to learn Calculus”. DCP, WHT, JSR, JD

Marlon Devon Terrell
Dallas, TX
Submarine Warfare



Sleezy, Mr. Glass, ...lost your wallet at the movies, you forgot it was in your lap...(D.C.)
Stanky-Mo!... handle egineering but English almost kept you from graduation... PRT buddy until the miraculous 9:30 ...to the mansion.(HRS) Mumbles, you tried to kill me in the weight room, i forgive you. You made me sleep outside in the cold, I forgive you for that too...(T.C.) CNN, War Report...Flowin always...Spring break in Va. Beach? Paperchasing until we had to stop...say fool....(J.W) My chill partner when the boys were in Hawaii.. I'll always be there for you(CK1) Doubters taught me to overcome ...Believers thanks for support. .. Mother, number one supporter and best friend. Family thanks for the time you gave me. Alison, one and only. Boys back home, brothers. Uncle and Kyle, gave good spirits. The Gross', thanks to open arms. Prince, Philly was real.... Al, we made a mark. J-Lew and Pat, thanx for putting up with the mess. SUPERBACKS...we earned it....Bas, Dre, Shak, they cant keep us down NAPS '98 . World class traveler, leader.... MBSC President, Jamaica, Caribbean, Football, Engineer, Submariner, Cancun, Florida, L.A., from big TX. Strap up tight world cuz I'm takin you on the ride of a lifetime!!!!

William Hamric Tolson
Oak Harbor, WA
Navy Pilot

Spring break in DTA. Bowling every night on PROTRAMID. Cruise in the Gulf, Iced-tea. Earl's gotta die. Random room clearing exercises in the Armory??? All-American rifle. Congratulations on Pilot. Cruising in the 'vette. Best of luck to you and Mel. Thanks for great memories. -LNS Ghetto-booty-rappin' shooter from WA definitely helped us all keep our sense of humor through this evil-Disneyland trip. Always ready for a party: playin' N64 in some roach motel, 3 hours of uninterrupted "Jack-ass", cold-ones at Perry. Cruisin' 'round town in the vette, T-top down and the system up sure was fun, learned more about car repair from looking under the hood than I could in a shop. -DJB Bildo-With the 'gat' and a 'pimp ride'. Road trips... Ghetto room in VT with the snowstorm, 'beverages' with George and the gang at OSU. 'Loser buys a drink? Good times, thanks for the memories, and telling my mom about my 'lazy a**'. Good luck with Mel and Pcola. -MWW Bill... you're WHITE! Bill's 3rd Law of Thermo: open window = warmer room. Bill's conversation over cigars at the dining in, 'Bill, hold it...we're in T-Court.' Living up to Batt ADEO ideals. Still paying Midstore Mafia. Neatly stacked junk is not clean. "I want you to trip like I do!" -DCP & JLS

Christopher Philip Valvardi
Berwyn, PA
Surface Warfare

Chris spent much of his time buried in literature. Able to incisively sum up any situation with a handful of words, his candid honesty often seemed like sarcasm- if only it weren't so true. Chris could match wits with art and music buffs from "other" schools-eventually earning him the title "Johnnie," and occasionally impressing women enough to make them do "something drastic." Proud of his Philly Roots, and this year's Eagles & Sixers, he was even accepted by shroomed Detroiters: "What the hell is that kid doing in the Navy?" What happened to the sign from Kooper's? "You're so money, Mikey!" Blame it on Baltimore and bad luck.
-PAB

THANK YOU so much to everybody who made these years memorable: Pete, Bjorn (and crew), and ALL the guys and gals from No-Fun 21 / 3rd Herd- you all kept me smiling the whole way through. "Brigade"; everyone from Joke Hill '00 and beyond (hookah, anyone?); Leslie (don't tell anyone I saw that movie!); Jules (always a dorkio. autumn breeze.); HE506 & 507 survivors (I love Paris in the springtime), John B (viel Glück); any other random people I hung out with; my english profs, esp. Prof C; everyone back home who ever made a joke about "Seamen" or "Rear Admiral"; and, of course, MOM, DAD, MATT, and CAROLINE - you were never far away.

Benjamin Robert Zuber
Annapolis, MD
Special Warfare

Dive School-Best Buddies, Ben where is Darren's Mountain Bike? Woodchuck. Pony Bottles. I know you're a chico, I'll never let you go. Boat Crew 6. The road goes on forever and the party never ends. So which girl are you dating now? But it always come back to Paige. Swimbuddy for life, So you want to marry Lisa in the Chapel? Thanks for pulling me away from the cop with the nightstick. So there I was in the kiddie pool when guess who showed up, Jim, Jack and Levi. Guess what they brought, a lil' 7&7...nice. Ok, so they were both ugly...You are very militant, but that is ok, I understand why. Even though I needed to break out the crayons a lot, after many a drawing we both got the point. Keep your head up and your eyes open. You'll never know where you'll find happiness. I found it in a bar. With love in the most masculine way possible. Swerve, Dan, Rob, Craig, Marty, Garret, Darren.

THE FOURTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Jason B. Blackmon
Adelphi, MD
Surface Warfare

JBB. Sleeping half-naked on your desk. ITS NAKED TIME! Jason, the windows are open, 'I don't care.' Jason, the door is open, 'I don't care.' You did what in front of the Sup's office? Don't wear that, that's nasty. I'm BLACK MAN! Are you standing watch again? How was regimental tables this morning? Doug, I warned you about what was on that disk. Beer, it's what's for dinner. That's my story and I'm sticking to it. Oh, by the way, did you ever find your pants? Quit playing Worms. Blackmon, you've got to be kidding me! -JWO, DFC, CDS

Jake Bowen
Asheville, NC
Air Force

24 years of pinned up Mormon thunder! Room 3339 feels for Saeeda on 25 May 2002. Sleep deprivation plagued us junior year with Saeeda's incessant late calls. Eventually, she wised up and won our hearts, through our stomachs. We could not believe that rooming with a Mormon could be that much fun, even when demonstrating his state champion wrestling skills on his varsity sailing roommate and the Utah infidel. Saeeda's job promotions were judged by Jake's new wardrobe. Our illustrious football captain goes from mighty SEAL screeners, to long meetings with highly distinguished Colonels, to finally his true calling, the AIR FORCE! We are proud of you Jake. (Jake thanks for being my big brother over the last two and a half years, you'll forever be a true friend. -JJ) Fair winds and following seas...or whatever they say in the Air Force. JED, JDJ, MWB.

With Jake you are truly getting More Man for your dollar. He went from the Aloha Bowl to Brazil and back to the camaraderie of those who he can truly call friends. Football was bittersweet, maybe one more than the other. His convictions ran deep and were known by all. The only thing that ever came close to the size of his reputation was his chest. Cheez49

Matthew William Brooks
Laguana Niguel, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Matt's happiest day was youngster year reform, where he began a love affair that would last for many years...with the TV. You are the fastest and best dancing white man the world has ever seen! (Michael Jackson has nothing on our "goose") Matt hails from the City o' Compton...oh wait, Laguna, Cali. A founder of Tuesday night movie night. Life is lived from one screen to the next. Hey I think there is a DMX concert coming up. Matt's football skills never ceased to impress us, even though he was caught from behind by a running back! Neither did his varsity rack skills for that matter. And who could forget SEAL mode, during the mini buds screener, the only true time I actually feared for my life. Always up for a good party! Even the ones with old women in a boat barn, we got wrecked! Or at least your roomies did! Huge fan of The Rock, unfortunately, Joel's broken foot will attest that the skills remain unproven. Regardless of the question, Matt is "not too worried about it" Thanks for 2 years of good times, good memories, good buds, and always being there for us. Many good PS2 battles between the Latin love bean and the D (Dogger) copyright Spillane. "Special teams wins games MEN!!!" Don't hate dogger, I still love you. I don't know what else to write, the critical, takes criticism. By the way, Chesty Puller has something to tell you...DMG, JED, JDJ, BJB.

Daniel F. Chiafair
Jacksonville, FL
Navy Pilot

Javier. Chief. Chia-nuts. Damn it, I'm not Spera! Do you even go to school here? Weren't you in the rack when I left? Dan, clean your coffee out of the fridge! Did you even talk to her today? Are you done eating yet? When are you going to ask her out? What's wrong Charles, not feeling in charge today? Quit playing with your fat. Running the PRT...Stay away from me, you breathe too heavy. No, John, you know I don't do morning workouts! Jason, pull up your pants, I don't want to see that! Tuborg! John, were you bad? Jason, go to bed. No, John, I'm not giving you your phone back. Civilian plus two. That's just another one of Dan's obsessions. You're stalking her, aren't you? What's her class schedule? Guess what, I'm going flying today! The nighttime is the right time. Chiafair, you suck...I know, sir. Cold, John?...Haha, I did that on purpose. Navigator retreats. Guam, Australia, Rome, Bosnia, Las Vegas. A night out under the California stars. They perfed my bag again. Running out of gas on a jet ski in the middle of the St. John's River...I swear it had two bars on the fuel gauge! Top of the chapel... get down, John, everyone can see us! Two burgers and a $15 bottle of wine. Score the neck and break it over the sink... damn, that didn't work. Crew is an evil sport. 9 seasons of Seinfeld. JWO, CDS, JBB. Can't say it's been fun the whole way, but I sure learned and grew a lot. Met a heck of a lot of Christian brothers and sisters here, you have all been a blessing in your own way. Walk in the light and God bless. Philippians 2:5-11

Tommy Clarke
Coventry, RI
Navy Pilot

Tommy Guns, Body guard for hire. Anyone want to go to Acme? You come out with Tommy you get hooked up. Hitting Eastport in the VW Fox. Why didn't you tell me you guys were in high school, and liked football players. I only have six digits I need to figure out the seventh. Patton's, Carl's Raspberry Iced Tea. Janelle is the hottest girl ever. Getting carried out of 723 Cafe. Puke on my boot. The Big Cat has returned to Annapolis. Did you get the email about people working in Annapolis. He's a friend of a friend. Duke with the points, you got the ball rolling. Frank! At least when you got punched in the face you go put in Sports illustrated, unlike Kenny. Nolan Dalla is my hero. Can you go all boxing season without dancing. Tommy dancing in Kenny's Castaway. ? I almost got into a fight with my best friend, but it was for his own good. Wake up for the Grind. Bring more clothes to Cancun next time. Joel Almquist, R.I.P. Why is her underwear on backwards?. . . The Dillos

Jason Michael Condon
Pocomokea, MD
Marine Corps Pilot

Condon- "Jason did you fall asleep at the keyboard again????" Its ok man, I don't care anymore- she's really fat (Jay's little Hoodrat). Temper tantrums. Naomi, can Jason come out and play?? Wow, and you were in the band; who'd a thunk it? Hotel Nimitz. The Siapan man. Condon's favorite coffee- Hazelnut. Girls or videogames?... videogames definitely. Irish carbombs, Riordan's, 12pm. Ohio dancers. Where did your high and tight go? John McCain '02. Has anyone seen my shaver? The true darksider. Didn't you already get those things tailored? Minivans for the fam. TB's true love. Vegas or Pocomoke. Easterly stole my roommate, friend, and fellow Marine. Jay's got next pitcher. More civies than the first class. Purdon was heart broken. Marine Corps or reactor core?? Ladies love the tattoo. No- I'm definitely waking up early to lift? How did that Frisbee taste? . . . the Dillos

Cecelia Crannell
Gouldsboro, PA
Navy Pilot

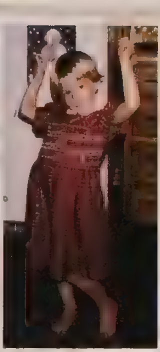
One time at band camp.... "Cecelia., I'm begging you please..." Her constant singing and late nights drove the Van out of the Submarine. The sounds of Felmo fainted as did the drunk Hill, but not our friendship, 4yrs by the bay. Never once did she forget her origin in that Cheese Head State or that the CG is truly MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES Protecting and Defending Ska Enthusiasts. Pausing from Glee Club or D&B to give a walking astronomy lesson, munching on mints. Never ask her to drive you to Northern Georgia, as you must first drive through the swamps of the deep South. Scar on the chin, internet searching, Florida; a small toll for her MMB love or Cheyenne. Unable to study, first contorting her body into some abstract position in rolley chair, she dreamed of the stars and one day reach them as she leaves us; a Naval Aviator. Never give in to the stereo, music, laughter, or cupboard doors slamming; always keeping the Tao alive. Insomnia, IM, Marines hymn, or that darn PICTURE.Zyg, Plant, and I will miss her greatly. Cecelia has spread her smile through four years, through graduation, and now to the fleet.

Brendan Thomas Cremins
Larchmont, NY
Navy NFO

Beezer, Cremi, Commodore, B- many memorable quotes. Getting kicked out of tables. The never-ending quest for pilot- the saga continues. "That's Navy B hockey gentlemen." Weekend decisions: the Shop, the Office, lil Nessel's, DTA. "Hey... take a hike! The drought that would never end. "Senorita, can I borrow your arm?" O'Club anyone. Snow Cammies. BAC higher than his QPR. "At least you don't have loose lips." "Anyone wanna watch ladies soccer?" "Pearl Harbor is east, we'll just follow the sun." "Should we fight him?... Hey, you're talking to my wife." Who's got milk? Midshipman of the Semester. "Oh my God...where's Cremins?" "Not you, the other chick." Hitchhiking in Jamaica at 6am. Catching the Coors Light- Touchdown Pass of 2001. Cremi, please tell me you weren't hitting on the girl in the wheelchair. Russian excursions. "You are the most offensive man I ever met." What don't you like about 252? "I got Ciseked." Black 47 and Jimmy Buffett- can't go wrong...What the Dillo? "I've got a school boy heart." "From the dawn of time..." To all of my friends- thanks for everything. Dad, Mom, Dave, John- I love you more than words can explain. Thank you for always being there for me.

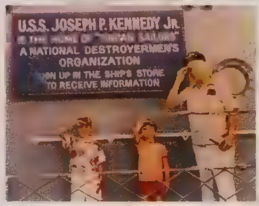
Joel Delagarza
Corpus Christi, TX
Submarine Warfare

Joel you are truly a unique personality with amazing wit and in many cases absolutely no common sense. I'm Joel. I like extreme watersports. There's nothing quite like windsurfing on the Chesapeake in 40 degree weather. Am I ruffling your feathers? Paint by numbers thermodynamics. Hey can we just mute the movie and talk through it...it would be much better. I'm Joel. I'm a non-practicing Mexican. Did I tell you I saved some kids life? I got bit by a shark. My parents don't love me either. Qualifications for a girlfriend: She gets ready in 5 minutes and can windsurf. Looks and personality come a distant second. I'll never date a female mid. Ride me baby. JT. Joel's Extreme Water Sports Club. This school can take anything cool and make it suck. Remember the karaoke night with JJ's sponsors, who could forget... by the way, you're not that bad of a singer. Your one-liners and utter verbal abuse of Saeeda and Jake's relationship are some of our best memories. The academy wouldn't have been the same if we couldn't have roomed with you. We will forever cherish your friendship and sense of humor. Best of luck in the floating coffins, we know you'll always have the last laugh. BJB, MWB, JDJ



Anja Easterly
Scottsdale, AZ
Marine Corps Ground

Anja Easterly-FYI: it's "Anne-ya" the "Lilbeast." Famous for "lessons learned-the hard way." (First on restriction&LOL) Plebe year w/ Biggs, RK, EL, JS, the first/last girls' gym team, and hanging in 23. Ankle surgery turns gymnast to cheerleader, but only temporarily-back in the gym on the guys' team firstie year. PT studdette: Nike Swoosh, Airborne & Dive PFTs, 4-year SeaTrials, VA & USMC marathons. World-traveler: SB Cancun, London&Paris w/ tjc, Vietnam, Israel, Croatia, Rhodes, & LaMadalena, MUN in Montreal, SB Hawaii w/ LG, Taiwan. Perfectionist: a place for everything, endless lists, life planned to the second. NOTHING is ever how she pictures it. Traded Econ for PoliSci and still wonders why: oblivious to world before USNA. Tries harder than anyone and does well at many things-but never satisfied. She cares until it hurts - "analysis to paralysis." She's quick, but her 15 min bladder always makes her late. Wild, feisty, craves attention, & a laugh everyone knows. Dangerous if not fed or given a nap! Firstie year w/ AR, BM, CL, JD, KO, and living in Ricketts. The Corps' wait is finally over. 10 years? The first Marine-Intel-Agent-Lawyer-Gym Coach? Thanks Beast for paving the way!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John Robert Esposito
Merrick, NY
Navy Pilot

Espo- "Dance!" What happened to your uniform?...Cremi! Why is there sand in your dance crack? Leave me alone this is my last pair of whites! You don't remember anything? Service Dress Spandex, Full Dress Spandex, White Spandex. Snow Cammies, O'Club. Espo, do a handstand! I'd rather eat it than hate it. Blood pinning. Your "dance" in my mouth. 1/C Wilkening. Espo, your ticket's in the left field bleachers. Orange Lawnmower. Espo, you don't remember sleeping with Mr. Ed? You locked the door. You owe Scores 40 Bucks. Can you hook me up with your sister? Sorry we left you on the train. Do you wanna fight? Unibrow. Wait till you're 21. Espo, don't drink that cement mixer. Painting Gabrielle's car white. What? Kristen dances great with ice. Espo, you and Cremins broke the bed. Spaz. Turn the dance music down. Pay your cab fare. Can't stand ya. Whistler. Mac and Cheese and Degrassi. 1000 Dollars...We're not taking it. Where's Espo, under the bed. Isn't she married. O don't know if I danced with her. Say hi to Mike, Steve, Erik, and Tom. The Dillos.

Jo D. Gadwa
Stanley, ID
Navy Pilot

Land of potatoes... T.R. is a what?... Big truck little girl... Mountain berries freshens the sole... Laundry bag + submarine + locker room = nap time... "Eh- just throw it out the window"... that bear's the next thing to go!.. Ban the Van... Honey makes revenge even sweeter!.. "ahh! You know the dreams that picture gives me, Oh wait that was you!"... Pleasant lights - a matter of opinion.. "it's Christmas eve- can we decorate now Jo?"... Resort to the prenups with the backup... "was that 5min chow calls?"... Go warsh your truck...You finally learned my name? I'll learn your birthday soon... Where's the music?... Britney or ICP?... Is that Forest Gump's house?!.. "wake her at peril of your life!"... Even big bad ski girls take a spill now and then... XC/marathon benefits help you outrun those bigger rugby girls... Why Texas??.. that's an all night subject... Climbing pays off - you can make it into that rack... Never seen someone so fast in a wheely chair... accept and love your Tao... Yup, 4 stripes makes you one of Them... "hey Jo, the phones for you!"... 4 yrs and Pensacola to come... TATD

Theodore Allen Hermeling
Fairfax, VA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Herm. White Shadow. Beat Army Sir. I'm a changed man. Im turning over a new leaf. I can't go on Spring Break. I'm going on Spring Break. I'm not going on Spring Break. I'm serious this time. I'm turning to the bible for guidance." Savage Beagle, Mrs. Ed and Whistler. "Do you wanna a snowball fight?" Herm, you're singing Blue and Gold right now. Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! (Orlando). 5 times? Damn! "I think I have swollen lymphnodes." "It burns when I pee." Herm you better go to Hospital Point. Higgins, let me use your bed. "Cut your sideburns."(LT) Herm, were you at formation? Were you at formation? Were you at drill? "I was at physical therapy." "Please don't make her show us...can I see that again." I have a girlfriend now. Who bought you that car? "I did well in the stock market." You have enchanting eyes. Is she bringing her kid to the football game? Jakin'it! Hermaburntnuts. Hollis, you changed The Man...143 baby. I left the window open for you guys. Did you dance with Olmstead? How can you go against Navy in the A/N game? The phone bet has a 100 dollar minimum. If I lose this one I'm done. Have you seen A man Dancing? Smelling your underwear. Regimental tables for the licking your fingers. How you gonna explain this, The Dillos.

Brian Higgins
Ridgeland, SC
Navy Pilot

Hey...how's it goin, You can call me biggins (but nobody does) HIG-GINS, HIG-GINS, HIG-GINS, The OOW wants to see you. Higgins its your birthday today. I think she gained a little weight...she wasn't that bad, but I was pretty drunk. Higgins shes a porn star...or a man, Higgins your in....im not in...Minnesota - 1... it's a lock. WHUUT. It's a beaut. Your doin the ET... Mush. Higgins, with your luck and my game, we're unstoppable. Higgins has a tattoo. Whos got your back, From front to back like dogs in a pack Ahhooo. "Jammin with Biggins." Your name? "Pat O'Connor." Higgins lets do a shot. Of course you paid your bartab. Irish drinkin songs. IM not singing karaoke...But if you put my name in pick Alan Jackson. Higgins, don't date the help. You don't want to hang out with Pat, hey is stingy with his money. "Pat, I'm not sure, but I think we just stole a car." Kinney. Online Pro-Quiz, same score as Justin? "It doesn't smell like wound!" Higgins I cant believe you would dance with my mom. Its not a good idea to meet girls on the internet. "What are you guys doing with the ropes?" Two more bites Higgins. You don't remember what you did to Hernodon? Pat. That's Danced up. -The Dillo's

Justin Daniel James
Farmington, UT
Surface Warfare

CHEYENNE
CH

Ring ring...hello? Nah JJ isn't here, take a number. Hey JJ, one of your five thousand girls called. "Yes, I'm from Utah...NO! I'm not Mormon!" JJ is definitely the cowboy at heart, line dancin', horse ridin', honkeytonkin' wild man. God Bless Chris Ledoux. He's the guy who makes the 3.8, yet packs his school bag with magazines and crayons. No calculator needed. JJ has many fans, biggest of all: women, and Chris Larson. Can you smell what The Rock is cookin'? We are all the brothers Justin never had, and our fights were just as vicious. So, what are your service selection plans this week? Hoorah Leatherneck, nice boots, must be a Marine. No wait, subs sound fun; in the end it looks like that flight suit will fit pretty nice! JJ, what did you make on the PRT? Oh yeah, we get to sleep in next semester! Justin, it's been great. I'll miss your advice on women, grades, workouts, music, lifestyles, NASCAR, horses, hunting, beer, TV, movies...but we'll be in touch. Formal counseling is an effective tool, you're a great example of why second chances work. -BJB, MWB, JED

On a personal note, Higgs and Spills, thanks for being true friends, despite my failures. To my roomies, you're the greatest bunch a guys in the world; I'm lucky to know you and call you friends. Above all else, thank you and I love you Mom and Dad. -JJ

Jacob Glenn Johnson
Baxter Springs, KS
Marine Corps Ground

Jack, although we've had our ups and downs over the years, I am glad that God has brought us together as friends and roommates. One thing I have always admired about you has been your strong convictions. I'm so glad that you found Danielle, she is awesome, and a testament to God's faithfulness, and not only that, but the one place where your female key will ever work. You and Danielle will always be in my prayers, and I hope our friendship will last for the rest of our lives. -WBW I am looking forward to you being my best man. I have learned a lot about myself through you and I value every experience that we have had together. Senior. Always slept during the day. Incredible appetite for reading. Never backing down. Loved the lord. Dealing with coach. Maan. I mean. Maaaaan. Thumpen, noodlin, muddin weekends at Mike and Liz's. cruising in the Porsche. Plebe summer detail together with bald heads. Track trips. "always knew my son would be a jarhead... Maaaaan" ...there as been good time and rough times between us, but God has used them all in my life and I hope He has done the same in yours. Jeremiah. 29:11, 1 Chronicles 16:10-12 remembe don't get brainwashed by the corps. Also you promised we could beat you if you started talking yut-yut. On a serious note, thank you Jake for for being there for me in my Christian walk. I have always seen you as a big brother whether we were sparring in the room, memorizing a verse together, or going out together on the weekend. Needless to say, I looked up to you during the three years we lived together. Thanks Jake! EAR

Douglas Lyndon Kay
Lake Ridge, VA
Navy Pilot

meeting on the yellow line on I-day.the three of us trading prayer requests before blue and gold during plebe summer.7-11 Friday night.assaulting the chapel.The Great Flood of 4-2..video tapes of Karlton the horse.Idahoins of San Diego.bald heads the plebes feared.being late to formations because of a girl.meeting Kyla and falling in love.getting engaged in the Bahamas.being the comeback kid and breaking the school record in the 800.giving me crap about being from "Kaaansas".leading Bible studies with plebes and brothers on the track team-JGJ.We have both grown so much spiritually since Plebe Summer, and it's been awesome and encouraging to watch you mature in the Lord.Bahamas for a week 3/c summer.prayer time with roomies before formation. Koz's Bible study/SRM.getting crazy up in 3324.Eric's gameface at Ring Dance.Staying up late talking about how much you thought of this new girl you met named Kyla, a clear demonstration of God's faithfulness.-WBW..Always the one who is carefully and quietly evaluating everything.Major planner.But you still know how to relax and have fun.God has given you a gift in running and you have used it well.God really has blessed our friendship and accountability to each other as Christian brothers.You are one of the best friends I have ever had.-TSW

Erik James Kenny
Port Orange, FL
Navy Pilot

"Kinney." Passing out on the way back from Preakeness. The safest way through Philly is in a cop car. Fat dance. Kenny, it looks better shaved. Rogaine99, Nads2000, AbEnergizer2001. When are weigh-ins?...Hey, Kenny's not at lunch. Don't disappear. Kenny, who's that on the phone. Two percent club. "Gabrielle ILYMTLI." 45 minute drive to Baltimore. We all have Spring Break stories, right Kenny? Can you sell those tickets on Ebay? Erik, what happened, were you mugged? Yeah, but you didn't have to punch me in the face! I can't, my girlfriend'll leave me. Hey did you dance with Chris? NAFAC99. John McCain did it. "At least make it look real." (Pat) Mr. Kenny's Funhouse. I did not do anything. Boph and Valencia. My diet starts tomorrow (190 or the wedding's off). 5 second rule...I danced. Wait till you bachelor party in Vegas. Nolan Dalla is a God. "This time I'm really out." "It's a lock". "I read this thing on ESPN." "I'm just talking to this guy to get free drinks." Kenny, take the flag out of the window on the way to A/N. Mons Venus. Tommy Mehegan Three Card Monty. Swamp Dance. Erik follow me... No, I'm going my own way. Sailing in the Severn, the best dance of my life. The Dillos.

Jason Thomas Kercheval
Bala Cynwyd, PA
Surface Warfare

Jay, the Texan who knows everything. No, I don't want a debate on religion, the military, the weather , books, movies, or what the correct thing to wear on a balmy day in Bangladesh is. I concede that you will already know more about this than I and I need the time for school. Known as Kerch, or Kerch Dog. Except to Cheriene, then he's JACINTO! Plebe year was, well a plebe year, until intercessionals, then watch out! Ocean-City car ride back ("Jeeze, Man some things you just don't talk about in public!") Disney World w/ D&B and rubber handcuffs. You find yourself a youngster and suddenly you have a girlfriend, who lives locally. Youngster year was a blur, but at least it had a hot tub. 2/c year brought the football cruise from hell, and you back playing your own horn. Don't be late in Orlando! Opps! Finally firsties, and someone can't make up their mind what they want to do. We'll miss your belt buckles bigger than our heads, your ten gallon hats and your kooky laugh.

-No matter what happens or where we'll go, you'll always be a part of my life and I love you. -

Bryan Ellis Murphy Jr.
Reading, PA
Submarine Warfare

CHICAGO POLICE
WE SERVE AND PROTECT

Threw the Atlantic, Pacific and from coast-to-coast Bryan has traveled. Always with the same energetic spirit (driving for hours in a blizzard), intense enthusiasm (camping in 35(weather) and ability to work any situation. In truth, some times it seems that he practices magic, cause there is just no other explanation. Summer Cruise, same block, same boat and half way around the world?? Bryan also has that comfort factor, the one that makes him quickly seem like a friend you have always had, it doesn't hurt that you can always count on GAC, garlic pasta, Animal Planet, Outback, PT, lots of "stolen" Grab-and-Go, movie quotes and cold cars rides. That is if you catch him awake =) In conclusion, two words "Disss Much!" JBD "you spent how much on crystal" DJG He is a guy you can always depend on. If your not having a good time you should be and if he is around he is going to make you. If you are not in shape, be his friend, and you will be. Pain? What pain? He is a friend and a Brother. JDH

Pat O'Connor
San Jose, CA
Navy Pilot

Hippie. That drummer's hot. Pat, you're dancing on Higgins's desk. "It's ok, its ok." Heather, Pat's in a band. I can't get a tattoo, I'm going water skiing. Pat, who are those girls? "I have no idea." Pat's cigar. Pat watch out for that car. Pat, smack me harder. Pat its your 21st again. Pat, don't wash your rack in the toilet. I'm sticking to beer tonight. 252. Where's Pat? I didn't know Pat could dance. "When I said I couldn't see my cards. I really couldn't see my cards." Don't worry about it, when this runs out we have 3 more kegs. "I love your family." Hey Pat, get up, this is our stop. Jamaican Pat. Cajun Pat. Pat, are you sure you want that Scorpion Bowl, there's a cop on the sidewalk. Me and Higgins are in a fight. Pat, pick up his dancing shoes! Herm, did you have to be a champion that night. Watching Gummo with Higgins. Pat, that's not your rack, its not even your room. Pat, you need another hand grenade, how did you find that trashcan? Pat, are you still a Coxswain? Rumpunch. Girls don't do in that in my world. Her fingernail was chipped, she wasn't that great. The Dillos.

John W. Olson
Kingston, NY
Submarine Warfare

Mike. Johnny. Jolson. A great guy and roommate who kept me from my homework because we always had too much to talk about(Spanish in your sleep). I could count on him to give me a hard time when I needed it(or not), but then again I always returned fire(Its freezing, keeping his phone). He was sure to provide me with a Catholic perspective on our Christian faith. God Bless - DFC John, my friend and brother, I am so proud of you and all that you've accomplished and yet no matter how busy you are, you continue to find time to stop and listen, help and guide, care and love. Thank you for having faith in me, thank you for never faltering in that faith, thank you for looking past all the faults and seeing the love that lies in each and every person. You truly are an inspiration. May God Bless you and keep you always... MCTP Dan, guess who I talked to today? White works Olson. Hiiiiii Jaasoon! Tuaca! Tuborg! Banging on the wall. Two burgers and a $15 bottle of wine. What number girl is this one? Charles, It's nighty-night time. The cat's... rrrrrreorrrr... out of the bag! DFC, CDS, JBB Jetskiing, Italy, Medjugorje, Seinfeld, CMC retreats, MIDS-4-KIDS, DIA. I've experienced life like I had never imagined. To honor...Carpe Diem. Job 27:2-6.

Eric Andrew Rittermann
Ellicott City, MD
Submarine Warfare

Ritternuts, Nutsack, Sack. He is a proponent of the "four minutes of study a day keeps academic boards away" plan. His humility and compassion for others shone through during his daily sessions of EI with any random midshipmen (not excluding his roommates). During a study session, he said something that I will never forget...says the mid, "how did you know how to do that?"...says Eric, "How? How did I know? I'll tell you how I knew...Because I'm a genius!" JGJ All the memories ...road trips to Philly ...Physics for Jedi masters... marathon... GRE... chauncy and jaun-piece... John ..."Streams of Living Water" ...Championship of the World....Seriously, Eric is one of the most awesome guys I have ever met, he could do just about anything and do it well. He is my best man and my best friend. Eric, my life has been truly blessed by having you in it, and I'm going to miss you. When you dust off this old yearbook, give me a call, cause I want our friendship to last forever. WBW I'll never forget the Guinness book of world records at Jack and Julie's house. At least your mom was trying! Uncle Jack was too much though... shower nozzle ...pushups with a deck of cards...you, me and Tommy Clarke on hospital point with Olmstead... Eric, we worship an awesome God and He is ready to do amazing things in our lives, we just need to be ready! (Matthew 7:7-9) (Jeremiah 29:11) DLK

David Nelson Savery
Gray, TN
Navy Pilot

Dave is the most spontaneous person I know and is always exciting to travel with. Wanna drive to Florida for the weekend? Whether it is hiking in the Shenandoah, visiting Dolly Sods, walking across a frozen lake in the Allegheny's, or attempting to climb Seneca Rock, we are all gave into you schemes? Thank goodness Dave always has something good to talk about on those 14-hour car rides and 6-hour hikes. Have we ever made camp before dark? Aren't you a part of the sailing team? Aim high and don't ever trust the Air Force to get you where you want to be...and especially where you need to be. At least they got you back in time for restriction muster. Got to Jacksonville in just enough time to take a swim and start heading back. Predestination or free will? Whatever, lets fight about it. Ha Ha your older brother was my squad leader. TN is not "bad" but it's not TX. Soon he will not only be able to fly his model airplane, but he'll soon be flying for the Navy. Thanks for all the memories and we'll meet again trailside.

BBB BRC JWG JJH

Jeremiah John Smith
Delta, CO
Submarine Warfare

JJ- The man, the myth, the legend... Hi I'm JJ and I like to eat crab cakes. IM name=Babysealclubber9 Brooks clean up your stuff or Chief Blanks is gonna pay you a visit. How did you exactly manage to get roommates that bad? The man who loves fast cars (amongst other things). Whether he's threatening Bob Poggio or Mike Slavik, JJ never held back anything he felt. Some guys just don't look good in a Russian bomber hat; JJ isn't one of 'em. "Those hats are exquisite, magical..." Cruisin' Kent Island in his car pickin' up some quality ladies- "Hey mister, can I get a ride?" JJ will answer any questions you might have; you just have to feed him a few drinks first. Discipline is the key to JJ's success. He can run like the wind, but swim like a rock. "Uh... are you moving out?" A lover of all creatures- great and small, unless J-watt pokes him wrong. A fellow O club regular who set a new record with "pictures." From the nuclear waters he joined us, and to those waters he returns. "Would somebody just tell me the answer!" the dillos.

Charles D. Spera
Thibodaux, LA
Navy Pilot

WHAT! Damn it, I'm not Chiafair. Sounds like a job for the company MISLO. What'd you break now? Did you restart the computer? Running 26 miles isn't motivation...it's stupidity. Youngster year sharpening your k-bar on your birthday. Jason, wake up. John, quit staring at that girl! Dan, weren't you in the rack when I left? John, you know my only purpose in life is to keep your ego in check. John, quit playing that damn song. JASON, WAKE UP. I'm the second coming of Christ! Firewalling Ward Hall. A true humanist, someone who truly cares about others, a man anyone can go to with their computer problems, oh, wait, you were serious, weren't you? You all laugh now, I have to live with him. Now, GO AWAY. -JWO, DFC, JBB

Andrew John Spillane
West Lawn, PA
Surface Warfare

Spills, Speedo, The original Dogger. Baby, you're lookin good. Head calls. Incidental contact. Cremins, are you serious? You want a Ring Dance Weekend? Let's talk about HARM missiles. You're allowed on liberty now?. . .no. Never forgot anyone's hometown. Andy's ring dance, a true Cinderella story. aka Karch Kiraly, volleyball star. Herm, wanna ball? JWat where's my watch? Drinking with Cremi- default option. You still owe me two pairs of boxers. "Could one of you walk me to my car?" Is that Refo in your rack? Who wants moleskin? They're not boybands, they're pop artists. She's Korean, Brooksey. Living in the shadow of Lightning Mike. 723. Don't touch my steering wheel, it's real mahogany. Andy can I borrow your printer? Shane, you dance with her and she lets you borrow her car? I wish I had that deal. Never works out, yet can bench 300lbs. PS2 fiend. Herm and Spills up at UMBC? Did the smell ever come off? Why's your girl such a thug? At JMU, "Did Herm just leave me here? Aiight its cool, I still got a hat out of it." Kleptomania is accepted at other schools. Vertical Horizon. That's my dog . Chad Austin says, "why ya gotta be a little. . .?" . . . the Dillos.

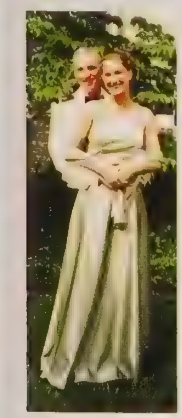
Barbara Claire Van Leuvan
St. Petersburg, FL
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

So I didn't want to put a bio in, instead I decided that I wanted to send a shout out (???) to everyone who has meant so much to me over the last four years...first, I love you, Dad (I win - its in print) and Mom you are the greatest. Anja, Jo and Cecelia - you taught me more patience and roommate skills than anyone else could have. Tara, Emily, Kristina have kept me afloat and sane (and have all at one point or another put up with my stupid crap) AILEEN YOU ARE THE COOLEST - I am so glad I met you - Becca and Marty - I have never had so much fun at 5:30 in the morning, and who could forget Jen, who made car trips so much better! Ana - I am writing this based on the assumption that we actually take that painting class together... Susan - who better to corrupt Emily with...My new roommates for this last semester - Annie, Brooke, and Bri who make me laugh like crazy... Tracy who has no problem kicking my ass... and I just never learn...Sue, who I hated at first, but has, with Loc's help, made me love rugby...and the entire Rugby team (led by Aileen - in the picture) who spewed out all these memories that follow ... kind of like Baby Pictures. Here we go...Miss Barb, "CAT" what a lovely addition to our pack...always full of surprises, especially at football games. Love the G-rated keychain hun! RANDOMNESS!!! We will all miss you so much next year, never a dull moment!!! thanks for the memories...-love, NWR gang

Jeff Alexander Watkins
Mount Vernon, NY
Surface Warfare

God, Dad, Mom, John, Jenny, Tiffany baby...thanks for always being there. I love you all, this is for you! WHA WAT...the deal son? Philly....nuff said...Hustleman, hit this lick with me...Say foo, wrong again....you my ace ALREADY! -Mo The Dirty South New Yorker. Keep bangin' down them streets, but don't let the dent show. The hands back up what the mouth can't express. Stop hatin' cuz you didn't think of it first. Hustle Man of the decade! - Jlew Navy's poster boy...a plebe's crush...ALWAYS about that paper chase. You've been through more trials than anyone I know. One of my best listeners, you keep it real. Thanks for helping me make one of the hardest decisions I faced. - Ma The man on a paper chase. A comedian who never knew. Remember CP, the girl who drank the most? Bumping into each other at the steak house. Hands out the cookie jar. -T East and South are gonna beef as long we are alive. You doubt it happening when you didn't walk with us across the stage at NAPS? Well, we will be walking. Sparring, knocking my headgear all crazy. I'm launching hooks. The Cinema. Much love Big Dog. -Duce

Barry Willhite
Poughkeepsie, NY
Surface Warfare



I always envied the work ethic of Barry Willhite, until firstie year that is. That's when Jenny finally caught up to him. He was the jack of all trades, and master of most of those, except of course arriving on time. And all the memories ... ate night trips to Philadelphia to suffer through a friend's girlfriend's sister's graduation ... "Phoenix - darn, an X" ... ...hours on the racquetball courts...seriously, I have never met a more compassionate, caring individual than Barry Willhite. Barry and I just fit together, and we didn't care what we looked like when we were laughing together at the silliest things. I can truly say that he is my best friend, and someone that I will never forget. Jenny, you caught yourself a keeper!-EAR Barry was always someone I looked up to spiritually. Jen is a gift from God for Kyla...maybe the first close friendship that she develops with another Navy wife. Barry was always trying to do the right thing and challenged me do the same.-DLK Barry is one of the hardest workers I've met in my life. He is a member of the Navigator's Leadership Team and one of the few people I can say truly epitomize the title Christian. His devotion to those duties as well as his fiancée Jenny Stoll is an example I hope I'll be able to apply to my own life. His sense of humor is something I'll always laugh at as well. Our room was never void of cracks between him and Eric about either the "onerocity," or him forgetting his "female key." Thanks for the example as well as the laughs Barry, they've meant a lot to us all.-JGJ

Shane Michael Zimmerman
Germansville, PA
Navy NFO

The Godfather. The Old Man. CDS Facilitator. Don't punch Kenny in the face, again. "That was your second warning." Bad Luck 13 Riot Extravaganza, their not that bad." So you just dance with her and she lets you use your car. Don't worry, I got her a Valentine's Card. I'll only marry a woman with a helicoptor. I'll do anything for money. How much to kill Higgins. Don't worry Higgins, he's not a skinhead. Don't worry Higgins, just get in the car. Mel, Higgins is getting kicked out for steroids. I shave everything from here...to here. "Higgins, we're gonna use your computer ok?" Higgins, 1000 dollars, it could be yours. Don't go against Herm. This dog bled on me. Shane's personal case race. "You guys want another?" We haven't even had one yet. J-Watt, how do you feel about people chasing you with big sticks." Espo, are you busy. Marilyn Manson is the only man I'd dance with. Shane, girls don't like that. "She's not my girlfriend." Shane, me and Moose are gonna stand over her. Taxi, Taxi? No! No! "I never forget anything." Livin' on a Prayer. The Gay Booze Cruise. "Drinking on the plane is not allowed...but, what we don't see, doesn't matter." (Shane puts his seatbelt on) Guys, I think I dropped my wallet back there." The Dillos.

THE FIFTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Stephanie Kathleen Bill
West Covina, CA
Navy NFO

Steph, Rice, Koala, Elaine- "yea you know your friend, she got kicked out of the club," AZN pride, "How's that closet smell and where is the line," Florida pool deck tackling, PB penalty shots, #29 is key, ankles, flying oranges, "it's been long enough," elevator luvin, roommate switch... twice! Bubba's room- the chair, ring dance videos... yea both of them! Hallway drama, where's the hick..., 2 for 1, patio sessions, road trip- wine bottles, and dashboard displays. TJ's goods and flying pennies, "MY friend knows Snoop Dogg," "I know everyone," do or Dyer, ring dance calls, El Carajo- drunk Joey, silly silly, sloot, yelling at legs, proper goodnight, BENDER-100 dollar bills y'all. Meat and rice, bathtub, Vegas 2002, tanning with Mo, koala love for life, original gook troop, spilling our guts in the secret rooom, late night subs, dennys, dancing with reindeer. Keep you enthusiasm for life and I have no doubts that the world will be "lovin you...LOVIN YOU!," "I swear I've been good." In the end, all she needed was some BUBBAluv.

MoMo, Fugoon, Big Bear- my babies, too much fun, love you.

AM,SH,BM,MB, HNK, CB, VS, BP- You guys made it worth it, I love you all. JJ- "Hey you know that guy Josh, are you guys together?", you are the brother I never had. MM- we will be friends until forever. Mom, Dad, and Chris- I love you guys more than life itself.

"What a long, strange trip it's been"

Christopher Evan Bowman
Carrollton, TX
Navy Pilot

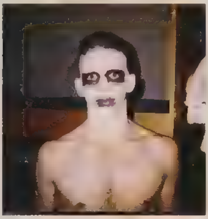
Chris, the man, the myth, the Texan (although not by birth), a fact he is hesitant to admit. The Texas flag blanket, Texas flag icons and mouse pointer on his computer, Texas flag post-it notes, Texas flag mouse pad, and the little Texas flag on a stand on his desk. Need I say more? An Austin Powers impersonating, Beatle loving, Aggie with a thirst for reading about WWII, who wound up going to the Naval Academy, who would have thought? As a plebe, he was the first one in history to: rate shaving four times a day, be disqualified from a plebe rate competition for talking too fast, be reprimanded for wearing his shorts too "motivated." Trying to hide food in his room plebe summer, his perfect typing posture, the late nights plebe year talking on Instant Messenger while giggling to himself, his penchant for not hearing you say something six inches from his face, and staying up late doing homework all youngster year increasing is dislike for the political scientist constantly; Bows is funny. Chris taught me a lot about being patient and sharing faith without words. His capability for deep thought-provoking conversation is rivaled only by his faith, a faith which I have never seen waiver in three years of living with him. OCF retreats, Captain Seal's, and playing the guitar together, man I'll miss rooming with you. Now he's Pensacola bound, ready to be a pilot. We love you and we'll see you there man. -GJH, MEM, MLM

Christopher Shawn Broome
Linwood, NJ
Surface Warfare

From his monster truck to his outspoken personality, there's nothing quiet about Chris Broome. The past four years of his lifelong, relentless pursuit of his goals (and updawg) has brought him to the Fonz in Baltimore and CAT V's in DC. "I had a plebe, his name was Broome." He managed to survive a year of endless annoyances to his chair by Beaker, Plebe summer Blue and Gold, and also enjoyed his favorite past times of swimming in toxic waste and sleeping in warehouses (that's the Garden State for you). He has survived treacherous, icy basement stairs and numerous conflicts with T.H.E. He has endured hair colors his lightweight buddies might appreciate and the short haircuts that follow. Not to be trifled with, this accomplished shock trooper is the undisputed champion of the intentional cblocking and sarcasm. Chris' ability to humble someone is only surpassed by his ability to shore them up. His work ethic got him three stripes. Even better, his intense loyalty, commitment, and heart got him friends. "Bume, Bume Bume, I want you in my room. Not only got that, but also got him on my first ship"-Oz. Thanks for protecting us Critterman. Bound for greatness...we band of brothers...greasers.

Scott Christopher Carr
Mission Viejo, CA
Navy Pilot

Scotty Carr from Mission Viejo, CA. what can I say you've come a long way since plebe year. You own a few pair of underwear now. You wear clothes to bed. No more naked night every night like plebe year. Your still the IM King, you just wear clothes now instead of a blanket. Well, sometimes at least I mean Laura Schimdt did catch you a bit off guard. But one thing is for sure, Petey Stevenson will never have coffee the way you make it again. That and the fact that you know construction. I sure hope that picture of all of us and the "just" the rifles never shows up. You always seemed to pull the sweet summer cruises, I mean how hard could recruiting be. Its just one of those things where you are always kind of where the work isn't. Well, you know I love ya brother and these past four years have been a trip. It's been great growing closer to Jesus Christ with you, you were always pushing me along. I know God has some awesome things in store for you.



Steven Michael Carter
May's Landing, NJ
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

From day one, I-day, Steve has been as much a big brother as a friend. As a prior enlisted he had the hospital corner down and found the rack and uniform races humorous when everyone else was stressing. Uncky Carter, as he came to be known during Plebe Summer Detail, has accomplished much in his time at the academy. As a Systems Engineer he has probably gotten more sleep than any other member of the class of 2002 (he keeps a vampire's schedule) and definitely more than any other systems major while still being the "go-to-guy" for his classmates. He has been involved with some summer training program ever since NAPS summer- a fact that he is quite proud of, we, his friends, just think of him as being hardcore. Most recently, and one of his finest achievements that speaks to his benevolent nature, Steve bought a remote for and painted the 5th Company wardroom. While I had him pegged as a Marine, he decided to select Nuke SWO. I guess he is hoping to get some more sleep. Have fun overseas, my friend, and go easy on the ladies, is there an international discount too? - MKR ("JGG")

Edwin Chin
Rockville, MD
Surface Warfare

Tadashi-san was raised by ducks, who taught him the importance of a solid bench press, but, in their cultural ignorance, never taught the poor fellow how to run. Ed has the attention span of a glue sniffer. I've never known anyone with a lower GPA (Edcumseh-the God of 1.0). If you ever have a problem, or need a favor, he's there for you whether he likes you or not. Edly is the most polite, gentle person in the world. But don't cross him . . . his temper is swift and violent, as many a wall inside Bancroft has come to learn (get your ring fixed yet, buddy?). DR -The infamous finger, army week, "dammit!" & "aww suck!" The various Eds: dirtbag, locked-on, goldenboy, born again, academic ed , Hippie ed, & the most natural benching ed. "tadashi, ed tadashi?" One of our best friends & although a tough & windy road for you getting thru here, you will be a great officer -OZ&BJ -Edly, Edlin, Pipes... "special" you are. I knew that it was going to be a fun year when I heard "what box Schroeder?" But I never imagined a room packed with newspaper a deck of "Jess" cards, being force-fed hairy jellies, or that "aught 2" in permanent ink would adorn each of my limbs. Thanks for the unexpected...May we be friends for a lifetime. -JC

Jeremy Daniel Crestetto
Pine Valley, CA
Surface Warfare

Jeremy, aka Stella, from Pine Valley, is a good guy for a "happy" Californian. We always new that the swotivator would stick to his swo skills. What was that loud obnoxious noise? I guess Jeremy just woke up. Three years by the bay has been great as your roommate. The days of hearing how much you like to run... You have to be one of the nicest guys I know - you may have not been the best fieldball player, but you were a hockey all-star. Why do you always looked stoned in your pictures with Kimi? Can you give me a history of the 3 Stooges? I really have enjoyed my time here as your roommate, and I have learned from your consistency as a Christian brother. -RPH. Stella was a home schooled child prodigy, graduated H.S. at 16, and attended college long enough to learn some social skills. Back in Pine Valley, LT and Mrs. Stella raised a fine son who arrived in Annapolis bleeding Blue and Gold. MAJ Crestiffy never got used to the East Coast weather, but that is to be expected when one grows up in the desert. Jeremy's early a.m. trumpet calls will forever be his signature. Cresteeto juggled his summers between SD cruises and working at Christian camps. The Swotivator spent his ac years writing papers at the last minute, hammering out each Nav trip, and freezing his butt off on YP's. Did you brasso your Sup's star? Three years we have spent together by the Bay and I could never have asked for a better roommate, friend, and brother. You have a very solid life ahead of you. -JWG.

Jessica R. Crocker
White Lake, MI
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

After two years of not knowing for sure whether or not young Crocker could speak, now we have trouble getting her to shut up. Unable to figure out the basic workings or your average deadbolt, our little academic all-American will soon be sprinting off to nuclear power school. Jess came to us in the late part of 2000 desperately seeking a reason to smile. We gave her one and, sticking by her Wicken principles, she returned the favor at least three-fold. Now she's like sunshine. I might be able to get along without her, but life just wouldn't be as much fun. At a place where getting out of bed in the morning could sometimes be the toughest thing you'd ever done in your life, Jess kept us laughing. She doesn't always laugh too, but nothing's perfect. We've come along way since the emotional, psychological train wreck of not so long ago, so here's to dancing alone in a crowded room, Mac and Cheese stands on N. Charles Street, every fifteen minutes in an hour, and every 34 cents in a dollar. Team-O! (DTR) I wish I could put pictures in here instead of words.:) Jess it was an honor and pleasure to know someone as entertaining as you. I first knew you as the plebe that carried her shipmate to church. Then it was a youngster classmate that I occasionally ran into in the hallway. But soon came Ms. Crocker, a fellow detailer who suffered thru the JoJo era and cried through the tiramisu-sicles. The fun continued with the crowning of Ms. Personality, quickly followed by her campaign against eating disorders. But I will always know you as one of my greatest friends. (Edly)

James Anthony Diaz Barriga
Springfield, TN
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Terrence Doyle
Itasca, IL
Surface Warfare

Tair-Gel, Touchdown, TD, I Think Therefore I'm Terrence. He came from the windy city, wearing little boy underwear he has yet to outgrow. He had a passion for fine literature and poetry, so naturally pursued an Aerospace degree and a German minor. In four years by the bay he has been involved in more adventures than most men experience in a lifetime. In a showing of pure determination, he totally ignored trivial matters such as class, personal hygiene, and professional development to become the greatest Bricks 2000 player the world has ever known. This man was not afraid to walk from D.C. to Annapolis, run three marathons without training, or dump his ring dance date over e-mail. Don't let his baby-face fool you, keeping with Navy tradition he has improved national relations with the fairer sex in countless foreign ports. He is not afraid to take the ugly chick, sometimes he prefers them. Using his loan wisely, he became a 100 Beer Club member in three weeks, as well as E-Trade's most profitable customer. One day he will either win the Pulitzer or travel through space-time. It's been a privilege to know him. We wish him luck and many more adventures. MEM, BCO

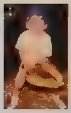
Doyle Galvin
Newburyport, MA
Surface Warfare

One...One, Two. Kiss and tell? No kiss...no tell? Eat it. Subs? Swo? Who knows. Ring Dance? 4 no shows, 2 dates, one dance...chase'em away. Is he dead? No he just fell from a balcony at Loon...balcony?...CC. Balling down in McD, like its his job. Head down to the hole. Go pats. Who wants a slap-fest? Nomar Mr. Nice Guy. Bosox? World Series...yeah. Ski cap to club. Pong like its his job. The kid with the funny voice. Free dance lessons by this rapper. OSU with a flat tire, a run in with the Appalachian caps...Where did that other guy go? Put the bed on the floor...Toe skuffs...New white shoes..."follow my finger"..."two, two, two." Not a train, that's D. Geneva, Orlando, Cancun, and Ft. Lauderdale with the white ones...Beware. Back from the death concert... and in trouble with the law at the gate...get outta here. North Carolina...sleepy in the car...Sean?...walking back? Notre Dame...Stay up all night or miss the bus (x2). 411 BTC. From 30 to 5...maintain the chaos and keep it real. Matty...NYC?...singing? Better now than never! All of 5, MMM, JCS, TFR, SDM, JPM, MLB, CJC, 123.

Jonathan Wayne Gandy
Guntersville, AL
Submarine Warfare

Where exactly is Guntersville, Alabama? Jonathan Gandy AKA Jonnie, J-dubs, Mohandas, Skittles... I will never forget the random people we ran into over the years that have given you a hug for your mom. I could always hear you from down the hall laughing, and sometimes several rooms over. 3 years of fun by the bay. The nights of studying till day-break, or writing papers until the wee hours of the morning... The mornings of listening to your alarm clock go off for 10 min before I woke you up to tell you to turn it off... You are a southerner to the core, and you drive one of the nicest vehicles around. The submarine corps is lucky to get a smart guy like you with that big old Afro. Let Christ always be your guide, as he has the past three years, and shed some light in the deep. -RPH Jonnie- too bad you weren't a history major, huh? I always teased you about studying engineering till 5am, I guess it's paid off, congrats on nuke! Thanks for the culture shock in the South over Thanksgiving, but I thought I was the only one without an accent... Can't forget the loudest person I know yelling 'Stella" echoing through the Rotunda at lunch or piling everything I own on my rack at midnight... When was the last time you got that 'fro cut? Stay strong in the Lord, brother, thank s a ton for the friendship. -JDC

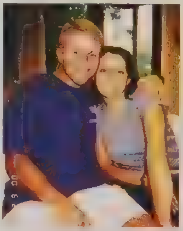
Edward Forest Hill V
Burlington, WI
Navy Pilot



Gabriel Justin Hohner
Mill Creek, WA
Navy Pilot

Gabe, G-man, Bones - The only guy to major in computer science and make it look easy. After having a somewhat shady childhood (which included some shoplifting) in the mountains of Seattle, Gabe escaped the rain and grunge lifestyle to attend the Naval Academy. His dream has always been to be a fighter pilot and then eventually transfer to the space program to be an astronaut. However, if NASA ever gets a hold of the fact Gabe as a plebe asked Jim Lovell if he thought that there was life on other planets, then I think NASA would think twice about Gabe. Despite all this, he is going to make a great officer because he cares. He seemed to work pretty hard in school, but did he go to USNA or Penn State? He was the only hard chargin' drill guy in the Brigade to go Navy Pilot... I wonder what your call sign will be??? Whatever Gabe eventually does in his Naval career, he will no doubt serve his country with dignity and honor. Thanks for being there for me, and for keeping me straight on and off the drill field. See you in Florida. CEB, MM, MLM

Robert Patterson Hurst
Nacogdoches, TX
Marine Corps Pilot



Robert came to the Academy from the great(?) state of Texas. 18 years of southern livin' left this kid with a larger-than-normal sized melon on his shoulders, but somehow Bobby Ray got a waiver for it and they let him in. 3/C year we hid our civvies until it was time to bring them up thru the window. 2/C summer I got that parking ticket... on your car. Three years by the Bay and I could never have asked for a better roommate, friend, and brother. Thanks for the support... and the criticism when I needed it. Have fun in the skies. Looking forward to holding up my sword for you. -JWG. Robert Hurst is first a man of God. He may not have been a man of eloquent words but he would tell you what cutting down a tree had to do with integrity at CDS. Proud of his father and of his state, he always let you know what he was thinking. He would throw my stuff out our window onto the tennis courts... Bobby thanks for talking me into staying over plebe summer and for being my accountability partner. Robert Hurst is committed to serving the Lord. I love you man. -MLM. Nack - Uh, my Daddy always said, we knew you were going Corps, congrats on that! What's up with that car, I got a ticket too? That Texas accent always comes back strong when you stand up for W. I'm sure not a Texan, but I'll go for country music anyway. Appreciate the accountability, talks, late night theology - take care and stay strong. - JDC.

Joshua Forest Jones
Cottonwood, AZ
Navy Pilot

Jonesy, Glitter Boy, Puke and Rally, CC tool with an awesome sidekick, king of long distance. The guy who'll say anything to a member of the opposite sex. Nels for a zoomie...not a bad trade. I'm tryin' I'm tryin',...I Quit. Wisconsin sucks, Gushing, trifecta town bicycle, redheaded sloots. "Cameron after only 5-still doable." Ears, elevator lovin', bathtub, road trip: "I need to open a bottle of wine, where's my tools?" 5 legged cow, "The Seal." El Carajo days and all the Crazy Games: BENDER, $100 dollar bills ya'll, one for taps. Silly's B-day...12-week what?!?..."Just drop me off..." HitandRun ("he won't notice.") "TJ has your back with a broken bottle", ears big enough to hold a trashbag, talking to trashcans, head-butting trees, shower dookie. Halsey parking lot. Marchovers, Night at the Recher, Ballin' in MacD, Diamond Days. "Do you do homework?"
Mo, Fugoon, #77, Ryno, ASM, MMM, HNKIV-We learned how to survive and got some great stories along the way.
"What do you mean Steph's not your girlfriend!?!" SKB: been through it all together and had fun doing it. Dad, Mom, Harlan, Steven, thanks, you know I couldn't have done it without you, I love you. DeAndas and Kerrigans, same to you.

Henry Nelson Keyser IV
Bala Cynwyd, PA
Navy Pilot

Henry VIII I am.....Too many chaaches, "I play the role, why not legitimize it?" GGW marathon, closet gassings, "Who drew this on my back?" Stoli vanil, sculptures, MAV, Ithaca, watch out cause the floor's slippery, lost in Jersey, going to practice today? Rock stars, "Did I do that?" "Be careful, Alex's in the trunk." Three years to see the light of no a.m. practice. "So, are there any hotties at Cornell?" Snowballs and U-turns, lab partners saving lives. And Matty says: "That's not what sinks are for!!!" "Come on man, I have Kleenex right here." Pink Floyd, punching wars, "Would it be possible to not spray me EVERY time I fall?" Master of sports without balls. "Wake me up early, ok?" Riiiiiiight, hangin in the mansion on Bryn Mawr Ave. "We have to live with a Whoop?" "TJ, look out!!!" The most chill/ psycho kid I know. "Sure you can have some of my food." Snood and the airplane game. Take care of Angie, bro. See ya in flight school.
-JFJ, MMM, SKB, GPL, AAL, ATC, and many others...thanks for everything.
-Mom, Dad, Matt, Elizabeth and Angie. I wouldn't be anywhere without you all. All my love........HNK IV

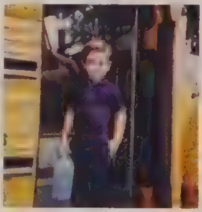
Kevin Hide Koyama
Fullerton, CA
Marine Corps Pilot

"ASTRO rocks!!! Why did we choose this major anyway? First met this crazy Japanese boy on YPs- who would have known the fun we'd have doing homework 2 years later. And now he thinks he's Scottish? Hide slept through more classes and done better in them than many people"- Megan; "What homework?"- CJ; "In one's most darkest hour...If ya need a shout or someone to help ya out, the YB is there... the years were awesome because you shared them with me. God's speed in the Corps." "Who needs ta be flipped!...Drumming...Nice quads, man." - Cheese; "From picking up phone numbers at a In-and-out dinner in Cali to eating Rice and Candy at his house, it was always a great time hanging with 'Kevin'." - Szerdy; "'Hey G, could you look over this?' 'Is he sleeping? Or just staring into oblivion?' 'Room smell good?...can I get some?' Thanks for all the memories and best times...been great with you as a roommate" - Warren; "Foremost in my mind is friendship, an intangible bond which Kevin creates easily and holds onto passionately. It is our friendships that allow us to face life; So I say 'come on....COME ON' Semper Fi"-Drew

Joseph Joshua Lauman
Bristol, VA
Navy NFO

Little J Lo was born in Bristol, TN, which LB has no idea how he made it out of the backwood mountains of Tennesee with half a brain. Little Muscles has been my roommate for 2 years now. I have learned a lot from JT Yeoman. I have learned that a human being can consume an entire bag of oreos in one sitting, and also obtain more muscle mass from doing so. Gritters has always been known for his itchy belly and his hippie hair, which he claims is because of his huge head and little ears. When asked by Chief why his SDB shirts sleeves hang below his jacket sleeves, ole Willow simply replies, "I'm big in the chest, chief!" And Josh, good luck keeping that Black Hog clean with the ole frontal method. Haha. But, seriously Josh, you are a great friend, I would not trade you for the world. We have grown very close over the last few years, and you are a brother to me. I thank God for your awesome faith and I know God has wonderful plans for your life!

Wayne George Lewis Jr.
So Weymouth, MA
Navy Pilot



Wayne Aught-2, Wayno, Waynimus, Special L, Duffy, Hoffman and Hopper, "gunny i was wonderin if i could grab my care package", hows the cow? "sir, you're wrong", SSynde, cross country and track, 9 quarters sub 60, teaching ccd, I-ball 2000, Pani, I wanna..., girls from KY, Sunset Beach Jamaica, being a toolbag, Del Mar Fair, driving the Ohio, missile countdowns, Florida State/Pensacola 2000, cookout on the beach, losing a finger in quantico, 50 mile marathons, Laura, Naps detail, 72700 one night in Newport, along the cliffwalk - it all changed forever, $700 cell phone bills, "tutoring", American University, FDR Memorial, "We are all mortal until the the second glass of wine", $9 shrimp cocktail?!, Stockholm/Paris/Normandy '01, Punto!, Dont touch the brake, si je suis, SDB's in Russia, drivin on the goatpath, Class 5 storms in the North Sea, 1000 mile weekends to Erie, shenandoah mountain cabin,911, Cancun'02, "scars are souvenirs you never lose, the past is never far", daylight fading & around here, CC, DMB #41, sunrays & saturdays,VH, BNL Brian Wilson, its not the critic who counts, or even where you start, but where you finish that makes all the difference. "its all for you", "dont dream its over", these last few steps of a child, the first few of a man, that which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain.... Galatians 6:9 JC JG RH SM

Michael Maier
Burke, VA
Navy Pilot

Meers, Miran!, Whiteworks, Mike's first words were "Me want Mach III with hair on fire." With rugged good looks and child bearing hips, his physical gifts are the envy of every man. He firmly believes that the only important muscles are his biceps, and that music from the 80's is mankind's greatest accomplishment. After random encounters, he has been known to use his suave demeanor and e-mail skills to sustain long distance relationships for over two years, while making creative excuses to visit London and the Canary Islands. After a responsible night of drinking, he can be found making logical conversation with every female in the bar, or simply taking a rest in the back of an ambulance. He is admired for his incredible rate to produce facial hair, and a commercial deal with Gillet is in the making. At one time his toughness was questioned, until a mate of the deck told him he couldn't take the elevator. Though some have said that he is " not a team player", he has proven otherwise by attracting young women everywhere he goes, and passing them on to his buddies. He will be one hell of a pilot, and always a good friend. BCO, TSD

Matthew Michael Mariano
Trumansburg, NY
Navy Pilot

Flying high....where's that courtesy bag? "Whatta, whatta, what." "If I only looked like I was from Alaska..." Yo, mom sent some sauce and "drops." From best friends to bed buddies. Sprint football...3rd down specialist...Anthracite bowl MVP. Stealing pants in Ft Lauderdale. Cancun...oops, wrong room. JPM + MMM, bunk buddies. Drunk dials gettin' nowhere. Back seat sleeper. All good 'til the pics come out. "Can I please have a girlfriend?" Hairy chest...who cares, the chicks dig it! Double Eagle, what?! Mumblemouth. Bringin' girls with boyfriends, thanks Matty.

—The 411 Brothers. Pillow smell okay? Crazy night at Recher. "I can't find my car!" BAR-"Let's find some girls." Con locker cleaning. Sing to us, please. Yard sales. Ladies man...but we're just friends. So delightful on the phone. Spider bites. Fruity Pebbles rule! Some cheese with that whine?

—HNK, JFJ. Dirty 30 b-ball, softball. Hangin' at 4 Woodward...Timmy hooking up the pleber. Getting through systems with Stu. Be a prick! Sprint National Champs...Bringin' the Pain forever! Pat McGee shows. OSU, Michigan and Geneseo. Bahamas with the hockey fellas. Thanks to everyone in the burg, the boys here, and my whole family for making this crazy trip worthwhile. I love you all.....MMM

Andrew Soares McCann
Margate, FL
Surface Warfare

Andy McCann born NY lived the life in Florida ...aka... Pico, patches, MAS, little dirty mex, softballs, munkin and ace. To all my Squashmates it's been great playing with famous people like you guys. Movie stars, Hugh Grant, Clint Eastwood, Superheros Ace and Gray, even creatures from nature like hawk, fish and redwood. I cant leave out grandma and Navy Davey and the others. Steph- smoke breaks by 6th wing, late nights at Fridays, plebe yr intersessionals, (p-Bay) #29 is KEY, where did you put that straw? Steve- the thinnest fat guy I know, from Blair to England, Army Navy's spring breaks, PROTRAMID, shot for shot, (P-Bay) champainge corks and well drinks good luck. Ted- spring break, pool parties, trips to Radford, trifecta,9pm do you know what happens now? We survived dave and the tailgators, good luck Rockstar. Josh- Trifecta, spring break casper, Appletons, watch out for the bamboo Crazy nights "White Guy" bottles of wine ,Orlando, good luck tough guy! Becky- you don't know me, you buy the nachos, Irish Cars bombs, Operation Spring Break, funny hats, Spirit fingers and rides from hospital point, good luck fly girl. To everyone I didn't mention you know who you are good luck in life.

Matthew Leland McDermott
Covina, CA
Navy Pilot

Matt McDermott is affectionately known as Mattie Fatty or by his Spanish name, Mateo. He left a life of body boarding in SoCal to attend USNA. He had a rough time adjusting seeing as how he almost TANGO'd out a couple times before he made up his mind to stay here. All of us are glad he stayed because life just wouldn't of been the same without Matt's antics, such as putting on a singlet during Army week and then challenging the plebes to fight. However, some of Matt's best moments came when he was not conscious at all. You see, Matt has interesting sleeping habits and it was a regular occurrence to have Matt talking, yelling, and laughing in his sleep at all hours of the night. (2 am seemed to be prime time) I hope that Matt gets a land-based aircraft out of flight school, because sharing a stateroom with him for six months will be a trying experience for his roommates. Mickey Dee is all about those around him, if you need help with anything, he's right there. Especially if it's something that needs to be fixed or built. He is probably the handiest guy in the company and will find a way to fix anything. We just need to be sure that he refrains from diving head-first out of his rack to save people in the p-way. Above all else, Matt is committed to his Lord and Savior, to serving his country, and to his soon to be wife Mara. See you in p-cola, buddy. CB GH

Stephanie Elizabeth Muskovac
Virginia Beach, VA
Navy NFO

98days, 52tours, 300demerits later, the Columbian Drug Princess departs jail in an unexpected fashion. Aided by cheap champagne, IClight, 40's, lemonchello, and cleavage at tailgaters, Dahlgren sex dinners, cappuccino meetings, OCF, Waynus, reality shows, and the O-club, the RATT survived liars, room sagas, fratting, the 0-5, UA*2, and distance. From GeorgeW to hockey/waterpolo players, Muskratt LOVE found her in company OPS. We love you, Steph. ~MB, AS, KD, NP, WL

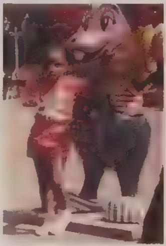
Growing up 4000 miles away (or was it 4 hours?) brought us Have a Nice Day Army-Navy 2000. From Mortons to El Toro Bravo, Margaritas, Moet, Scotch and Soda, catching our breath and realizing this was different. 5th company LOVE at Lacrosse tailgaters among 40's and Major's watchful eye. Bonding on ski trips and while being rescued in the bay, ab-workouts and three hour training sessions! 2/C "OPS", having way to much fun on duty, " These aren't your t-shirts!?" O-Club and Jerry's by the rocks. IC-Light, Steelers, and one life-changing trip to Pittsburgh. Holidays in unexpected places: doesnt matter where you're at but WHO you're with. You've changed my mind about everything I've ever thought. Your love, compassion, grace, strength and beauty have made me a better man. I Love you with all that I am, you will always be my Princess!-DEW

Thank you to God who taught me love and patience. Mom, Dad, Cathy, Dan, Scott, Mel: I love you and could have never done it without you.

Brian Olivier
Wakefield, RI
Navy Pilot

OOAAKK, BC, Chaz, I don't give a Chuck, Oliver, Okinawa, O-town, Alpha male. What is your real name anyway? He came to us from the backwoods of Rhode Island wearing a North Carolina T-shirt and 15 year-old Birkenstocks. After losing 30 pounds, standing naked at attention before a superior officer, filling a 40 Oz. Gatorade bottle in one go, he was one of a distinguished trio to pass out during plebe summer. Despite his love for the rack he usually won the daily struggle between rugby practice and the need to slumber. He gauged his weekends on whether or not his elbows and knees were bleeding, not from the rugby pitch, but from the treacherous carpet burns that ensued after a successful night on the town. His love of the academia drove him to pursue the Honors Economics major, yet between rugby and class, he still found time to stare at the wall for hours on end. And if you think Britney looks good in a midriff, imagine a 4 foot torso stretching that plebe-issue V-neck beyond the natural laws of physics. He has been an awesome roommate and even better friend. We wish him the best in all that he does.-MEM, TSD

Nicole Renee Paul
Mt. Laurel, NJ
Surface Warfare

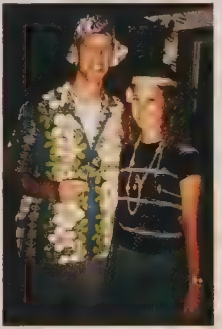


For a girl who never even planned on coming to this place until three months before the application deadline, I must say that its pretty neat the way things have ended up. I started out as a poor sap who arrived at NAPS not being able to run, swim or pick up more than a five pound weight. Standing here at senior year, I got an 89.2 on my first class PRT, I teach people how to swim at sub-squad and I went to nationals twice for Powerlifting. I'm going Surface Warfare with the hopes of being a Public Affairs Officer. I love my OCF crew, my roommate and my company mates and my girl in '01, Eliza Colquitt. Jessica Crocker was my roommate and she was the best anyone could ask for. I end with quotes about me from two people who are close to my heart and who will still be my friends years after this has been written.

"Lil' Nikki, Sweets, Sista. From speed walking the halls of NAPS to speed talking within the walls of Bancroft, it has been a blessing to watch her grow into the woman that she is now . How did this friendship happen? Who knows, but God is good and I am fortunate to call her my friend. I can never thank her enough for her faithfulness. She is truly the friend of restrictees and she is loved. Jeremiah 29:11." CLW

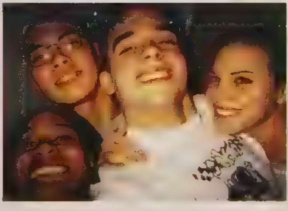
"She once said, 'I feel like God has poured so much love into me like red cool-aid, and I just want to let it spill over onto everyone else's life.' So that's what makes her so sweet!"CAD."

Thomas Francis Radich III
Fairfax Station, VA
Surface Warfare



Mathias Karl Roth
Canterbury, NH
Surface Warfare

Mathias, also known lovingly as the "Jolly Green Giant" during Plebe Summer Detail, will soon have his life expire, his single bachelor life that is. He will be joining the 2% club on June 15, 2002 when he marries his high school sweetheart, Amy. I told him plebe year that his relationship would never last, but he has proven me wrong tenfold. His dedication to Amy and to school, if the Naval Academy can be characterized as a school, has shown me that you don't need to be cynical to have fun and get ahead. Mathias achieved many goals while at the Academy, most notably: selected for graduate school, Honors in Oceanography, and First Battalion Commander. There is a lot to say about Mathias and not enough room to say it here. However, I am certain that whatever path he chooses he will be successful. Service selection: SWO. By the best man, aka: Grandpa.



David T. Russell
Georgetown, TX
Marine Corps Ground

Placing steel wool in a mouse hole prevents rodents from invading your personal space. Steel wool is difficult to chew through and often breaks teeth. It has been said that Dave has a sort of "Brillo pad" personality. But in reality. abrasiveness is a defense mechanism for the deepest of "shallow" people. Getting to know Dave is kind of like waking up from a bad dream. It's a little scary at first but the feeling of relief soon to follow is priceless. You quickly come to realize that you're laughing again and that somewhere along the way he has taught you not to take life too seriously and, most importantly, to be true to yourself no matter the cost. Dave-thank you for your patience, always listening, loving unconditionally, and being the best friend that anyone could hope for. You truly are my savior. Go Team-O! (JRC) Where are your books?! Russell!?!" Dave is a man that never read a textbook in his entire career at the academy and received almost straight A's. Dave is the most impressive person I have ever met. He experienced more in his first 21 years of life than I will in my entire life. Sometimes I think he is one of those "genetically created," "trained since birth," "known as Super Dave to puny humanoids" characters you read about in sci-fi books. But I was lucky enough to know him as Dave the funny and cool (in a good way) person. I am going to miss finding that fragile line between right and wrong then proceeding to step all over it with you. Who am I kidding we are moving up in the world, we are just going to do everything the same way but on a larger scale. Well my good friend it was my privilege to know you. I wish you the best of luck and much success. Edly.

Brian James Schall
Elderton, PA
Submarine Warfare

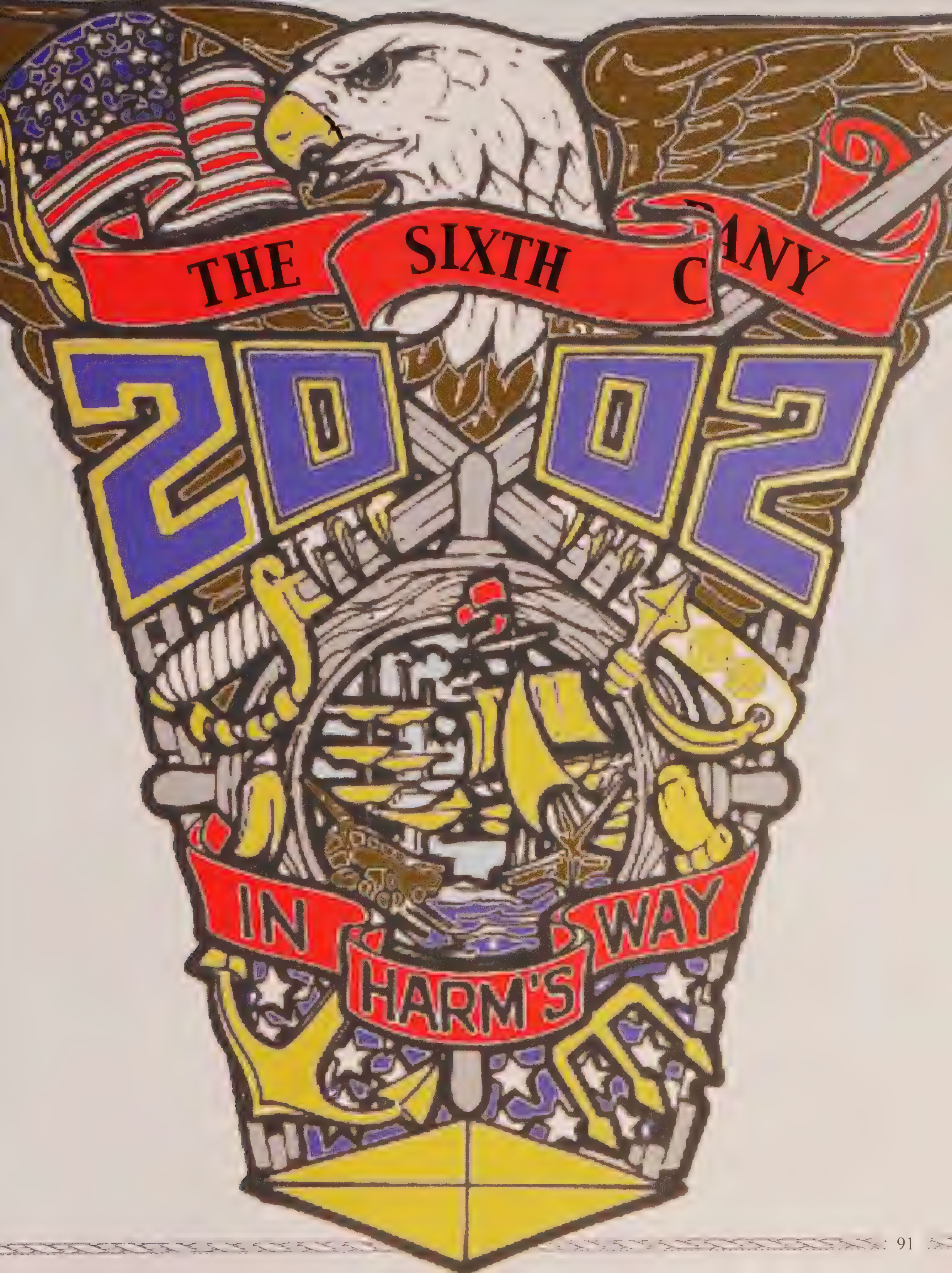
Heeey BJ!! Brian Schall hails from the great town of Elderton, PA. The man with many names Big Red, Blow, Beaker, BJ just to name a few. So many memories, how about all those girls in the Daytona Beach pics, what were their names again? I think you're the only person I know that's allergic to sunlight and the only person I know that got sun burnt at the Army-Navy game in December. You had a great bonding experience with Broome and his chair plebe year. Then youngster year and your battles with Chungles for food, "Gimme food!" Then second class year and the "rain dance" came about, "Rain, Rain, go away!" Then firstie year came to be synonymous with your gastrointestinal problems. And who knows maybe you'll see Shroer out in the fleet next year, though your chances would have been better if you followed in your pop's, Chesty's, footsteps and joined the Corps. What can I say buddy, these past few years have been great and I feel blessed to have gotten to know you. I love ya like a brother and I know the Lord has great things in store for you! Go Subs!

Jared Christopher Smith
Washington, PA
Submarine Warfare

"Who's the best at the last cup?" Smitty, Hollywood, Big JC. From football dud to Rugby stud. I used to work in Chicago... A ruler from the store.. it's been proven. Winner of the longest drive, straight to the woods. Shaun and Smitty on the phone, round INFINITY!!! Never been on a sub... But it looks fun. The prettiest forward I ever saw. Smitty scores again- c'mon dude, pass the pack... wish I were a back. Cookin' food, paying bills, cleaning up... Mother of the year. 411 BTC... I'll never forget ya'll. Dahood... we rock it better. "This is the biggest surprise of my life!" (exit Jared) West Virginia never again. Skiing sweet on the slopes... a joke behind the boat. Rips in Jamaica... Gambling in Vegas, skiing in Utah (back for round two), future auctioneer... freestylin' queer. Dive bubble... We'll see. To my boys, Pani, Merch, Lil Bi', G-train, D, Matty, Bower, E-HOVA, Maddawg, Lam, Kunda, Steck, Wagz and all the Ruggers... I love you all... The real #82 will always be my boy... Shaun thanks for everything. Mom and Dad you've been great... And you look good in Navy gear. To the ruggers I'll never regret walking away from football. Ballas for life.

Walter Henry Warren
San Antonio, TX
Surface Warfare

"My brother, how we have both grown up these past 4 years." "G, as his close friends call him, has made this place a little more bearable with his humor and contagious smile." "Was notorious for keeping his calm on those frequent Sundays when the service was in danger of having no color guard." "Whenever Walter could not be found on the yard, you could always find him at the nearest bar." "Playing ball was never a problem until we learned what a Marine could do on the court." "Enjoyed tailgaters and crashing Annapolis High birthday parties." I have never seen a man put so much time and money into one hobby...drinking. Hey Walter, wanna see this Anschutz go full auto? You mean to tell me that you met her on IM, and now she's flying here to see you? PSYCHO B@#^*H!! "Did he just make that touchdown barefoot?" "Hey, who just ripped one on the line?" "No one could enlighten a room with new aromas like G." "Has been knocked down many times, but never held down." "The few...the loud..." Koy, RBS, JPZ, KRM, ETC, REW, MAM.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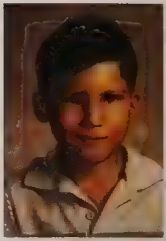
Theodore L. Achimasi
Poway, CA
Surface Warfare



From the great state of Cali-for-nia...skyrocketed to company mid of semester then back down to head restrictee...115 days on restriction in 125... I live for the ——!!! LT: what did you say Mr. Achimasi?...well back home, WE pronounce it 'Bout-imore'... ...dances worse than Elaine from Seinfeld...soviet souvenir collector...the 40-year old mid-hound at Griffins... Christmas in Vegas...frozen undies during army week...the two hot ensigns in Newport...how do you pronounce his name? yo, ARMANI! ...Thanksgiving in NY...didn't letter in a sport, so a Black N was the best he could do for a sweater...the German girl at I-Ball...first Hood girl was also the last...drunken bowling on 21st birthday...loveline on late nights...cigars at the docks...Midn X was found to have percoset in his system, but properly documented this during the test and was not questioned...4 different dates for ring dance... damn the man Ted, BEAT SAMMY!...watch this guys, I'm going to give her the d— eye...I can have anything on the menu?...swore he never would do Leatherneck, then did... Is it true that SWOs eat their young, Ted?...WESTSIDE!!!...Psalm 71:20 - BP,DB,BS...Remember

Benjamin Byungseok Ahn
Englewood, NJ
Special Warfare

Ben Ahn...It seems hard to believe that it was almost four years ago that we were thrown in together. Who would have ever thought that a little Korean kid from Jersey and ballas from TX and NM would end up the best of friends. We have gone through a lot from Plebe Year to the real deal. From the first long weekend, Montreal, under the "1 mile bridge, "pink handcuffs," ...she sells hats and knows gate guards," 30 days 32 tours...where are your anchors? "Ivy League" bet, car brakes. It's been three and a half great years and the best part of all is that with the closing of one chapter comes a new beginning. WE all made it! SEAL roommates who would've thought? It definitely hasn't been easy, but we wouldn't trade it for the world. Good luck and good times are going to come your way and we'll always be there for you. As these four long years of our lives comes to an end we just wanted you know we couldn't have ever asked for a better roommate, friend and brother. There ain't nothing gonna stop us now baby!
-Hubes and Snake-

Richard Francis Anderson
Virginia Beach, VA
Navy Pilot

Richard- What can I say, everyone loves Dick! I remember you coming in so innocent and now you're leaving a worldly man. What a year plebe year was . . . I remember you with your hand around Ben's throat and his around yours. Anyone seen my alarm clock? Wrestling matches every other night, into the shower you go. Oh wait, not that once. Holy cow Dick - I think you killed him! Youngster year, you're an Astro major. Going to lifeguarding training . . . it was supposed to be an easy watch. Make up boxing - handing out beat downs to Smartlow. Second class year, now you're EE. Lord help you, now you live with Captain Racktime - its sink or swim when it comes to trading insults. Firsties, now we're honor reps together. You do your job, do it well and now you're off to Pensacola, flyboy! I know that you'll knock them dead. World look out, now its Dick at the tip of the spear. Thanks for the memories! - Mike

David James Bachta
Colorado Springs, CO
Marine Corps Pilot

From CO Springs, wanted USMA, came to USNA. Marathon runner, All-American rifle, like many geniuses... unappreciated in his own time. The only person I know who can sleep for 24 hours...straight. I enjoyed shootin' with this determined devil dog (congrats). Cabin at Perry, NCAAs '01, N64, smugglin' brews, weaps: sittin in our room on our 21st. Many long nights hashin' out Compsci. ~WHT Jams to country AND rap. MR. BACHTA, ARE YOU DYSLEXIC?!....yes, sir, I am...OOPS, AS I WAS! "If stuck on a beach with one person, it would be General Krulak." "Dave, can you send me that naked pic of KR again?" GO TO BED DAVE!!! I grabbed two girlies and a beer that's cold!!! Dave, if I get marine-er and you get navy pilot, will you switch with me? "DAVE, YOU'RE THE PATROL NAVIGATOR, WHERE ARE WE?? Well, if I had to guess... All you've gotta do is put a wet sock over the thermostat, and voila instant sauna." B:"Watch this it'll shoot right through this CD" D:"You're going to shoot my eye out with that d-mn airsoft gun" Dave, we're glad you didn't go to The Point, Semper Sky! ~TLA ~BWP ~John

Joshua Hunter Bringhurst
Houston, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

He's the smartest guy USNA ever rejected. He came here with and then sustained a level of determination that few of us can even comprehend. "LATELIGHTS CHIT." For two straight years the alarm clock went, "Hey Paul/Chris, time for practice." He dragged us there when he had to. "How many times have we walked to the boathouse?" Spent his plebe year mastering the lingo of the ghetto under the mentorship of TDWhite, CCartwright, MAnthony, and JSirko. "BringHURST!" First taste of love? Warsaw Pact. Better luck next time. "She chased your car down the street?" Went to bed early at the summer games, but had a blast at the winter ones. Hangover at Plebe Detail ceremony: "Nate, I'm gonna pass out." Detailer Burgess- "Decent???" Three years of throwing "No más homework!!!" at him finally paid off. "Screw VGEP." "Josh- you've got a better schedule than I do!" Sense of humor: "Joo gotta date Saturday, Baby!" "Yeesssss, you moron!" "moossttlly" Our parents raised us, but Josh got us through USNA: "No, Paul." "Matt, Karen called." And Josh, blowing bubbles in the toilet only helps if you're plastered in a strange girl's apartment. God Bless you, dude. PCO NJS MED CJS SRD DJW

Emily Ward Burgess
St. Petersburg, FL
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Burg, Em, June, Minnie Mouse, NA-9. She came from Florida, a debutante accustomed to warm weather - "It's so cold." No Em, it's 65o. Hiccup. Plebe year, walking on sunshine. Free 19 to Hot Six. "And I'm the one being fried." "I'm not a flirt." Just the Brigade Nice Person. American Promise, Halifax (watching cartoons), South Freeport (pool - "you owe me"). Hiccup. "I don't need skiing lessons." No coordination plus not being able to jump rope plus Emily on skis plus bunny slope at Mass-O'-Nuttin' equals TOTAL DISASTER. "No, I don't need crutches." Hiccup. Tough-girl Emily, Lawyer-Emily. Everybody's second Mom. 4.0 - are you kidding me? Counting down the days. "I want. For me?" Mayhaps. Winnie-the-Pooh, not Satan Pooh. She put twelve down on her birthday - Emily?!? "I smile because I have no idea what's going on." If you can survive the sea monkey genocide, you can survive anything. Hiccup. No wait, if you can survive a marathon, or sailing dinghies on the frozen Severn, you really can survive anything, except coke cans and anything else that makes you flinch. A permanent fixture to our room, but certainly a welcomed one. You always have a smile in your face and a song in your heart. SH, punk! You make living fun. TU, JQ, BZ, BVL, SS, WF

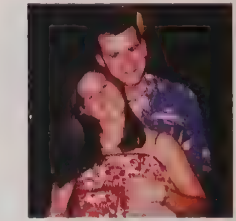
Meg Gwynne Burns
San Leandro, CA
Surface Warfare

What have I gotten myself into? Wearing socks on my ears. Same person, different states. Hands down, girls! Congratulations for getting engaged. Bang on the wall! No, hangnail. One movement: sock then syrup. We need to get to that Captain before she does! On the bar. Fat Asian was like water. Blue in unmentionable positions. It was your lotion. 16's legal in Kansas now? Hercules foot. Uh, the taste of Vidal Sassoon. Must have been Debra. YOU need a Bible and a 2x4. At least you don't have to drive the launch! Are you guys sisters? I'm blushing right now aren't I? I love to finish this place out. Cuddle time. NKD! They'll bark more. Do these pants make my butt look fat?? Because I'm fat, ma'am! These shoes don't match this belt! THAT'S an away message! Martini Room, please The Ritz Carlton of closets. I'm watchin' YOUR boat...Chinese fire drill in Japan. You American girls and you're big books in the ocean. You can do it (musically). I'm not eating beige food today. But he could have bought my contract out. You're not any ho...a Jersy ho. Oh don't you ctrl-7 me! Brink of destruction. I wear man pants. Cystville? Population you! DE liquor store parking lot. Closet with a cold steak and a 40. Hey Meg and Mel, this is Del and El. Idiot Toupee and Dr. Dull. Smokie Robinson is NOT Kenny Loggins. We're so porn right now and nobody's here to enjoy it. I still have the same question sometimes, except now I'm not scared. I'm excited. USS, BPR, F, AMM

Justin Ray Busby
Louisville, KY
Navy Pilot

Buzz, our little Wopini, born in the Windy City but came to the Academy from the state with the Blue Grass. You guys ever heard of the KY Derby... Road trip! You sure we can fit 20 people in this winny. Oh yeah, it says it sleeps 8, it will fit a lot more, plus a keg! Christmas parties at sponsor Bob's that we always remembered, isn't that right PG, BF, and JC. Cancun...not once, but twice. Little midget pics with Mahonius to don't jump in there it is only 2 ft deep. Oh, I can do it. I'm havin another heart attack, that makes it about a baker's dozen. DA BEARS DA BEARS DA BEARS!! Had the legs a supermodel would die for. What are you still doing push-ups for at 2:00AM. I can't sleep. Don't tell me you took those pills again did you? KD2K, 10 mins from home...asleep at the wheel. KD2K1, Buzz you're mom isn't gonna make those mint juleps again is she? Busby doodles, your dessert, a lasting legacy at this school. Land speed records from Annapolis to the 'Ville in your little Red 'Vette. Buzz you sure we can fit 4 in here. Yeah, just let Schnides have Shotgun. It's a family Sedan, see? P-cola, your dream... the town will never know what hit it. Best of luck Buzz! Stallions will be together forever - SC, CC, BF, BM, PG, JC, BS, JH, PF. Mom and Dad I will be forever grateful for all you have provided and gave up for me throughout the years. I promise, it will be returned ten-fold. I love you both more than you will ever know. Nicole you are the greatest sister a brother could ask for. Love ya Nic! Guys, it was a blast and now finally over. Thanks for everything and be safe!

Sarah Elizabeth Campbell
Pasadena, MD
Navy Pilot



She rolled up in her little red mustang convertible, just back from Ocean City straight to the lacrosse field where the red cards kept flying. She's audacious, outspoken, analytical, fun-loving, and fearless. She believes in life and love and friendship and happiness like no one I have ever known. Always ready for a tailgater or a horse race or a trip to the beach, Sarah has always and will always party with the best of them! She stands up for what she believes in and puts all her efforts into her most important relationships and I am proud to call Sarah a best friend. It's hard to write Sarah's comments in full sentences because they usually end all conversations, and many find it "amazing that she picked up on such things as internal warmth in the land locked state of New Hampshire." We'll miss you WI-NO & no this is not MAIN OFFICE...umm...SIR!! To all my friends from plebe year to firstie year thank you for all the laughs and those yet to come. Most importantly to my parents and Chris- Thanks for all the loving support. I couldn't have done it without you all. "One thing I can conclude, one has to learn having fun is just smiling through those Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes, take it from me cause I've found if you leave it then someone else is bound, to find that treasure, that moment of pleasure when yours it could have been" P-Cola here we come!!!

Christopher Stephen Cisek
Hicksville, NY
Surface Warfare

Mush. The Anchor. Vice-Commodore. Fastest white man from Long Island but when the eyes came out so did the cane during plebe summer. Who are you going to root for? What NY team is in first place? Everything I touch turns to mush. What does mush mean to you? Mushmath on tabs...five in means ten out. "I don't feel gooood, my tawmmy huwts." O Gawd let me tell you something. Anybody want to watch TRL? How is my hair? 1 honor offense + 3 years in summer school + 3 D's + 2 F's + 1 Black N = 280 out of 281. Personally, I get on a line too. He's an importer-exporter. So I reached down and pulled out the obstruction...Is that a Titelist? The nurse did me in and I did in young Hova's sweater, not to mention a car on the trip back. Whose list is bigger? I have my own circuit. 40oz to freedom...not according to AKC and LT. Gunny showed me what the middle of my ear really was. I don't carry cash I carry movie stubs. Go-go gadget deaf ear! I am the duality of man. Small brain, huge heart. Should've had a rack in the wardroom. Who likes Bon Jovi...Oh, I do I do!! Blue rims at a bar, who does that?? Swo-rrior...for liiife, Newport beware!!! Almost an officer, not close to a gentleman. PAPD...greatest heroes ever. Forever the Wolfpack, forever together: JB, SC, BF, PG, JH, JC, BS. CAPICOLA!!!! STUGATS!!!!!!

Steven James Cobos
Phoenix, AZ
Special Operations

Can't use enough expletives to do me justice. Double Ma'am sandwiches gave us all a laugh. All calls for a semester because I was too cool to chop up the stairs. Reggie-reg! Alarm clocks beware during boxing season. Lets not forget dueling alarm clocks at two minute intervals to aggrevate roommates. I don't know why I got punched. Well what did you steal this time? "Jimmer- jammer, pooner, jawnpiece, mimis...lovely" The biggest teeth this side of the border. The "Whip" performs without fail, except when it breaks down. Team Cobos forever pong champs. Will the phone ever stop ringing? Why are the doorknobs wet? I never got those whites clean. Boxing isn't a sport, its four months of PMS. "Are you an EPES worker? No Senior. You sure?" One hundred plus days of time and not a lesson learned. Black N. We all knew she was a frat case. STEVE COBOS, NATIONAL BOXING CHAMPION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! (Clapping) I just want so say thank you Mom, Dad and the Fam for all your support, a special thank you to April for making the past year fun and interesting and getting me through the toughest times, and thanks to the guys for never letting me forget that I am only as mature as the group quota. Wolf Pack Forever. JB, BF, JC, PG, JH, CC, PF, BM.

Matthew Edward Davin
Pittsford, NY
Navy Pilot

MattyD, shipmate, roommate, teammate to many . . . international man of mystery to us all. He embodied the playboy lifestyle: golfing in the fall, skiing in the winter, flying lessons year round, service selecting Navy pilot, dating one girl only to end up marrying her roommate. Luckily, he always had his bag-o-civies for a quick weekend getaway. Who needs to unpack when you're just going to Villanova again in 5 days? "The best part of alpha inspections is that I find stuff I thought I had lost." We were shocked and amazed when he put multiple sentences together in our presence for the first time to express his hatred for.... "daylight savings time?" From Park Road Elementary to USNA, the Davs was always the level-headed one who made the rest of us feel stupid when we acted stupid....ND, girlfriends, and nights on the town. Thanks for being there, Datty Mavin, and for teaching us to appreciate the benefits of growing up with siblings. We've done our very best to raise you. Karen, please take good care of him. He likes lots of food and exercise.
Truly, the dude abides . . . and we take comfort in knowing that. BMB JHB PCO SRD DJW CJS NJS

Scott Delwiche
Stafford, VA
Submarine Warfare

Living with Scott "Delhoopty" Delwiche, my roommate of all four years here, was never a dull moment. Plebe summer roommate!!! "Why are you running out of the room half naked to grab a fire extinguisher?" Firedave, burned down my desk?!?! I was amazed how he could sleep with his eyes open. Getting on restriction at the end of plebe year...and he only drank underage once. Youngster year led to the UPENN Model UN trip- did it really happen b/c he doesn't remember anything. Friday night youngster year parties were always a blast though. Scott always knew the best places to keep a wet bar. When it came to academics, he was a NARC at heart, but I did teach him to rule out the inconsequential. He still seemed to sneak away though for those study dates with KC. Spring break trip at South Padre—"Have you been drinking?" "No, no......well...yes, a bit...but it was in Mexico." 2/c year brought in the era of the nap, the room with a view, and slumber parties that made NJS and CJS jealous. For spring break he went to see an old friend in Omaha and came back engaged. The Winter Games competitor- 1st event at noon. What ever happened to your Mustang? Dumping ice cold water while in the shower. Subs service selection. Good luck, bro. Best of luck!
DJW, NJS, CJS, JHB, PCO, MED

Paul Farrell
Peabody, MA
Surface Warfare

Fatty, Pauly, and Mrpliers. Pee-ba-dee, cah, and drauw. Pound water? This plebe smells like alcohol. Gunny loved me. Ward Hall hated me. Neither stopped me. 1 man restriction musters. The 4 am tour. Late night tribes + techno = roommate antiseptic. The concentration look. The uncanny ability to suck his entire lower lip behind his two front teeth. Does caffeine come in IV's? You drank all that pepsi? Shouldn't you be throwing up? Paul, my computer broke, fix it. You know you're supposed to sleep at NIGHT? Back row always having a great time. Oley All Star. Needhamizer and the note card. Circular logic. Cross coupled nor gates. Easy, do it in binary. Routers! Thirteen-ThirtySeven. Farrell, stop mumbling. Full page 0's. I don't know how you expect to pass my class. Doesn't your neck hurt? Formations are mandatory? Sorry, I don't do breakfast. What, wego? Intramural toughie. How do you do homework with all those computers on your desk? I don't, I'm compsci. The barricades are not a slalom course. I will bury you in citations! Is the ceiling leaking? Always read the directions ... on Everything. So why do you want to go SWO? To lateral transfer. Thanks for everything, Mom, Dad, and Al.

Jacob Kauffman Fawcett
Flower Mound, TX
Surface Warfare

Yake. Five years by the bay... 6-4 balcony with JM, Corpus with WR and BT and Russo, Europe with GA, beat army at Heidi's with WR and JC, Dippy2001, New Orleans and the intrigue, Rack's magic applesauce, the Jetty, the dirtiest batt staff ever, and of course, 4 Woodward. But we're making good time. Mr. Fawcett, are your hands cold? We just don't give a @#$*, that's our angle. How much for a pound and an AK? It looks like someone stirred this room with a stick. I'm not gonna' risk my four years by the bay for you. Hopefully you're time as an E has taught you a thing or two about respect. A slacker revolves around the sun just as fast as a productive person. He couldn't have done it without the folks, HBN, and the Landings wiffle ball crew... GA, WR, BT, PR, JC, MK, TM, CD.

William Anthony Fitzgerald
Yonkers, NY
Submarine Warfare

Bilbo: A student of humanity and history majoring in engineering with a minor in drama? Like an orange on a toothpick. I am only happy when I sleep. Request permission to skeedaddle up in this jount? Or is it pig? Molded in the image of '99. Are you supposed to pit out a reefer? Gentleman, scholar and taster of fine wines. We'll see about that. I don't do it because it is against the church. "Hey Fitzgerald, you gonna get me a Cadillac?" No just cut my hair please. No, this is just for the train ride in. Watch the gap B47. Why are you frolicking into the woods. Army-Navy through a pool of vomit and a door rammed into my head, as Mannys mom saved us all. No...really...she took my money! We'll pay for it in beer. Everyone's favorite hobbit, Bilbo Baggins. I never liked February. Viva la enginenerds! All nighters were the best. The dream that was: 1402. I prefer to get on a line. Get back in the box. The sea was angry that day my friend, like an old man trying to send back soup at a deli. Everything comes to an end. To the untouchables- PG, SC, JB, BM, CC, JH, PF, JS- Free 19 Forever-Sic Ait.

Phil Glenn
Harwood, MD
Marine Corps Ground

Hey Phil, a girl called...Yessss!!! Named Phil but better known and loved as Dixie. Cars, horses, nicotine, caffeine, lawnmowing, and sleeping consumed his time. He made connections on the boardwalk; kleh kleh?! Was that supposed to facilitate laughter? Hey what are you doing this weekend?...working on the car or having a South County reunion. High Schoolers beware. Banished to the diving well. One weekend per month with the boys if they were lucky. 1402 was an unparalleled institution. No one could abuse a better vocabulary. Does anyone remember February 2001? His roommate did. This is my gun, this is my rifle. Long nights hearing Chach proclaim his love for Mandemonium...naked! It's vicissitude. Right? Armadillo's. The Club Lax crew. King Arthur's home is a cancer on the North American landscape. Kiss goodbye to the new truck. Look out Corps, I gave up my bag of worms. Here's to the boys: BF, SC, CC, BM, JH, JB, PF. What a ride.

Tanya Louise Hayden
Witchita, KS
Marine Corps Ground

T...tonka...Happy Daisy...the Russian spy...the easiest girl to get along with...that girl from Kansas...never knew what hit her once she arrived on the east coast...beaches, BIG cities, shopping, dining out, rowing, bagel shops, Starbucks, SUSHI SUSHI SUSHI...palm trees in Miami?...there is a world outside of Kansas! The luckiest girl alive...drinkin', partyin', dancin', wearin' gunny's uniforms, your car got towed?...does she really only have 10 demerits???...who is that girl? PROTRAPARTY 2000...where have these girls been all my life!...karaoke at Cat's Meow, night at the O's, date nights, steerage meetings, parties, roadtrips, freeze outs, D.C. rendezvous in the middle of the night...the best of friends...BETA BETA BETA always there when you need`em...love you girls!!! LEATHERNUT?? Why? You want Marine Corps? O MY HEAD!!...landnav, o/e course, tdg's, humps, luna bars, blister's galore...but she does look good in cami's...she is a little yut yut!

The sweetest thing in life, a lil' sis, my best friend, here at school...share the memories, the pain and agony and as always, the good times. She always knows the right thing to say. I'm so happy we got to spend this year together. LOVE YOU!

Thanks NWC for always being there and for the tremendous memories. My time spent here wouldn't have been the same without you. As a close friend of mine would have said, "Thanks for the Dance".

Jonathan Lewis Higdon
Edgewater, MA
Civil Engineer Corps

Jonny HaHa... where's the local P? South County. There's nothing wrong with DTA. Jonny... call you high school girls... they love us... gotta love the skip and go naked at the Outer Banks... put your hand over the mouth and... don't sleep on Forest Village... our first home...- EM. I'm sorry HaHa, I didn't complete the revolution -IT. Hurricane Higdon...Jonny "I will rock you in any video game" Higdon...tribes... youngster trips to V-nova in the MPV... the man who carried the stallions on his back for our first 2 years-yakkem -PG Dixie, Flying Fists, Mexican, Mush, Bilbo, Mahonious. Got a lip? -I got you on debt... seat partner for 4 years -Emac... badmitton, intense away game tennis. Intervals... no more. Spring Fling, Outer Banks, JMU, Vermont, San Diego, protramid... lets go to New Orleans- its only 7 hours, let us off now Hawes... Graham... good times at the place. Thanks Mom, Dad, and Mike- couldn't have done it without you all. Boys, that's for all the good times and I'll never forget you all. PG, JB, SC, CC, BF, BM, EM, Byungseok

Stephen Nicholas Huber
Kingwood, TX
Special Warfare

Nick Huber...Roommates since the first day. The most dependable, trustworthy and honest guy we know. How many times did we have to help put your boots on plebe summer? Stripers, who would have thought? You've been here but your hearts always stayed in Texas. After intercessionals, Carney's, and yarding, I now know why. Alter ego Pablo Pubes and friend of Poker. From the 4-hour weight room sessions to saki bombing, you're always taking it to another level. Physical machine, we always knew you'd get to be a Navy SEAL. Head butts to prove it. Nighttime antics -your stepping on the hat and 100 proof floor cleaner. 5001 girls say- Nicest butt in the brigade. So as this long trip comes to an end, we know you'll do well in life. The times we've shared have shaped our futures forever. It is going to be different without you, our roommate and brother from Texas. -Ben and Snake. "Why are you grabbing people...wait...is he peeing?" "That girl was 16...and she had braces." Cage in Mexico, Arizona girls on the beach, spring break with the boys. Grandma's awake. Hans what? Romo who? Unplugging camera PSU. Beating OSO with huge tree. -Steck, Oso, Fish

Brock Allen Mantz
Slatedale, PA
Marine Corps Pilot

Brock- Man! Has it been four years? I remember I-day and how you scared me, you buffalo funker. Plebe Summer, edge dressing, under the desk, pillow cases. Plebe year and your lovely squads. Hey Brock, what's that noise that Ben and Dick are making? Holy Cow Dick - I think you killed him! Always the instigator . . .Weekends at PSU. Hey Mike, clean up your pig-pen . . . Steve, are we going to Rumblefish tonight? I've never seen anyone work so hard. It might help if you got off of IM . . .I think the more you study, the less you know. You and Josh - never a dull moment. Hey, are you supposed to be sleeping in chokers at graduation? Josh, wake up - you're sleeping in a pile of puke! Hey Plebe, are you talking? It was just a cough, honest. Never go darkside, Lord Vader?

You've always impressed us with your focus. All those late nights and hard work finally paid off. You wanted to be a Marine since you got here and now the dream is reality. Ran two marathons, kicked butt at Leatherneck, gutted out two years of Mech E. You do what's right, you do it right, and always have. Keep your focus and it'll all work out. You'll be an awesome Marine. MCS SCR JPW

Paul Chapman Oyler
Paso Robles, CA
Navy Pilot

He came to us from California with a pocketful of food stamps and a head full of nothing relevant to USNA life. "So we have to look nice for these inspection things?" Yes, Spoyler was the screen. He outgrew it. "Where's Paul?" "On the phone with Claire." Lwt Crew= Early mornings, icy oars, blistered hands, ERGS. "40 lbs in two months, I can do that." "You boys look sick. You need to eat." Paul, using your naked body to attack people only works when you're running at them in the hallway. Best of luck from all those who ever had the pleasure of seeing your skills on the water or the misfortune of seeing your hairy butt. JHB MED CJS NJS DJW SRD "I.S.B."
Thanks to: my Savior, Jesus Christ; my love, Claire (for keeping the faith); Dad, Nay, Pete, Mom; The boathouse and my favorite teammates- Josh (for carrying me through this place), Chris (my surrogate brother- for runs, Hawaii, unauthorized liberty, the winter screener, more), MarkP, AndyD, Ethan, Pat, Craig, Chuck, Alex, JustinO, Eric, Adam, MattR, ALL 2004 flavors; my coaches, Valhonrat, Hurley and Friedrich; my accountability partner, DougW; DattyMavin and all my great friends. I love you.

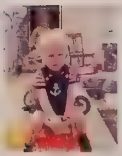
Bradley William Patterson
Clever, MO
Navy NFO

The Dude, His Dudeness, El-Duderino, Big-Brad. The Brad's Passion, what a great Hawaiian drink."Brad, you ready for some rope and choke?" square root club plebe year...me, the Mexican, and the Alaskan... hmm, should I play video games, or sleep? 9:15!!!... that idiot just kicked your car... "No, just a barking spider." "Why is there a noose on your corkboard?"... "We better leave, the OOW is coming" "Brad this isn't Vietnam, there are rules..."THAT WAS SIMPLE!!! "How can we tell which one is Big-Brad? That's easy, he's the hairy one." "I paid for a double, I got like a quadruple." The two man room with a view and. Rushing your *** to the hospital point ER Your life may be a mess but hey, at least your room is, well, nevermind. "Anybody wanna buy a glass brick?" I knew you were destined for a flight career when we made our first brake-torque NASCAR start on West Street, then the Best Buy traffic circle at 40mph. "Pilot or NFO, just no SWO" Napoleon: "Brad, it's the Wicker People, don't let them get me." The Dude: "Don't worry I won't let the Wicker People get you."- BJS, DJB, TLA
Pensacola or bust, The Dude abides...
Farner

Christopher John Sabbatini
Annapolis, MD
Surface Warfare

Chris, Sabb, Sabbo, whatever...7 years on the yard and he finally graduates (thanks for everything mom and dad)...secret letter to Tina during plebe summer, "Is she a hottie, Mr. Sabbatini" A weekend in O.C. sleeping in her Civic with Wolf and Riojas. Good with girls but after several months, "I think I'm gonna break up with her tonight." Why? "I dunno." A few more girls and then he had to wait for his teammate to climb Herndon to date his most recent victim. A key member of "the brain," having hour-long come-arounds before practice. Rowed LWT for 4 years...170 to 149lbs on a weekly basis."We have to break the rules while they are still ours to break" ~Sabb & Spoyler. Saved Nate's life in NYC after getting free Italian using his name-tags. Drunken decision in Boston and we roomed together for the next 3 years. Played dress-up in Becca's bikini. Q-U-E-E-R...loser? Naked in the room...cold water while we showered...gate guards = ride in trunk...BB gun battles 2/c years...countless hours at Gate-8 pool...strip poker with lifeguards, we won...half of Ace and Gary for Halloween. wants SEALs by way of SWO. My best friend, best of luck. NJS, PCO, JHB, SRD DJW

Michael C. Smith
Boise, ID
Navy Pilot



Ziggy Zaggy, Ziggy Zaggy, Oye, Oye, Oye . . . Dude, Dick just knocked you out. You gave up crew for sailing? What were you thinking? The quote machine. "Hey, look at this." "Would you . . . ?" I see we cleaned the room today. "I have great organizational skills. I just choose not to use them." Hooters-"Hi, my name is Mike (oops)." Hey dad, how is that diet working out? What do you think this is, a national day of rest? Hey Mike, can you ask your dad to get me one of those cool hats? What did she look like? I don't know. Well, its been 4 years. It sure has flown by. We've been through a lot together. You can always be counted on to do anything for anybody. You took a lot of crap from us, but could always throw it right back at us. You're an awesome skipper and you are going to make an even better pilot. You did so much for all of us and we'll be forever grateful. On to the moon . . . Brock, Steve, and Josh. We've been cliff diving at 9000 ft, sailing in Bermuda, haggling in a Singapore flea-market, and gold-shopping in Bahrain. Giving up oars for sails was the best thing we ever did. When I'm old and fat and you are old and bones, we'll go race sailboats on a summer's day. You are one fearless yet wise walrus with a contagious adventurous spirit. There is no person I'd rather circle the globe with but the real adventure has yet to come - J. Chen

Steven D. Smolik
Kingsville, TX
Navy Pilot

Where to begin. . . from Sunday night racing, to thre shots of Tio, and form tackling lessons, its been a hella ride. I think I might have killed some upperclass plebe year had it not been for you. So in turn I guess I owe you a thank you. Wow, has it been 2 years already? And to think, it took me that long to make you a believer in the force. Where would you be today without it? Actually, I'm willing to bet you'd be a whole lot richer, not nearly the drunk, and people probably won't be as afraid to party. But who wants that anyhow? They just don't understand, either u keep up or stay away. Oh yea, how can I forget, if I was to give any advice for the future, stay away from women with the first name beginning with M. . . (Notice I remembered after typing 'stay away') My friend, don't forget the times, remember us little people, and most important, may the force be with you! No doubt, I'll see you around.

John Keenan Standen
Cypress, CA
Marine Corps Pilot

Jcali78, aka. Chach, it all started with Naval Academy Dad, NWP, Aerosmith at the Pond, the Rock, , Plebe Year "who's got the floor, Popov's got the floor." Don't you have your own room? You had to loose it in Big Pete's wagon. 14 days to Mazatlan... double-fisted down the stairs... watch out getting off the booze cruise. Dave's 21st... you'll never drink Sammy A. again. HFS at RFK. That's f_ing interesting man; you got any Kahlua? Is there a head out Gate 1...I swear I wasn't drinking. Should we go to Hooters or the ER? OC after Herndon. It's cool; Nick's picking you up at the airport. Kegger at Sunny's-yeah dude she's a Raven's Cheerleader; she's got a boyfriend though. So you're telling me there's a chance. Hey Johnny-five-phones what are you doing this weekend... going to Mandy's huh? Good times in the Caribbean with your girl. You can do anything in a rental car! Buddies, always there in a pinch. When you leavin' for TBS... see you in Pensacola.

Susan Starkey
Bozeman, MT
Navy Pilot

After just meeting, you tried to corrupt me. You've succeeded, or at least started the downfall. Rugby, Orlando, Preakness, Lax in DC. She can pick up more guys in the random places, like behind their cars. Megan. Our Academy weeks weren't complete without a visit or two to DTA. Tuesays on the stools at Griffens with the girls. NWR brought our crew closer and broadened our horizons to the entire East Coast. Road Trips: NYC for Ring Dance number two, 3 am- driving back with sunflower seeds. The Philadelphia emergency room visit. The Fat girl modeling trip (at 95 MPH). Newport sail. Got older and settled down to apartment parties, jello shots, champagne and strawberry nights, raspberry cider, and coyote ugly. Can't wait to carry your laugh with me to flight school. Love your sister at heart. Ally. A callout to the people who kept life fun: the original 19, the best classmates around, the varsity team, the ruggers, roommates (Tanya and Meg for four years, Emily with sea monkeys a great addition), Jamaica and Vegas crews, Ally trips, the Med and Lemoore partiers. And all the rest, who were always willing to sit back, have a drink, and be happy. I'll miss ya. Susan

Nathan Joshua Storm
Del Rio, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

Nate Storm ladies and gentlemen...girls? Let's just say he did better in academics....it was like playing Russian Roulette, only with female mids. What class was next?... "NJS...what a gift" ~JMJ '00...kindergarten teacher in Vegas...Salisbury Freshman, "I just wanted to say sorry in advance"...it was alright though, he didn't need a mustache at the time...And when he couldn't get a girl, or read about them in Shakespeare, he went into cross dressing...Ace and Gary, bikini groping, or the infamous walk-in by NKD (shower time)..."freeze [insert slur here], or I'll cap your ass" (endless BB gun wars)..."you're the fat body, fat body" ~favorite plebe year roommate....you got pierced where [to jh as he falls into the Severn]....."lets go to England this summer jhb" ~ 3 months later... "how much money do you have Nate?".."$2.43, if you combined everything." Beverage anyone? Host of the Drunken Games...three point stance with an 18 wheeler in NYC...beautiful bank in Boston, yeah, he pissed on it...strip poker, definitely the winner... nympho neighbor, he got to her before jhb...and thanks to the golden beverage in Boston, I was lucky enough to room with him for 3 years, that silly Jap-Head. Stupid Marine. CJS, JHB, DJW, PCO, SRD

Brandon Ross Thompson
Minneapolis, MN
Navy Pilot

Thompson is an adventurous fellow from Minnesota (the only part). He climbed the ranks by attending the Naval Nuclear Power Training Command in Orlando, FL, followed by at blast of a time (year) doing the NROTC thang at the University of Wisconsin - Madison, before finally ending up at good 'ole USNA. Should have taken that appointment to Chair Force, huh Thompson? Keep your mouth shut about youngster summer. Blah. .blah. .blah. .blah. . .EQUATION! You should have learned this in second grade; this back in SP211; you won't pass my course . . . finally done doing battle with Smitty and "the Mack." Screw studying, we're going out. American cars suck. Still hasn't popped the question after three years. . . It's plastic: you never have to pay. Astro majors rule! Wait, canoe through the middle of nowhere? Damned Austrian police... Road trip. Cute redhead. Drain that phone battery EVERY night? Let's go skiing. Moody...where the hell is MOODY!? Let's beat some air force pukes. Bubblehead to bomb-dropper. Professional student. JSC to the Cape? let's drive. Fly NAVY!

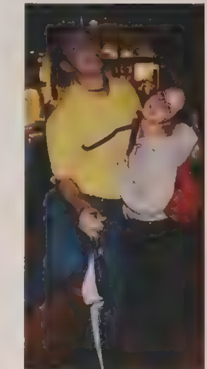
Douglas James Waller
Sharpsburg, PA
Surface Warfare

My plebe summer roommate, Doug-E-DOUG!! Political scientist (also read: "psychobabble") by day, volunteer firefighter by night. Honorary black man in Cartwright's squad. Never went to bed past 10 during plebe year, never went to bed before 12 every year after. Youngster year was full of the infamous Friday night parties. He used to drink rum and cokes, but I'm not really sure why he doesn't like them anymore... The Academy's official recruiter for the Political Science Department. Then came "Operation Spring Break" which ended up with a game of keep the bottle away from Steven. "Are you running dope?!?" "No!!!" He remembers bus rides in Philly, even though certain people can't...Neither rain nor sleet nor snow will stop 'da training with JHB. 2nd class year: The year of the nap and the slumber party after he calmed down from detail. This can also be known as the "NyQuil Era." And what about Brooke, I mean she is just a good friend......but they ARE getting married. Firstie year and $1 beers, well, with the exception of the final Monday night. "Maximum effect with minimal effort."
SRD, JHB, NJS, CJS, PCO, MED

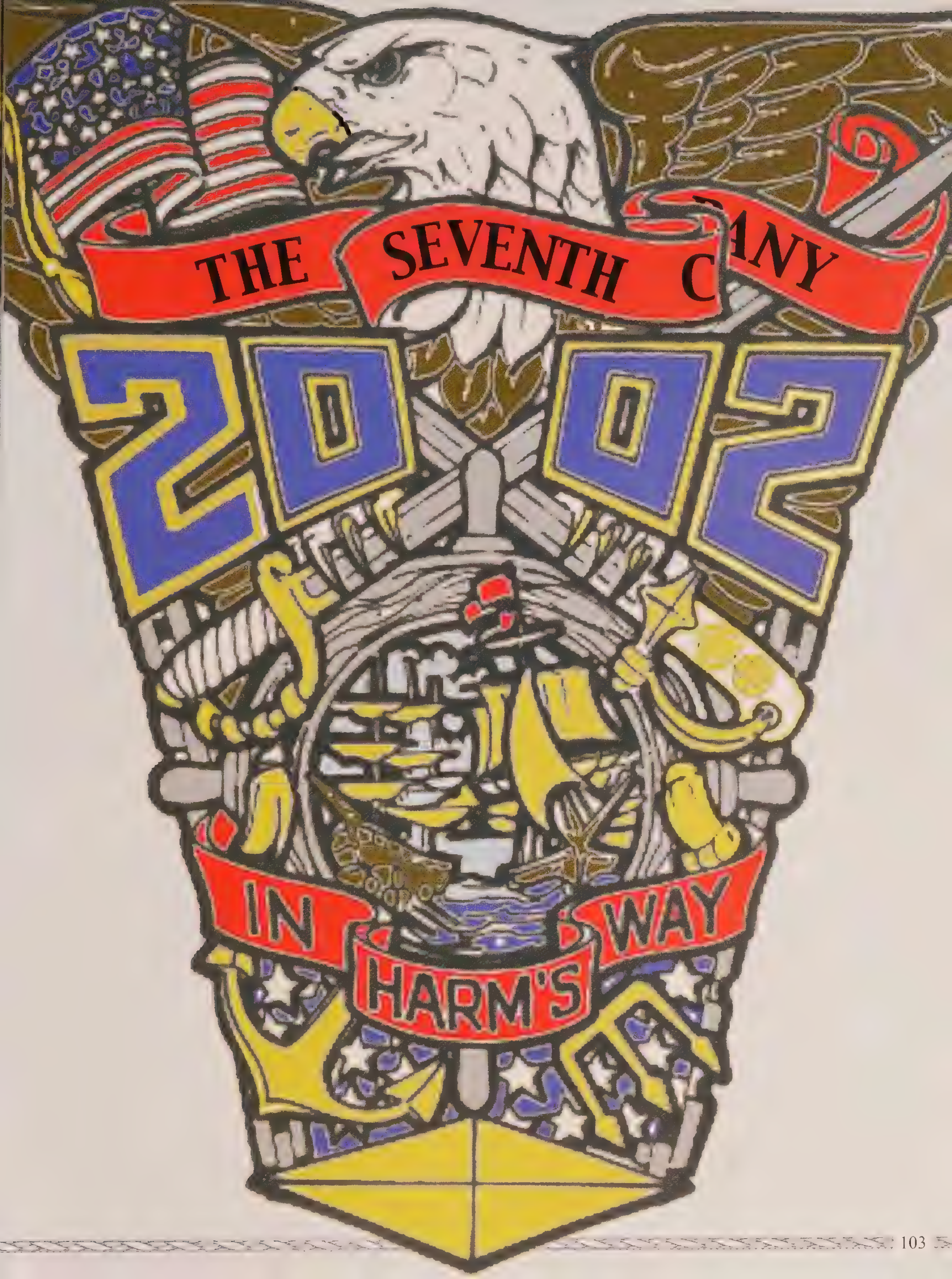
Justin Lawrence White
Bedford, NH
Navy Pilot

Justin White-always wanted to fly. Came in a boy scout left a Navy pilot. From New Mexico to New Hampshire to 23...there's no place like home. Ranged from boxing, to club soccer, to drinking always trying his best. You are an "American fighting force" and even Monkey boy couldn't get you out. From day 1 you knew this was what you wanted. You have been a great roommate, someone to depend on, and a best friend. The pillar of our friendship, you can always count on us for anything you need. It won't be the same without you...but the best is yet to come! A fresh scar, a torn ACL and you still get no sympathy. Ahhh, and the beautiful babies. 300 at 723 and you had her cornered. Inverting it in the Florida Keys Ya-Yas and sitting at Stilettos. No one has frightened more old people than on your birthday. I'll take the 10 bucks to my grave. "Host, Young White Snake!!" Army-Navys, Clemsons, PSUs. More weekends together than apart. It's been a long four years but we got through it. Only boys in the start, we've grown up together. Roommates, best friends, like brothers.
—SNH, BBA, JWW—

Joshua Patrick Wolf
Walkersville, PA
Surface Warfare



Josh - A dubba dubba? My baby boy is all grown up! You used to sit in your room, avoid the Pert Plus king, and twitch. Goin' Corps! Don't worry about it sticky lips, you were the most locked on pleber the world has ever known - you even scared the Dant away. . . . youngster year and the fight of the apples, never mind that Brock started it. Don't forget LT G and the gate 1 incident. Fly Navy! Did you knock out one of your roommates? At least the boys are okay. I don't think we'll ever forget Preakness, if only we could remember it.
2/C, we're upperclass and little kids all at the same time. The 1-4 wars - the neighbors had to wonder . . . . don't worry, your computer is OK. Hey, Ring Dance and the fee-AN-say! Hey Josh, do the Donkey Dance! Goin' for the silent service. Oh lord, now we're Firsties. Big money . . . maybe not.
Well Josh, it certainly wasn't dull. You gave your all to Navy football, it's a shame that they didn't give their all to you. We're proud of who you are and what you can do. We know you'll make one hell of a SWO . . . you've found a little lady that makes you happy - that makes her a catch in our book. Don't forget the good times! MCS BAM SCR


THE SEVENTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Colin John Bernard
Boston, MA
Navy NFO

I'd never met anyone from South Boston until I met Colin. Now, I can't wait to meet the whole neighborhood. A true brother, 12-month tan, pull-ups, PERFECT. The loudest kid I know, but Colin taught me how to be loud again. A real snappy dresser too. But, hell, he seems to wear everything well, like life. As long as I've known him, he has been at the center of everything, serving as a magnet which irrevocably draws people to him. Countless times, I've had to wipe away the tears or choke back the laughter in class after sharing a joke or matching wits with the man. He has a lot of pride, like me; and he taught me the virtue in vanity. But more importantly, he made me believe in myself unconditionally again. "Who do these girls think they are?" Cocky?? "Natty why lose? Just win"...most stubborn kid I know. This is for Colin, one of the few brothers I have. Best of luck in everything you do, but then again, who needs luck, right?...NBT - Saying I have made friends here is an understatement. Bower, Joey, Ricky, Reed, Moose, Natty, 1198, those who are gone (Brownie, Buck), and those who are left (BJ), you are like family. Mom and Dad, I think this was harder on you sometimes...I love you both. Finally, who thought that Bob Dylan and toothpicks could have started something so good. I guess we'll have to let him know some day. To the rest, thank you for the good times and for helping me through the harder ones. One more thing, I'm still here boys...don't ever ask where I went again.

Michael Patrick Boettcher Jr.
Baltimore, MD
Navy Pilot

"How hard do you plan to work?"
"Not too hard, just hard enough."

Mike Boettcher continues to cling stubbornly to this exceptionally obtuse, yet wildly entertaining adage. Perhaps that's the reason he decided to grace us with his presence at USNA in the first place; he didn't have to leave the state of Maryland. It explains his natural affinity for orioles, ravens, Edgar Allan Poe and any bar in Baltimore. After all, they were right there. But he IS the "clutch test taker." Translation: the only midshipmen to sleep through half of TWO final exams and still remain SAT. Barely.

Part of his resilience must come from growing up among a family of wrestlers. They never lock their house, but only because they like to encourage intruders. This mental toughness has allowed him to endure hardships like: a messy roommate, a bipolar girlfriend, y el hecho de que se habla Espanol en America.

Amazingly enough, he is single. But act fast. For all you ladies out there, Mike enjoys Dirty Dancing marathons, heated debates and writing love poetry. So if you like what you hear as much as he likes Baltimore, look him up. But careful, he likes 'em young.

Michael Lane Bower
Canton, MA
Surface Warfare

Lets go over a few things real quick...Here's my ring, where's my date? Kitchen counter, enough said. Tennis, Golf, and finally Hockey. Loon Mountain and another shoulder gone. Geneseo 16 times. Grocery getter and Chef Bower. Ft Lauderdale, Where did my pants go...Mariano. The man in the closet...no visitors allowed. San Diego, where's my wallet, Bahamas, where's my wallet, Where am I? Voted most responsible man ever. Got more moves than Vanilla Ice. How much is that Body Hair removal? Walmart, Kmart, All marts, mom can I have some more clothes? - 411 BTC great times...better dudes.

Bernard, Maggi, Ferrari will be roommates for life. Reed, Moose, and Croft my home away from home. The Hockey Team...volumes more than great friends and times...irreplaceable. From the same Middle School, the same High School, the same Academy, to the same ship and well beyond...JPM. Carter, Brendan, Brianne, and Tara...couldn't have gotten through without your friendship. A boy could not dream of a better family to grow up in than mine. Through rough times and great moments you were always there. I owe more than I could ever give to you. Mom, Dad, and Dickie (and Breaker)...thanks is not enough.

Charles Dustin Burton
Running Springs, CA
Surface Warfare

Timothy James Collins
Woodstock, GA
Marine Corps Pilot

Where's Tim from anyway? CA, TX, OR, or MCRD San Diego? The last thing you thought you'd be doing: TX Football, college, the Infantry, mastering "Hands-Lib." What would McNulty and the Thunderin' Third say? You bought into this place the day you signed and never looked back. 28. "Don't sweat it," especially bad grades. Super optimistic, hard-charging, "Johnny PT" (USMC Marathon, Airborne, PFTs, MiniBuds, every other screener known to Midshipmen), Brigade leadership (2nd BattSgtMaj, 7th CoCdr—even with a love-chit, SFS President). You get it done and always help others along the way. Still recovering from YP's, "Wilderness Jack," moved to OR for trees, sleeps on the floor, and survived without a computer. With you around, it's always an adventure— NeverADullMoment. Your family and friends are your religion. If someone needs something done, getting you to take it on and getting out of your way is guaranteed to work. No matter where you're from, where you go from here is nowhere but up—literally Winger. Good Luck man and never forget where you came from Cpl or who gave you your first call-sign: "Sprinkles!" Semper Fidelis - BSH ("I love it when a plan comes together." No regrets - tjc)

Christopher Wade Cortez
Honolulu, HI
Surface Warfare

Marshall St Julien Croft
Richmond, VA
Submarine Warfare

Bubblehead, Bubs, glass half empty, Monkey, Nips, ahhhh, CRAP! #1 restrictee '02, Stove, "time for leepy" "I don't have pants on" KH red vomit, no BS dance parties, Snood=the devil, Wet-t General w/Burns, 1of2 worse plebes w/Reed, TKO: get a grip Reed, "I can't talk to girls" "When it, rains it pours"-serious sui watch, Lax 1 spat, Nice beer head, thanks CB, 3wheel motion in PA, Aiding and Abetting Planet-Hwood, HSC: 72vs5, bye-bye shoulder, Spanish Balla, XO w/A-clown, Subs? It's my first time on, Japanese Lngpole, '99 Ballas, Beth and Webs! Silver Rum, Long nights w/Bird, "Like Massage" Richmond and UVA Runs w/ Phabs, Early UVA night, too many 1goal games. Anti-game but Hippo, Costa Rica, Brillow, Mizzou, Longhorns, and Al {Bawla, Gon, Paw, and Psycho}and (Reed, Moose, Bernard, Bower, PHabs, Bird, Keez, Goods, Pinto, DJ Fogo, Tio, EMac DaPhone, Flows, Griff, Conks, Holton, Bagel, 2tall, The Monos, and the Boys and Girls left out.)

Thanks for everything family, the superfans, 5 thousand I'm outie

"If you want to stay up with the owls then you have to soar with the eagles"

Justin Percy Davis
Sandy Hook, CT
Special Warfare

Justin Davis, the waspy womanizer that hails from the whitest small town in America is a gun-and-bible toting extremist with a hankering for some Buddha baby. His hobbies include flirting with girls that he doesn't like, longboarding down perilous mountain roads and listening to the same Pearl Jam song for 11 hours straight. Justin's other pastimes include hitting his friends for making amorous passes at his sister and drunken line-dancing in empty bars. His accomplishments consist of attaining Navy SEAL-dom, the instant message hook-up and being on time. Once. He is also only one of two people to successfully execute the roommate switch sans ménage. The guys like him for his brutal honesty and the gals for his ghetto booty. He's a force to be reckoned with in the classroom and dangerous on the dance floor. No really. He once took a girl out with a flying elbow. Justin likes to use oxymorons such as "zen-like intensity" and can successfully wield a hefty vocabulary without saying anything. His favorite song, non-Pearl Jam of course, is "I'm The Only Gay Eskimo." Justin is looking forward to being a SEAL, where everyone is just as cool as he is.

Cynthia Villaflor Delgado
Chulavista, CA
Navy Pilot

CynCyn.... the volleyball girl. Sleeping in the same bed...."there's some crazy sh@t going on in that room." Now onto the boys.... let's never forget crazy engaged marines and some good kissing! It all comes down to: "I'm here for entertainment purposes only!" What the last four years has taught me about Cyn: she is the #1 roommate in the world and is the most beautiful person I know inside and out. You have it all and I can't imagine my life without you in it. I love you girl ~ JRR

Best Friends since plebe PE class thanks to "JP's in your company?" -all it took was CSTS and Ben puking. CORNROWS! "Hey man, isn't that Alicia Keyes?" Nah, it's just J.Lo. My hair is hungry! Tailgatin' like Lauryn Hill with yo' silver beamer. Love you girl!!! ~ MBF

CynCyn, come here! I hab to show you somting! I can't imagine anyone else I'd rather take sexy pictures on BMWs with or break my @ss boarding down a hill with. I've never met a more sincere person here at the Academy that has such a big heart. ~ EAD

To Everyone I Love: "LET'S RIDE!" ~ Peace Out ~ CVD

Christopher Lawrence Douglas
Traceys Landing, MD
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

The man...the myth...the, ummm, yeeaahh. Chris hails from Fairhaven, MD, but still complained to his plebe roommates about homesickness. A renowned critic of inconvenience, stupid people in general, and anything that keeps him from his rack, Chris is on the record as the only man to call Rush Limbaugh a liberal. Young Christopher liked to live dangerously, obviously chasing a dream of becoming 007. The rebellious lad was either sleeping in during Plebe Summer or on the run from SJ3 and The Curse of the Scandalous Daughter. Chris will never forget having his squad leader tell him, "Mr. Douglas, you have a pretty mouth." or his roommate, "Are all hockey players' pants that big?" and especially not his personalized Christmas cards from Krispy Kreme, reminding him that atrophy can be prevented by eating more. Academy records also verify him as the only man to ask for YPs and a Norfolk surface cruise...and NOT GET EITHER ONE. Having endured the rigors of an infantryman-turned-cheerleader roommate, damnation as XO, the quest for the permanent White Works Chit, a room incessantly reeking of Raid, and a stint in amateur lumberjacking, SWO-Daddy Chris will forever remind us that the Dude does indeed abide.

Meghan Collin Elger
Annapolis, MD
Surface Warfare

"Twelve years of Catholic school... gone wrong? Luck O' the Irish was born 3 lb. 4 oz. on 4/3. Not such a coincidence when you consider the fated 4-3. How many days? 105 straight... an Academy record. The forbidden slide. Black N **. Summers to remember, namely Pensacola '00. "Be back in am... met Scottish soccer players." '00 trip to Mallorca preceded weekly love letters from a secret Spanish admirer, Antonio. Come to find out later by a fluent friend that "esposa" and "casamiento" translate to "wife" and "marriage" in English. Good to know.

We sure do make a sexy pair of cowgirls. Meg quote, "I think I'm going to be a nun." Response, "Hey Meg how about you be a spy...you've got that jumping over gates thing down pat." Love- Court. Well roomie, four years of stealing each others' chocolate and many days of restriction later we are finally getting out of here. Living with you has taught me the true meaning of friendship.- V

Never will I forget Marine Corps Marathon '01... seeing you, my Black Knight. Army- Navy will never be the same. And so the tradition continues....Annapolis bred, Navy brat, and a SAINT forever! I truly am blessed.

Jonathan Daniel Farley
Camden, AR
Navy NFO

Jon Farley left Smackover, Arkansas, for USNA in 1998 having only seen the place in the brochure. That was OK, because according to the Arkansas Times, he was "a student willing to risk unfamiliar waters." Pleber Jon took up intramural hoops after his Drum and Bugle Corps career came to a screeching halt. Sources close to the quints drummer say he lost his edge and turned in his sticks after one too many queries of, "So, beater or blower?" His basketball career, though short, was punctuated by a record 17 and a half broken ankles. (Yes, his own.) Restricted by Das Boot, he took up the guitar and has since been heard rattling off the likes of SRV, Van Halen, and Metallica. Jon has dabbled in lumberjacking, bowling, and company leadership (LT: "Company commander is... Jon Farley." 7th Co: "Who?") He is also an accomplished longboard chit-surfer, with a record-shattering 1000+ day ACTIVE streak on the DL. The apple of Smackover's eye will soon follow in the footsteps of Slider and many other movie-star NFOs, but friends will always remember him as the wide-eyed kid from Arkansas who spent the first 12 days of Plebe Summer without a bowel movement.

Richard Edward Ferrari
West Babylon, NY
Surface Warfare

Ricky, the tall lanky kid from Long Island. Likes to indulge during the summer, everything from tailgating with the Baysocks to joining the Russian Mafia with Katya. CSTS What What. He found out that revenge is sweet when he stole Bjorn's Ring Dance date after the Julie incident. He has learned from bad romantic encounters with Miss MF and the lovely lady from Montreal. Regardless of all his trouble with women, he is a hopeless romantic at heart who is willing to take planes, trains, and automobiles to Geneseo and to fight off the crowds of beautiful women in order to stay true to his game. Of all the good times he has had, the best were at 1025 1B. Out of the mess of stolen furniture and the rug that tied the room together emerged some of the best post tailgate fiascos in Annapolis. However, it could have all came crashing down in a fiery inferno during the destructive feuds arising from disputed beer pong games and b.s. stories. His favorite quote is "lizzight to the mother...tizzight." And now as he looks forward to a future of tapered haircuts he thinks to himself there's always a keg of beer for the four of us...glorious

- B.M; B.A.; S.L.

John Stuart Goodenough
Naples, FL
Navy Pilot

A pilot from age two. From the Induction Day look of a deer in headlights now has the look of a destitute monopoly player who finally got a "Get out of jail free" card. Never had anyone say a word about his name. Riiigggghhhhttttt. AKA BAD'NUFF or J. Good. "Maverick" from day one. Ran a 50-mile race all 4 years, what some people will do to get off the yard. The ultimate plebe summer detailer. What is the definition of hazing again? Somehow still smiling after EVERYTHING. Homework anyone, not John. Has the ability to make anyone blush with his comments. Spring break - Killington to Montreal a good time ay! Going out drinking...better keep an eye on him. Crash Test Dummy in Va. Beach. Bad John. My boss the Break Commander I mean Batt. Commander. What Army-Navy week shenanigans? Watch out for that train. Long time resident of the 7th company mile. So what are you doing for oh... the next 60 days? Thanks for always being there dude, friend for life.
Gg, MD, JDF, EAW

Scott Arthur Halvorsen
Chicago, IL
Navy Pilot

Halvo, Beware, Shots, T.C. and many more, I have had many nicknames since being here at the boat school adding on to the list from high school which should make it easy for me to get a good call sign. After all these years I can finally say, "That's right, I'm a Naval Aviator." From plebe year and throwing people into the garbage can to having massive rumbles playing street hockey. When they say look to your left and look to your right, that one of these people will not make it. Well it did happen to me two of my plebe summer roommates left. After being unsat all of plebe year academically I thought I would be next. But then things turned around once I could start doing some systems stuff. But I could not get through the place alone so I would like to thank my Mom and Dad for always being there for me. To Ernie for keeping me updated on what I am missing in a real college life, and my good friends Bower, Bernard, Croft, Reed, and Moose for all the laughs. I can't wait to hit the beaches of Pensacola and have the same number of landings as I do take offs.

Adam Quincy Hocutt
Waconia, MN
Navy NFO

From his Engagement to Ruth and trials with Bree, his bleeding heart can be seen by all, from his strength as a friend to his contributions to Giving from the Heart. The boy came from Minnesota who carries the warmth of the South. Trials and tribulations of becoming a midshipman to include the memories of: Sprint Football...Weapons detail...dancing in DC...will you marry me?...I just need to find me a nice southern girl...DUDER...hate to see you go but I love to watch you leave...got a smoke...man of many words...Ford F-150...Rock and bowl...parties at Jeremy's...Dave's place...wanna golf?...no Hocutt's allowed...I met another girl...That's correct...we need to talk...meet me at the smoke pit. Adam is always willing to buy you a drink and finish it at the end. A man who can never lie, even when it comes to feelings and picking up women, regardless of their fiancee's. Style that mimics a gay man's taste: he is a good dancer, great dresser, amazing cook, and party animal. Now he is off to continue making memories and friends in Pensacola. Just remember when you are in the air...keep the blue side up. JRR, BLK, MJP

Justin William Huber
Salinas, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Justin Huber is a man who goes by many names. He has been referred to as the Bible Beater, H.osed U.p, B.E.yond R.epair, the Heathen, and everyone's favorite fundamentalist Christian. While he is a political scientist by trade, he has at times been confused with the Unabomber. Huber's favorite activity is certainly reading the Holy Bible, at 2A.M. and with a spotlight he stole from Batman. Aside from that he is also the Executive Officer of the Academy's Militia Team. He is also among the leadership of a prayer group that has been plotting the execution of Huber's two Catholic roommates. Among his claims to fame are being fired from CMOD, and having a room that was still considered exceptional despite his skidmarked skivvies on the floor. He is remembered for his Brigade Quarterfinal boxing match that featured two hits, Justin getting hit, and Justin hitting the floor. If you are ever looking for him in the future, the easiest way to find him is through his car. It is quite an antique, it was built by Henry Ford himself, and can be heard and smelt from several blocks away.

Eric William Hulbert
White Plains, NY
Navy Pilot

This cantankerous hobbit (the cockier half of Kaoulbert) checked in to 16th Company with a New York accent and an attitude to match, claiming he owned an island (see picture below.) He kept us guessing by quoting Jimmy Buffet every thought of the day and then nearly killing his roommate throwing his mouse through the window. Almost lost his inner peace. Then he went underground - so stealth he wasn't there to accept his Stealth Youngster Award. But he had to in order to bring us such highlights from the Morality Free Zone: HFS "Where'd Eric go?" "Sir, you're not wearing any pants." Bawling in Jamaica. "Thanks for the wakeup." JG? Firstie brass "`Should I bother asking again?' `No.'" His zenith, after sending the MOOW to go stick it where the sun don't shine, was the Jeff and Eric Show. "You DEFINITELY can't say that on the radio." And by the way, Dude, why's your ring on Ebay? So despite 4 years and sharing with us his passion for Hemingway, PS2, fine gin, and Fight Club, all we know for sure is he's still a belligerent New Yorker with an attitude and a crooked nose.

Theodore Frederic Kaouk
Naples, FL
Surface Warfare

Ted, Teddy, TeddyFreddy, Teduardo, Tedrick. . . the Entropist. It's been like living with a puppy with ADD for four years, except he has opposable thumbs. His unique character enabled him to accomplish feats that baffle all but the most astute anthropologists: deeply nocturnal study habits, a budding literary genius, getting kicked out of the same bar twice in one night, territorial nesting instincts, and an affinity for pizza boxes and broken glass. He is perhaps the most unexpectedly efficient human alive - once-a-year PRT checkup, capstone paper in a weekend or your money back, and judo championships on a whim. His true gift, though, is with the ladies. Even if he did lose to a 51-year-old rock star professor, he can still boast of the Roommate Switch and the Mature Lady Friend. If only she had witnessed his theatrical talent, like Halloween performances of Fight Club and fig leaf-clad Japanese boy bands, or the 80,000 people staring at Midshipman Powers' butt in the best spirit spot ever. So while the winner of the Supreme Human Being contest remains undeclared, there is no doubt that somehow, somewhere, Ted and Mike will still be arguing about EVERYTHING.

Joseph Leonard Knipp
San Carlos, CA
Surface Warfare

It has been a long strange trip. No more boards please. Well, hey I guess I can squeeze in a few more demerits, but not!! The second discipline will live on forever...Ryan Davis (LD for life) NWP...nights at the rock...I'm a little gassy. It will be an after dinner mint! Mazatlan...Hasselhoff across the beach, is that a rock? Nice sun burn...how are those Mexican cartoons? Midn Knipp became combative. Looks like you guys have been in mommy's closet (gross)...Buzz!!! 158 days R. No, Christmas is not too bad, but summer too. But margarita Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays made up for it. 2nd class year..run along little dunn dunns. Is haiir supposed to be on those? Hey where you going with KD, that mole was sick, yeah but she is a great girl...DAH! Nling Blinging in the Benzito. Finally you found a hot chick in DTA! It's about time. Here's to Honor...to getting honor...to staying honor......Thanks dad, mom, Kelly, and Karly!!

Jeffrey Sun Lee
Atlanta, GA
Submarine Warfare

What can be said about Jeffo? I think we've found that surprises can be the best and worst part about this place. For instance, who would've known that the kid I kicked in the shin on our first boot run would have become one of my best friends. And there were obstacles of course, like a certain schizo firstie that forbade you from coming in our room ever again. Jamaica will forever be remembered for all its Jeff-isms that turned a trip into an experience. Yes Jeff, you don't want to drink, you just want to dance. - Joe Maggi. Jeff Lee, know as the Crazy Asian, although the entire island of Jamaica was convinced that he was Jet Li. When he is not sharing "a jail cell with a guy named Esse," he lives with 026246, the Assistant Brigade Morale Officer. Jeff has spent the majority of his time at the Academy running in Boots and Utes, defecating in his pants while listening to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, cursing over the radio waves on the Jeff and Eric Show, or having one of his 47 Naval Reactors interviews. - Eric Hulbert

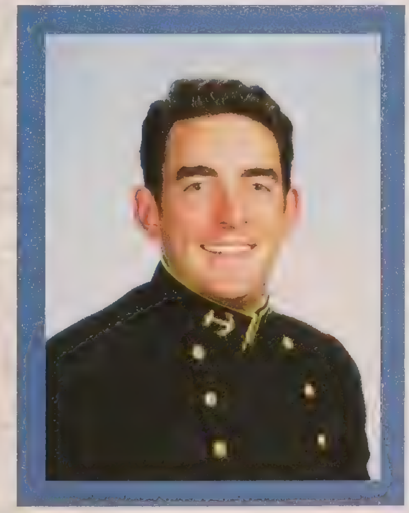
Joseph John Maggi Jr.
Cornwall, NY
Navy Pilot

The definition of a New Yorker, Jpey could throw a rock to West Point. Lucky enough to be his roommate, he would wake me up each day with the clashing of his gold chains and the smell of his cologne. Constantly talking about his brother Mookie's football games, Joey is the only guy I know who went home for his 21st birthday. In all seriousness, I thought there was always something special about Joe. After getting a year that some of us needed, Joe came here and seemed to understand life better than the rest of us. "Joey, am I going to get kicked out?"... Joey was a conscience for all of us. Beginning with "The Artful Dodger" and continuing through the "Gin Incident" he has never shyed away from letting it go either. Remember the "Powderpuff game" with Hessleberg? We stared at Santa for hours...4023 (ha and Corky was right across the hall). We may have had a little too much fun in that room, though, as we lost Dave that summer. In order to fill the void of our boy being sent to New Mexico, we picked up Bower (that took a while to get used to). Always the lady's man, Joey had no problems finding his share of psychotic females. Ring Dance??? Whoa. "I think I have met a girl with every possible issue." (Joey just try some more cologne) He said it perfectly with his comparison of our side to "Felix" and "Oscar." Isn't that the truth? Just like those two, we are best of friends, and thankfully we are not straying too far apart. Thank you Joey. - CJB

Brian Edward McGillick
Congers, NY
Submarine Warfare

Brian, the angry Irishman from Congers New York who spent his summers writing his book about who gives a Fizzel while everyone else was running. He spent his free time during youngster year searching for foxy girls at the Swallow but only found his way to the bottom of 15 pints of Guinness. Spring break in Daytona and EOS in Ocean City where his prospects were promising, but lost because of Valium and the guy who didn't have a clue. He's still waiting for the check in the mail that he claims to have cashed precisely one and a half times. He stopped to think at the wishing well his thoughts sent him on a carousel about the homeless Ben and Jerry's Girl. There were great times at 1025 1B including the fistfight with the beautiful strumpet known as Julie and the constant feuds with the lanky Long Islander. Like his roommates, he never missed an opportunity to Dive into Ricky's bed. But hey, there's always one keg of beer for the four of us...glorious.

Scott Andrew David McKee
Sant Barbara, CA
Navy Pilot



Scott Andrew David McKee \ Scott gummy bear McKee, is he out again? \ [Canadian+ SoCal+MGC] 1. noun a: connoisseur of the finest things in life (vinum, femenina, cantus) b: a nomad who won't leave one corner of the earth unexplored c: Benz driva who always takes the classy road down life and provides a breath of fresh air on a long swim through the Academy. d: a gentleman who tells it like it is, and can intelligently discuss beer while sampling the finest of wines. e: Curious, creative, and inventive, Scott would rather create targets over break and find targets of opportunity on the weekend than settle to more conventional ways. f: A founding father of Hotel Charlie...truly an asset in everything from Economics to ordering a pizza... 2. adj. a: Never one to take the easy way out: why take a door when there's a window? b: A man of true and tried character, resisting offers of deceit regardless of its persistence. c: one with very large hair, a poof. 3. verb a: to gallop down the hallway or swim without ceasing. b: to squeeze the most out of a quarter, and still end up making money off of it. c: to J-ing, but never with the ladies. d: to move with class to class and on to best friends. e: From the Summer of the southern accent emerged the best times of our lives...
[See also: Fatty, Spartacus, Scochie, Best Friend]
I'm sure you'll make a good pilot - you're the best wingman I've ever had, and I'd fly with you any day. From all of his blue shirts to secret code words to the "white whale," he's always shown me the true meaning of "best friend"...Don't drop the ball...just land on it... -CMBL, JMN
Thank you Mom, Dad, and Ros. I never could have done it without you.

Matthew Scott Mooshegian
Godfrey, IL
Navy Pilot

Moose arrived after graduating NAPS from St. Louis, MO. He's exceptionally good looking, if you don't mind him saying so. How do I sum up four years of friendship in this little space? We have been through a lot together. From my car wreck to yours, from not having a ring dance date to finding that special someone, from finding out that a TI-92 is something very powerful in your life, to sweating service selection. I know that I can call on you whenever because it's the friends you can call up at 4 AM that matter. You have painted an awesome picture for me. A picture I will never forget. You have become part of my family; you have become my brother. Moose knowing you, you will become one in a million, and not one of the millions. Naval Aviation just became a better place. CJC Pam, Ed, and Steph, for being my home away from home, thanks is not enough. Mom and Dad, you were always there for support and I couldn't ask for better. Reed and Croft, no better roommates. Bower, Colin, Carter, and Shane, great times and more to come.

Matthew Michael Pianetta
Fresno, CA
Submarine Warfare

Matt Pianetta braved the infamous "Entropist" and his sidekick, the "Man of Seal," just so he could remain the "Minimalist's" human alarm clock. Matt's greatest memories of his stay in Annapolis included coming back from break and finding an anonymous gift, Ted's "nice cherry," and his unending quest for the holy grail of concessions, and getting Mike to admit that he was "wrong." Matt was an even more infrequent guest at Ted and Justin's weekend adventures than Mike was, but when he came, baby, he came with the thunder. His theory was that he could could spice up any party with just one random female and a bottle of 99 Bananas. Matt would have really loved to get involved in all of the room's daily debates, but he usually found himself either too sane or the designated referee. His roommates loved the fact that he could read "War and Peace" in the time it takes a normal human being to read a strip of "Calvin and Hobbes," but can't pronounce the name of a single character. Matt will survive without us, provided he can adjust to roommates who get themselves up in the morning and let the "Old Man" sleep at night.

Julie Rawson
Fairfield, CA
Surface Warfare

Not another Texan. Number one roommate from boys, crazy nights, and sleeping on the floor to escape the heat. Sitting together in bed, zoomies, and video cameras... "There's some crazy stuff going on in that room." Taco Tuesdays, Michael's apartment and entertainment galore. Jake Ivories, animal-print pants, Pleasure Island, hiding from the captain at WVU, and more cheerleading adventures. TexMex cafe, Midori sours and expensive bills, followed by kareoke at Pickle's. Norfolk 2000, latino lovers, and Maria-Maria...shooosh. Dr. Peppers and chocolate bars, she is our favorite SWO. SB2001, Key West drinking margaritas, long walks on the beach, kissing under palm trees. "Meet me at the monument" and "we'll study fluids together" after our Dahlgren date. Ring dance, Lansdowne, Morton's, and Dom Perignon, need I say more. Road trip 2001: Texas, San Francisco, Napa Valley, Robert Mondavi, NYC, New Orleans, Florida, and Charleston. From parties at the Kelly's, dancing at Lava Lounge, who would have thought that a red-headed cheerleader, everyone thinks is Belinda, could have stolen his Polish heart. Always speks her mind and steals the show...singing Happy Bday at O'Brien's and Sublime at graduation parties. I love you mon cheri...sweet dreams and flying machines...Mike pop you. BLK, KS, CVD, and MJP

Eric O'Connor Reed
Plano, TX
Surface Warfare

BALLA, EO, DH, blockhead, crooked, G Dubbs..."To play football sir"... "Tell 'em I got treatment." Oven, Monkey Bobo = homeless shelter, study hall in rickets, PRT = 1030 failure (sui watch), "Can I bike it yet?" EXCALIBUR, Worst plebe ever (Croft), Planet Hollywood, picking wardrobe with neighbors, La Boom in Cancun, Crazy nights and Jamaican Braids, Meat and Myrtle Beach, DC Live = TW, PS1 with Buddha, "Are Gary and Sue mad at us?....JL brought her over." 1 carry 6 yards, "Is Gunny around?" Jelly Bean Mini Van, "Let me pull over so you can throw up," "No chrome? No bass? Don't talk." TKO-got a grip? 60 days?..hello ladies! Triple up overseas...catching Bernard. UK=Yeee!! Gay day, HSC means 72 vs. 5. Pre-game Pong, Green Turtle brawls?.."I got your back B." "What are my chances?" AC Unit/Pads, "But it's the record man..." "If only the mirrors could talk." 1223 = pavement, SA, STL, DA represent...ROOMIES; Moose and Bubs, nothin' but love...my brothers, Wags, B Madden, Pani, JLam, K-Dawg, G Train, Meat, Steck, Radich, JPM, Smitty, Bernard, Lawdog...kickin' up dust and causing ruckus...BALLAS 4 LIFE...and I'm out.

Steve Christopher Reis
Orlando, FL
Navy Pilot

Steve came from Florida - a true Florida cracker. Designated Driver, Should have stuck with soccer - 1 outstretched kicking leg vs 1 Football helmet = broken fibula & tibia & 6 months in cast, girlfriend of the month club. Fly over.....Did you get it?, Yeah I got it!! -MJR

In growing up, Steve's eating habits evolved from McDonalds to Wendy's to Pizza Hut. In sports, the kid is a "Natural". Typical "Nintendo" playing time before defeat, Dad one minute, Steve one hour. Pizza doesn't do well when it is carried in the box sideways. Most pleasant surprise to hear about, Steve's high marks in writing. In high school it took last minute heroics to complete his English papers. -KWR

Not only were you a hell of a friend, you were the best DD a guy could have. You single handedly taught us how to dress. We'll remember you for your sense of humor and ability to laugh at your own jokes. Always wanted to fly and now you will. Good luck in P-cola, you'll do well as always.
MCS JPW BAM

Thanks for everything Grammy. Life is nothing without family and friends.
FLY NAVY!

Joshua David Roberts
Telford, TN
Submarine Warfare

A member of the silent service... AGAIN! At least the pay is better as an Officer. Got an N* as a stealth mid. Did what he wanted when he wanted. Swam upstream against the flow of THEY. Where is the phone... oh Josh is talking to Sweden. A long bio? Nah that would go against his nature, in fact how did a bio get in here in the first place?

Nicholas Michael Smith
Houston, TX
Navy NFO

Nicholas Smith, aka 026246, spent his four years by the bay in the service of his fellow Midshipmen, ensuring that morale never went flaccid. Some might say that this Houston native is all thumbs, but he's actually all fingers...just ask the waitress from Outback. A motivator from the start, Nick has been sporting his mirrored shades on the drill field for years, as well as spending much of his coveted study time doing work for the flying club. He ensured that his friends were never out of step with his random outbursts of motivating cadences, and gives a loud, resounding YUT that would make most Marines bow their high-and-tight heads in shame. A skilled wooer of ladyfolk, Nick was never able to hide his passion for Academy food service employees. It worked out though...Nick would get a little extra dessert, and our pizza orders always came out first.

More comfortable in the air than in the classroom, Nick is headed to Pensacola to earn the golden wings of a Naval Flight Officer. Now he can finally throw away the plastic wings he got from Continental Airlines. Best of luck in P-cola, Nick.

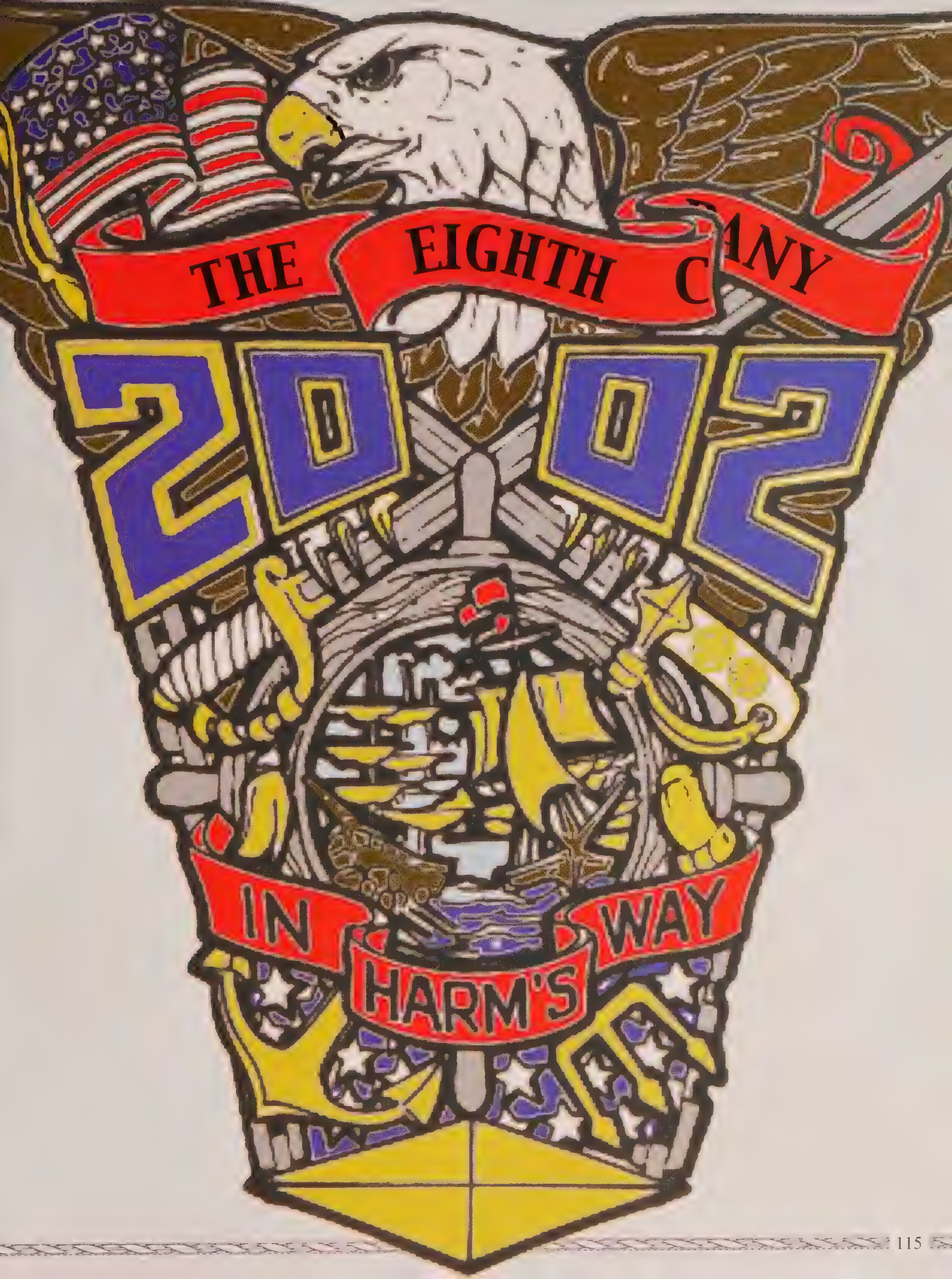
Vanessa Sean Solon
Boca Raton, FL
Surface Warfare

Known to "woo" many, Vanessa was obliged to her fathers advice to "always keep three", her mystique and charisma won just about everyone over, except possibly for that one who referred to her as "la diabla".Nevertheless, some bonds are never true until they endure strife. Ours was such- Meg Restriction Goddess V..you complete me!-M.S. How can two people do such damage in that amount of time?? Watch out Norfolk...this may get a little crazy.-M.S. Denny's, tackling on stribbling, the secret room, LOVIN YOU! -S.B.Pull-ups green turtle, booze cruise -TR To the o-club first lady.. "Maybe some women aren't meant to be tamed. Maybe they just need to run free until they find someone just as wild to run with." And run free you have, severn ring a bell? woowoos, wilsons, and Tijuana in Va. Beach, sugar daddies. warm smiles and generous heart draw people to you and your keg parties have left and impression on an numerable amount of people. biggie wonderland! ,the few..the proud... -C.S.NWS "senior leadership" #22. "we are all competitive girls" "to the bat cave!" Tahoe 2001, streaking, club niro. Finish strong. -E.K. To my family and friends-Your love made the difference. I will miss you.

Errol Anthony Watson Jr.
Castleberry, FL
Submarine Warfare

E — The only guy I know who can shake the world, with his presence and his snore! Gets along with everyone he knows, and even some he doesn't. As a champion pistol shot is a only fitting that the girls flock to him. However, his steadfast beliefs make him one of the most pious men I have ever known. Stays up to all hours of the morning to finish his work. He taught me it is possible to survive on 2 hours of sleep a night. Always my superior... platoon commander, squad leader. My only question is when will you get a secretary to take care of your scheduling, from NSBE, to pistol, to counseling, ahhh counseling. How hard can building an alarm clock be? Too dang hard. I think they need to extend the day to 30 hours, maybe then he could get all his work done. So are you going to be a Marine or a Sub-marine? With all that said, through thick and thin the hardest working and most caring person I know and a great friend. JSG

Summer '01 ... Return to Newport. That's ma'am to you! "Her booty is rotund!" Most modest ladies man I've ever met. It's been great a friend, a confidant, a NAPster. I WILL MISS U - Jen


THE EIGHTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Alexander Jacob Beecroft
Sioux Falls, SD
Submarine Warfare

The South Dakotan encyclopedia, long renowned for his ability to recite off all the pertinent points of Jane's while PTing and turning purple simultaneously. After leaving the frozen tundra, "The Croft" came to the shores of the Severn with hopes of going on magical journeys under the sea in a big steel tube with a nuclear reactor. By his own admission they wouldn't have let him into a plane anyway because he knows too much should he be shot down behind enemy lines. Faithful Glee Clubber. Alec broke the window! Hey! Remember the time when...? Running back from the stadium 2/C year. Bad luck with cars. Two words: Tidewater and Lindenwood. It's not good when the cop leaves because he is scared of the neighborhood. Hey guys my car is coming in September! 3 months later... I can't go out. I have to work on my thesis. Just trust me! Europe, Florida, Hawaii, NYC, and of course, Jersey. A faithful friend and great person. If we had more officers as enthusiastic about their job, the fleet would be a much better place. We'll always remember our four years together by the bay. Thanks for the memories. BJS, BCE

John 15:13

Andy Bellina
Skillman, NJ
Navy Pilot

If you combined Limbaugh, Hannity, and Boortz there might be enough conservatism to compete with the political opinion of Andy. If it weren't for politics, computers, and skiing Andy wouldn't have a joy in his life. Never without a smile unless it was missing at the concern over a friend, Andy finds happiness in everything even that stupid helmet he wears skiing. The boy can take moguls like no one in the world and can even have a little energy in the end to dazzle the crowd. Poor kid never learned how to drive but someone sure told him he did. There is no secret why he is so caring and friendly when you have met his family, who are always willing to care for his overly intoxicated friend's and their candle bedfellows. The only person to ever convince anyone Jersey can be a beautiful place and the Giants, Jets, and Yanks all belong there and not to New York, he will even be a Mets fan if the season is looking good. Even though never admitting fault for the war of northern aggression to his two southern friends, we might be willing to let him into the club. The Senator, Andy, Andrew, or Beweiner you always know when that smile and smell enter the room. If he would only shave and trim those nails once a month we might make a tough officer out of him yet. He worked so hard as a three-striper that he hardly ever made it to morning quarters. No really, he had a meeting with the Dant. Andy is one of those good friends you will never want to let go.

Alexander Thomas Campbell
East Dummeston, VT
Surface Warfare

Alexander Thomas Campbell. -Plebe summer? Nap time. BBC. Huh? What happened to the bottle? "huh-huh, huh?. . ." Is that dancing? Don't ever do that agai. No brah, its Phish. Whacky t'backy. Don't worry, I'll keep watch. Grumpiest athlete in the world. I am pretty, though. Who buys a Volvo wagon anyway? Mmmm. . .RED! Alex, you taught me everything that I needed to know to survive this place. You're the best adviser I had here. RJ. Wanna be roomys w/ me For a whole year next to Pauli's office? "I've got crew practice" - Lights out at 2100, but what up with the indigo watch. Enough of Plebe year. The pimped out "sports wagon." It's still a station wagon from Vermont. I didn't know Vermont had green license plates. They have any Koreans up there? I must be crazy too. DHP "I am gods gift to this sport." Yo, what happened to your windshield? Somebody get that man a Ridalin!! "who's got ADD?" I always make weight on time. Its race day huh? Rainbowbumpup. "Djpaul kept me in." Judas Priest says, "You got another thing coming, Curly." Lou-Lou. What a Waste.

I am New Zealand Tom

Laura Diane Chambers

Kingwood, TX
Navy Pilot

Laura Diane Chambers continued a family tradition, as she became the fifth person in her family to graduate from the Naval Academy and the fourth to select Navy pilot! After a year of wild parties at University of Texas Laura finally made it into the Academy, a lifelong dream for her. Plebe year she impressed her upper class by consuming the foulest beat armies prepared by any table, or perhaps it was for winning her age group in the JFK 50 miler. Youngster year she met Matthew Freeman, her future husband. Laura was an English major, and managed SQPR's of 3.8 's her last 4 semesters. Second-class year the plebes feared her chow call station, death chambers 5, as well as her quiet, but demanding style of training. As a native Texan Laura loved Mexican food, and could be found often at El Toro Bravo enjoying the marguerites and soft tacos. Through her four years at the Academy Laura remained close with her family, and still misses them and her cat, Tigger. Her study habits were focused, she was an admired runner, and her sarcastic humor produced smiles all around. Laura, thank you for those few constant words of sanity and happiness and, of course, you will always be remembered as one of 8th company's thin, pretty girls.

Daniel Wayne Chapman

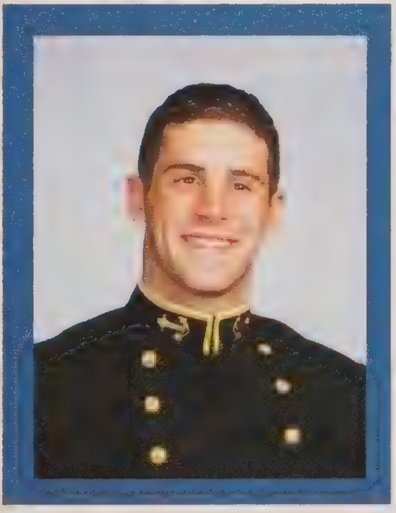
Glen Rose, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

Chap Dawg,the most bigtimin' man on the planet...na that fool is yankee bravo....flossin' in the jawnpiece from the mighty G.R...who spends 2 g's on a stereo anyway?...Can I get some Radiation goggles for that head unit...Trips to the Burg...X-fest. You didn't play NCAA 2002 till 4 a.m. Did you really get a motorcycle? Runnin up the Government CC.. Gotta sleep, Chapdog's a Division 1 athlete...always carbo-load, even if its beer. "Your girlfriend/baby's mama looks like a stripper." Don't slice...is that man wet? Who is that in your rack sir? MB, JT, MR, LQ, FT, TH, LC, JH, LP, KS, sponsor jawns. Chap trick =4. Sup girl, ever heard of Texas? Georgetown.. PSU...A Chi Hizzoes...Baut and Ced, football's finest, but the Chap D O double g is always the EMal's number one fan. Tailgatin' with the Burg crew by the water tower. Orlando, JAMAICA!...SD with Stew, Buck and CJ...POC style. Marine Pilot for real? "Fame comes to men who mean to win it," (Beowulf). "For he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother" (Henry V). You are a member of my family Daniel Wayne Chapman-Malinowski (because of BBC and NKD's hyphenation domination). -E Mal Blookoop C-trick, the man with never enough girls...been together since the beginning...NAPS 1-2 ghetto...we almost fought...hey chap, how about a cadence.."I'm swole"...Naps again, detail...TJ's all over, put up the rakes...Jump 50 "hey man, back in high school"...yeah, yeah, whatever Chap.. I love ya man, we'll be friends forever...T.O.

Jeffrey Glenn Dean

Houston, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

From the 4-man: Hoffrey. Heff. Seriously, all kidding aside, are you __? Graduated the Academy with a 1million plus sour dude consumption count ... why study? ... always took the top bunk (after a late night coke), so graceful mounting the rack, and most of the time a stuck landing ... Hit the overhead? ... largest buddy list on IM, logged the most hours on IM in history ... watched a movie, wrote a paper, talked on IM, drew a portrait, ate a bag of sour dudes, folded laundry, and bad mouthed the NRA at the same time ... wallpaper roulette finally settled on Marine Air ... Orlando ... a huge Texas flag was no match for the two North Carolinians in the room ... PMV,HWH,WNS - thank you so much; absolutely the best friends imaginable (finally in a 4-man). God Bless ... From NMG: Ross. J-Rock. YOU PUSHED ... A FIRSTIE! ... So I have a question for you (with both hands, to RD date #7) ... Any of you boys seen a bottle of hair gel 'round here? ... aman - DUH! ... Four years of practice, pain, winter training, spring break meets, adding depth, and looking for our old friend RF... the end result was 4 of my best friends ... NAW, RGG, DKF, ARH - love all u guys ... NMG2K2 ... TEAM!



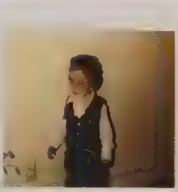
Brian Charles Eng
Braintree, MA
Navy NFO

The Chirish Boy from Bawston. After seeing the light he stopped running for fun, and started marching around in circles on turf? So it's not better but at least D&B took him fun places like NAH'leans. Plebe year staring at the scar on the back of your head on runs, the illustrious Chief Eng! He was good until intercessionals (Cheriene & Ocean City) Florida was where it all came loose (by chaining ourselves together) as he ran around Walt Disney in the rain. That was the beginning of the end for the guy. After that he was adopted by the Pratts' and thus his Catholic Choir halo was tarnished. We survived some rather unsavory characters for roommates, and of course you can't forget the classic "Its all you" alarm clock. Frequent movie nights helped keep us sane, gotta respect Il Duce. After discovering Boondock Saints, he spread the good word. "Where you going? NOWHERE!" Then Brian went and lost his mind again and ran 26 miles around DC with a bunch of yuts, followed by the infamous famous hot tub. Now off with the flyboys to tell them where to go, and finally "You look good man, you look scary." AJB, AMP

Johnpaul Armand Falardeau
Palatine, IL
Navy Pilot

Childhood dreams came true for J.P. when he came to us from Palatine, Illinois to accept his appointment at the Naval Academy. Though his love for everything and anything Chicago brought him home frequently, his generosity, and sincerity made us appreciate all of the time he spent with us in Annapolis. Nobody could navigate DC smoother than J.P., and he managed to keep one foot in the door at Hubie's, which always left things interesting. A man with strong values, this Midwesterner enjoyed listening to Wilco, watching Wes Anderson films, and little cuties he could pick up and put on his desk. A genuine leader, company HERO, and an incredible friend, J.P. will always remain true in our hearts and in our thoughts as he flies for Navy. Our pants go out to you buddy.

Greg Garcia
Bell Gardens, CA
Navy Cryptology



You could say that Greg came to us from Los Angeles, but more accurately, he brought LA to the Academy. He kept us rolling with his unique blend of Chicano humor and witty colloquial genius. Who else could employ into our everyday vocabulary words like: nah!, knick-knack, joto, esta fea and izzactly? A blend of Sinatra and Beck, Greg is smooth, outrageous and a master of the one-liner. His roommies were constantly astonished at how Greg seemed to be friends with everybody, from la Clicka to Badenough. Unfortunately nobody stood more restriction for following the rules than Greg. A traveler, Greg fit in wherever he went, whether he was faking French in Brussels and Montreal, or feeling at home in Cuidad de Mejico and Sevilla. As bagging with Ozzimal, Alvaro and Brad helped him get through the Academy, Greg's comedic talent and encouraging words helped all of us. Hopefully, he won't have to write too many papers for the Crypto guys, but if he does..."Hey, Pasley...I don't write papers!" Greg will soon be on the beach, kickin' it in SoCal doing the James Bond bit, but he'll remain the definition of a true friend.

Stanton Richard Hanley
Norcross, GA
Navy Pilot

Stan has always been quite the emotional speaker. He bought a soap box during plebe year and never stepped off of it. French kiss requests and designated driver for his father and friends have more than made up for four years at a normal type of institution, at which he will talk great lengths about the shortfalls thereof. Never cynical and never goes off on a tangent with a conversation. He does have standards, TRUST ME! Born the only ugly child to a lovely family with a hot sister and hotter mother Stan is always a person you can count on to get you there and to get you back if you missed it. One of those people who you never want to lose touch with and you always look forward to embarrassing yourself with. If it weren't for Maverick and Goose, the Navy would have never had such a great prize (see Georgia Ball speech). Between the glitter and the mountains one can only hope he never gets lost. He will surely stay as true to his friends and roommates as he always has.

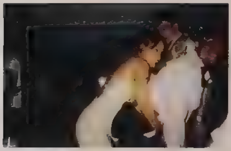
Hayward Warren. Hargrove III
Black Mountain, NC
Navy Pilot

Hayward. I'm glad to see that we have remained friends even though I struck you out in high school. It's a little eerie to think of all our similarities. Actually, it's somewhat of a compliment. You are a tremendous person of character and personality. I have always admired your ability to make people feel at ease and comfortable in your presence. The memories are endless: Chapel Hill, Jamaica, Kitty's, McD. b-ball, C. Plott's, Hard Times, rm. 1011, and who could ever forget-the military Ball? D. Smith-879...Coach K-606. Nuff said. You are the truest and best of friends and brothers. You're going to do great things for this world because you see each day as a possibility to make someone smile. Good luck in P-cola. Follow your heart and never settle. God Bless...WS—Trey, Six, 6ayward, Raw Kani, I wont bother with them all, best looking jump shot, south of the Potomac. My ambassador of Hard Times, Chapel Hill, Bojangles, etc. Keep the good ball rolling. What a beautiful day, what a beautiful day, I think I'll wear my brand new negligee. Simply living with you boosted my grades. No lie. Your one of the most solid, all round great guys that I've ever met. Can't wait to see you in the sky...PV—Sixer..."Crazier than a football bat." I am quitting if they make us stay seven years. Introduced me to the Plott's and Hard Times. So it's a pyramid scheme? You owe me a bag or sour dudes for all of the ones you took. Cut your own hair. All kidding aside...You will always be one of the best friends imaginable. God Bless and may the lord keep you safe in the skies...JD

Drew Walker Harris
Grosse Pointe Farms, MI
Marine Corps Ground

To grow in love and life is to know success. I met my other half in this life, Rebecca, here. You are my world, my life, my love. I am yours Darlin' and I love you. I met my best friend Brian Sparks at NTT. We lifted for three years I and swear we didn't grow at all, at least in size. Brian was my antagonist, my confidant, my punching bag, my workout partner, and a better friend to me then I have ever deserved. He is my best man and always will be my best friend. I write this today because of all my friends without whom I would not have made it through this place, Brian Patrick Sparks, J.C. Mitock, Jimmy, James, Wes, Trip, Ted, Kevin K, Mike Rea, Kevin Fornal, Thad, Megan, Matty G., Laura, Jordan, Fred, my company mates and others. We have shared interesting roommates (Ha Ha that funny, rifle rifle), long nights studying aero and astro(are you supposed to eat the coffee?), a crazy summer in California (come on, come on Cletus!), going on crazy adventures for my Darlin(Thad and the scroll, Brian and I taking pictures at night...), Meg and Phil (and Louie of course), Ring Dance(I spilled wine all over myself!), and many other good times. Dad, mom, and DW gave me more then I can ever repay, thank you. It has been a great experience. Bekki, love, PDGBY.

Rashaad Jamal
Berkeley, CA
Marine Corps Pilot



DIRT. Rashaad. DIRT. Jamal. DIRT. I need a new wardrobe, I gotta get out of this bracket. My God, but you're Black. Possession of the ball has changed, dish it off. Yeah, maybe, but you can't get a car that sounds like this at the dealer. Yessah, Mista Dave. -5.0- Beat Em Up. So J Reeves says "hold on dawg, I gotta wake you up". The Smack Heard Round The World-Happy Birthday. "I need a different image, I can't drive the 5.0 to work." Gorilla? Na, bud I never said that. "You win, you win it all"-EM. Only a real friend would introduce Chris Mea to a T-Bird. "Hey Guth, you can't do that win a coke can-you might get kicked out." So I'm gonna put in an application to CAL yeah, right-whoops. Gumba. Why think for yourself if you don't have to. Damn, she's stupid bud. No way, there's no wet bar on 6-3 - No, you call Douglas from Ecuador. Hows Smellen? How'd we not get kicked out? DFL. I love Korea. Korea, huh? That's wind tunnels! We are invincible - lets sign a contract. Uh-oh bad idea. Navy Air. Uh-no Submarines, no the-marines. F***, we are still aero. One more thing.. Miss cleo says anchor man, still aero? Not even Miss Cleo can tell. Anything can happen. WTF. Drinks on Jerry Save BBC. Cali Dawg, they just don't know.

Eric Harmony Jewell
Sioux Falls, SD
Special Operations

Captain III has had a long road from the enlisted ranks to NAPS, and now USNA graduation. There has been loud thump, thump, thumping in Rhode Island, one beautiful trip to Aruba and one loooong road trip with one J.F. Can't forget trying to pick up on the parking lot girl... oooops. Or maybe it was the poem about the ice cream girl that made us so hapy in Newport. Remember the many concerts like Fuel and Candlebox and one drumstick from Guster. Watch out for the deer!! .. Texas.. BOOM!! The 8-pound Ball at the Hall of Balls. 2 strikes with one toss. Only you. Through thick and thin and many sleep filled days you have strived for greatness making each semester somehow better than the previous. You were a shooter and looter on the Combat Arms Team and protector of life as the founder of the lifeguard program. As a political Science major you skated and used the BS factor on papers and slept your way through the most interesting lectures while suffering through the most boring. I know one day you will have your Harley Davidson Dealership and the most blookoop FXSTC in existence. You have to make the transition from the Cross country 600 Honda you already have now that we make the 0-1 pay. If there were someone who could dive in the ocean, ride a chopper, shoot guns and explode things all at the same time, it would be you. I wish you the best at life and remember ... TATD. Tear it up at dive school. No bubbles no troubles. -CTC

William Jones
Ely, MN
Navy NFO

Everybody move! Jonesy the Ogre is on his way. "Real men are from Ely." With his 16.5% and 200+ pounds he's incredibly unhealthy. His enormous appetite can only be satisfied by the love of his life - the nanny. Not even his beamer gets top billing when it comes to her. Strong like ox, smart like tractor, even though he's got the mind of a child. He's so big and tough, and he's not afraid to prove it. Leg-wrestled Jon S to a pulp. Pounds Mark S daily. Faces off with the S-word in hand-to-hand. The 2000 brigade sumo champion. Loves King Hall and Crazy Lunch Lady. Continuously anticipated the "Waaay 'nough, spin it around, do it again." Was there to remind everyone that that is 1 minute down, only 59 to go. Its funny that such a big tough guy can't hold his liquor in the backseat of Danno's car. How much for your meatloaf? No, I mean the whole meatloaf. Looks like 5 pounds of junk in a 3 pound bag. Despite years of injury, Jonesy keeps coming back for more. The most improved rower of the year. Only his sense of humor matches his gigantic presence...we band of brothers...greasers.

Pritha Mathangi Mahadevan
Houston, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

If there was ever anyone who sought out challenge and hardship in life, it's Pritha Mahadevan. From day one of plebe summer, she resolutely threw herself into the middle of any and all activity. Her talents and momentary insanities spanned all venues, as she shocked standard methods of Academy survival by making everything MORE difficult than it had to be. We all watched in awe and understandable terror as she switched from an English major to a Chemistry major (and a Trident scholar at that), quit Drum and Bugle Corps for Rugby, attempted life-threatening swing dance moves in the hallway, and finally turned down a Medical billet to be a Marine aviator. Pritha's continuous attempts to work herself to death were often foiled by her contagious good humor and the constant stream of male friends who found themselves inexplicably professing their undying love. Although she rarely ever broke a rule, the two times she did she was promptly caught and given the maximum punishment. Through it all she remained the same intuitive, loyal, and valued friend as she has always been. Except maybe to that Brigade Commander she so eloquently told to take a hike. JKW, JPD, MLG

Edward Frederick Malinowski
Canonsburg, PA
Marine Corps Ground

Toughest kid on the block...Polish Rifle...golden boy from the P-burg...sippin on Malinade...BBC...plebe summer...where's your neck? Tailgatin with the PA crew...flossin the stang, don't talk to me when I'm driving...hey girl, did I tell you I threw two touchdowns against Notre Dame? Shoulda been CW's sponsor kid...El Capitan, gotta love those meters...coulda balled at FS. Fallin asleep every night "reading." Never enough cutting...the state penn...at penn state...gettin served. Jamaica, need I say more?...cruises in SD, old school bids. Dang kid, what's up with those feet? A/N big timer senior year...ESPN everyday...biddies once again...oh no, we got a screamer! Euro Eddy, we're going to McDonald's, you putting a suit on? One-way jawns always off the heezy. G-town double, then watchin the show with the T.O. It's been downhill ever since...Big Bird, LV, and winders...YP's as a 2/c and Nav as a 1/c. Who needs leatherneck, we flossed USMC anyway. Holdin it down as the CC 2nd semester. How bout dem Steelers? Chillin at the Jawnpiece with Simpdog, Fatty G, lilmouse, redseamen, and C-dizzle. Still a perfect record at Acme. Roomies all four years and brothers for life. -Chap

Sean McClintock
Gilbert, AZ
Navy Pilot

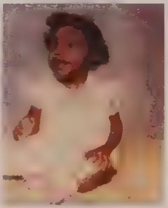
Sean:the double major. I believe Sean lived in fear of falling violently ill if he did not make a comment every 10 minutes in English class. In E.E., he was noticeably more reserved. To his future CO, make sure he doesn't re-wire his aircraft, else you'll be a plane short. Good luck in the skies and on the links.- Chuck Robb. For a double major you didn't seem to do much Sean. Instead you were always ready to go golfing or out to eat scoops of ice cream. Golf was always a good time, though you insisted we play by the rules with etiquette and all that garbage. Good luck at flight school.- Lucas. Raptor Boy! You've been talking about being Maverick for the 2 1/2 years I've known you. I'm glad you got it or I think you would be impossible to deal with. It may be impossible to deal with you anyway. I can't believe you are a Democrat! The Green Party?!? You went to the wrong school. Well, I'll miss arguing and talking with you. Good luck with everything (stay away from the young girls). - Kelli O'Neil -DON'T CALL HER JENNY! The three-striper who wasn't a striper, the bad plebe who swore he'd spoon his plebes on Hello night and then became Batt training. "Flying" at the Beaches' house. "Punch yourself in the face." Brittney Spears at 3 a.m. An honest friend. The man who challenged me to think for myself. Brilliant, and a hard worker. The most frustrating person I know, even more so because he knows how to be reasonable. So funny. God bless.Fred Neubert

Joseph Clifford Mitock
St. Petersburg, FL
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Mitock are those your legs, or are you sitting on a chicken? Klunk, klunk, klunk. At the Copa, Copa Cabana. What does JC stand for anyway? Julius Caesar, of course. The castaways of 24 living on deck 2-4. Morning squad PT with Elliot and Digangi. Its cold, do we really need to play soccer. Duck pin bowling with Julie and Cory. Mando events. You two should really consider love chitting. Tepo, you ghetto. The moment I wake up, I put on my uniform...Are you two drunk? San Diego Summer, Cheesecake factory, blockbuster hits, 2 movies in 1 night. Cherries in the Snow. Air Force 2001 locked in the stadium. Army Navy 2001 locating Casandra after the game. Linkin Park during exam week. Thank you, Jen.

You've always mischievous. The first time we met you had me walk in on your roommate who was JUST getting out of the shower. Since, we grew to be best friends. Youngster year we decided playing pool in Smoke Hall was more beneficial than studying for exams. Second class year we got our freedom when we both got wheels. Our adventures were great...making fun of people on the radio, singing to the radio (even though we never knew the words), making fun of other people outside of the car. First class year was spent getting ready to leave this place. Your main distraction: SNOWBOARDING!! We had a lot of great times...hope to see you at SWOS...CONGRATS on Nuc...now be good Tepo! ~CK

Jennifer Alana Moore
Baltimore, MD
Surface Warfare



Jen Mo'.... Could your hair get any wilder after swimming plebe summer? How did you get your Dixie cup to stay on? Plebe year... don't stand in my doorway in PE gear, or you'll get shanked. Football games... the first time you called me JC in the middle of the street on the median. Walking back from the football games and having to stop in at the Firestation so you could go to the restroom. Youngster year... who's bright idea was it to eat a half pound burger, large fries, soda, and a milkshake at Fuddruckers? How could we still be hungry! LT Stoneheart... let's just love chit. The Castaways on 2-4... Second Class year... I've got a car, let's get outta here. Let's get a drink in town, then get a slurpee... how did I get red slurpee on my pants? Yeah, let's go out to the Irish pub... on second thought, let's bail and get a mind eraser with Vincent. Firstie year... thank god we were both in San Diego. Ditch the kids, we're going to Napa Valley Grille! Hello Kitty store, movies... movies... more movies... let's ride the bus again... My birthday celebration. There's a port-a-potty; nevermind, it's locked - or, you could do that! XOI.... Oops. Cheesecake, hanging out, you're my squad leader. I am so lucky to have you as my closest friend. I love you so much, and wish you all the best. Edith Bunker, Go Navy, SIR... Beat Army, SIR - SHUT UP!!!!

Frederic Rufus Neubert
Knoxville, IL
Marine Corps Pilot

Fred, you are such an engineer. I don't think he ever stopped studying, even on Baptist Student Union Retreats. I won't forget all those weekends going climbing at Great Falls, trips to Shoppers Food Warehouse, and making the cheapest macroni and cheese dinners in Annapols. He usually had apples pies and cookies in his room, but the brownies were always eaten by his roommates. Don't you have a 50 demerit flight to catch? Were you going to the bathroom? Super Fred did run the Marine Corp Marathon though. Fred was an all star ladies man, and I will never forget how he left Jon Gandy face down to escort 3 ladies around. Fred was however a great friend, and an excellent voice of reason. I cannot forget the number of times Fred, the most logical and ethical person I know, kept me and other people from stupid things. I would love to hear a debate between Fred and Socrates. If the Marines had more Freds, I would be a Marine. All things considered, "Mind the Gap." Semper Fi

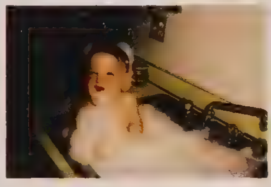
BBB RPH JWG DSM

Dong Hwa Park
Burke, VA
Submarine Warfare

Dong Park. . .Crazy Korean. "Park! You validated more classes than I've taken and you don't even speak English" Reply? "Sir, No, Ma'am" Dong, wanna go out drinking with us? "are there going to be Korean girls there. . .can she cook?" uh. . . What are you doing this weekend? "home" What, you never heard Korean rap? Korean Club (alcoholics anonymous)? It's all a scam to get free trips back to the mother land. Hey, what's up with this aero stuff anyway? What were we thinking. . .And where the hell is that contract? What do you want to service select? Navy air? Marines? "the only good Marine is a Submarine!" Strongest Korean in the world. TUACA! Is he still breathing? My grandma could beat you down the slopes. Banana Republic sent me their platinum card. I wanna sleep like its group 3. Put on Britney. Did your Lexus come in the mail yet? No Chris Mead did not teach me English. It's a good thing that black hole never swallowed him up, nice to see that love affair will reunite in the fleet. Don't even think about leaving a message at home. Dong's one of those people that is always there and never leaves you hanging like a good friend does.

Richard Wesley Pass
Marrietta, GA
Marine Corps Ground

Wes is the kind of guy that once you meet him, you will never forget him. Wes has a knack for making everyone he talks to believe that he is their best friend ever. Perhaps it is that charming accent he has. This helps with his other hobby, being a ladies man. He has been known to fall asleep anywhere anytime, especially in front of the TV for hours on end. This is when he vigilantly "stands" his post in the wardroom. His class standing prevented him from ever having to worry about getting his dream lifestyle of Marine Corps Officer. He never let classes or grades get in the way of being the best Company Commander anyone has ever seen. He works hard when he has to and makes sure that is not very often, usually only at parades (for which he still owes us a keg). He used his brass wisely. A true defender of all that is Right (wing). Never breaks anything (especially when it doesn't belong to him). In the end, Wes is the best friend anyone can have. He will always put the needs of someone else in front of his own. He is guaranteed to be a great officer and Marine.



Timothy Allen Ray
Rochester, NY
Surface Warfare

Tim Ray came to us from Rochester, New York, and we all wished we lived there too! One of the most intelligent guys around, Tim's snappy sarcasm and knack for a good time remained with him throughout his time at the Nadie Academy. Tim showed up plebe summer not knowing what a boat was, and Lejeune Hall was the limit of any plans he had to be on the water. Before long though, Tim learned that he had a knack for the Navy-bit. Youngster year he proved himself to be resourceful in finding weekend outings for his buds and the expedition to Johns Hopkins set the standard, until we left for Brussels. Somehow he always made it back into the country. Seeking squalor tours, and free-range chickens, Tim did it all as a Firstie. We'll never understand how such a finely tuned athletic machine could care so little about sports. Always an advocate for the little guy, dedicated to his friends, and ready to experience the world, Tim's only limits are his dreams, which are certainly unbounded. We won't lose track of our friend, and we can't wait to hear of all the adventures he is certain to embark upon.

Michael Joseph Simpson
Louisville, CO
Navy Pilot

Simpdog... smartest kid I know.. reppin the CO and a little TX.. plebe summer's Shortcut Simpson.. plebe year with RWP and PMV... communist squad leader from Estonia.. Simpson Eh! moved in 2/c year..Ed and I corrupted you, but it was for the best.. Cancun..JT, Shad, C Mead(RIP)... 3/c year with jotolon GC.. go to bed camote.. Always shady with the girls, never divulging info.. crazy ex from home.. Red Devil hayride.. Ring Dance cutting.. chillin at the gaters with the PA crew.. flossin the 4x4.. Maxin the 2 G 02'.. Constantly talked head... XO, might as well been CC, Capt and chief in the pocket.. craziest mom alive.. entertaining family.. flossin 4.0's.. airline stewardess, can I get you another stick, I mean drink.. Easter in P-Burg with the Ed-Jawn, gotta practice the egg wars.. flossin at the TX p-club ball with the girls and rents.. now you two make out.. now we can die happy! Mike, can you help me with this homework? Jordo.. flossin with the vatos GG and Reub.. It's 9PM, time to work out with the Big Donger.. Rutgers to watch Ed, got ham skillied...Couldn't persuade you to the Corps.. my bad, Ed and I both turned yut yut. Navy Pilots all the way, didn't you get sick when you flew in the T-34?.. flossin in 9th wing at the Jawnpiece.. Harley's aren't like the YZF.. dang your sponsors are straight plabio. Kickin it at the pad with Tito G, Eddy-mizal, Amy-Jawn, Chap-Dogg and Red Seaman.. Your roomies, Chap and Emal.

Wesley Nathaniel Slagle
Hayesville, NC
Submarine Warfare

Barney Underwear? "Sleep for 12, then study." There's NEVER been something you couldn't accomplish. Proof that hard work pays off, nice guys finish first, and the most important thing is to have loads of fun along the way. Who'd of thought such an incredible person and friend would have come from 2 hrs West of Asheville. Take her down, and keep shooting for the stars.. Thanks for the intro to sweet tea, Roy D and southern hospitality. How bout those heels, 113, OC 99 funny trip all around. Almost as good as Jamaica-Miami Golf rules. Green Turtle before A/N, will always be remembered. By far the coolest submariner ever. Not only do you have it all but your one of the hardest working guys I've ever met. The world is at your fingertips. I know you'll make the most of it. Good luck in Charleston and everything else you do. You've been a great friend... Coincidence? Nope, we were meant to be roommates. The things we had in common before the academy: HOBY, football camp at Western, Boys State, middle child, trumpet in the middle school band, etc. Slags, toes, slagenbush, and your favorite Wezely. Remember Orlando? Oh wait you don't. You are the cream of the crop. You are one of the most genuine people I have ever met. You will achieve whatever you set your mind to. Wes, you are a true friend, take her down and lie softly. God bless brother.-JD, PV, TH

Adam Christopher Soukup
Wagner, SD
Surface Warfare

The Big Ol' Mooser Gooser from the buzzing metropolis of Wagner, South Dakota. "So what if the only girls you take to the movies are your cousins?" Moose always stood out at the Academy, even during Plebe Summer...mostly because he was 6'5". Moose is most famous for killing pigs with his bare hands, wearing cowboy boots and really tight jeans in DTA with a dinner plate sized belt buckle, not to mention the mullet. Nightly excursions from DTA and the O-Club. Getting your schwerve on at the League Office, and then sleeping with you know who in front of the fridge. Letting Weydo get beat up by some middle school kids, poonface, all those nights on the Hellcity Bus when the Beer Scooter was out of order. Flag Football Defensive Player of the Year. Lifting and running, putting up with Pat and I for 4 years, and making some of the best damn egg sandwiches in the world. "Step, step, step..." "Whoa did the President just drop you guys off?" Good luck in the future buddy, we'll miss you...eventually. "HO DEE DOH!! I'm gonna get me some of you!!!" JWT, PTV, CFM

Jane Elizabeth Taylor
Honolulu, HI
Surface Warfare

Jane Elizabeth Taylor, a native from the exotic island of Hawaii, always stood out among her classmates because of her thin, tan physique and her unbelievable athletic talent. She was always present at screeners for EOD, triathlons, and ridiculous 50-mile runs. When it came athletics, Jane was a natural, and her endless energy mystifies everyone as she survives entirely on vegetables! She is as daring as she is strong, and was always willing to try anything; snowboarding, rock climbing, sky diving, surfing, Severn river jumps and dolphin swims. Jane was involved in astronomy club, mountaineering club, and oceanography club, as well as taking part in countless community service projects. She volunteered regularly at the local SPCA, despite her grueling academic schedule. With oceanography as her major, Jane, who has always loved the ocean, quickly became one of the best students in her classes. Though busy, Jane found time for her friends and many admirers, and will always be remembered as one of 8th company's beautiful girls. ~ Ha! And following that introduction I will most definitely continue with my adventures and sail around the world and build my hospital. More than anything though I would like to thank my sister Tanya, brother Robert and my mom and dad for being the best and most supportive family I could have ever asked for. I love you very much.

Joseph William Thompson
Salamanca, NY
Surface Warfare

Big Gay Joe...roommates over three years: lifting, DUIing yourself home, the place, beer scooter, hammer pants, early morning PFT's.. wonderful stories of home (phone booths, police, "Are you going towards Salamanca", etc.), older women, 116 (it's a performance automobile), O' Club & DTA, best thing ever to come out of Salamanca, N.Y, Icee-Pop game (with dudes), bit of a neat freak, waiting for the Hell City Bus to take us where we needed to go and, oh yeah, do not forget Tory. Keep practicing guitar; maybe you'll be good someday. I guess you'll just have to live with being a SWO for the time being. Rhode Island will be a hell of a time, finally cut loose from this "fine institution". It is all ending too quick, since we will actually have to think about what we are doing in a couple months, but, whatever happens, it should only get better. Good luck duder, Moose. Famous last words on I-day, "I'm really looking forward to going home for Thanksgiving." I was looking forward to lunch. If I ever hear the first twelve notes of the guitar solo in One again I'm going to kill myself. At least you got better though- after a few years. How exactly did I manage to be your roommate for almost four years straight, including ntt, protramid, and the glorious experience of leathernuts? Masochism. PTVH

Patrick Terence Van Haute
West Chester, PA
Marine Corps Ground

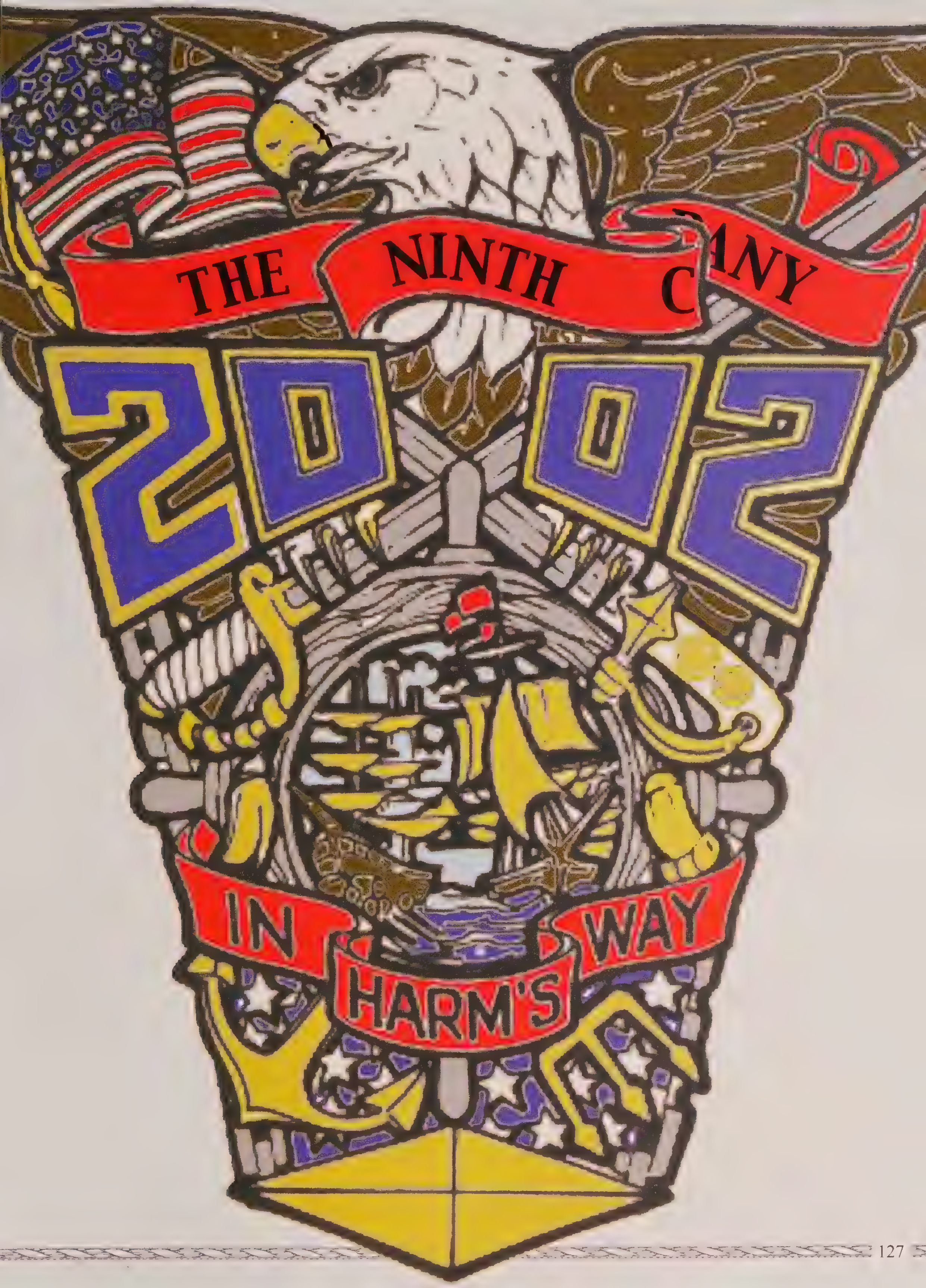
The hardest thing for me to comprehend is how Pat went from being the Plebe Summer Rates Competition selectee for Mike, to being a so called "underachiever." "Harris! Water!!" Few have read so much while they were here, too bad none of it had to do with your classes. Pat became one with nature at the Academy, and he almost became one with nature for good when he nearly cut his hand off in the middle of the woods. Many could not have gotten out of that situation, namely Stan. Not many kids would have so much of an interest in dead animals, or their body parts, oh well, to each his own. That was pretty much our mentality when it came to Pat. He is ... unique. Don't forget about table dancing with the Bachelorette and literally sweeping her off her feet, and chair..Who does that?! Hope you are ready for the Marines, cause I know they aren't ready for you. JWTNature boy, pick up your sh-t, take a shower, and brush your teeth. I guess you are not as bad as our old roommate, though (back fungus, what is that smell, etc.). I want to be a SEAL, no, wait, a Marine, they are much more laid back. Pat, why does your con-locker smell like rotten squirrel feet? Never one to party too much, at least not with us. Saved it all for summer cruise and home. No matter what CJK says, I think you might be able to make it through TBS, but I suppose we will see. Good luck, Moose.

Patrick McCartan Veith
Silver Spring, MD
Navy Pilot

The man of many names and talents: P-rick, Megaman, the Silent Warrior. The man who can turn a Cinco de Mayo disaster into a free cardboard cut-out cutie. If anybody ever needs a sign, Pat is the man to come to, as long as there's no phone cords around. Pat never met a hot dog he did not like, especially at Hard Times. He never gets worked up about any task, but always seems to succeed. Pat you are a true friend, I'll see you in the skies. Let the good ball keep rolling. God bless brother. - 6 . Patty V _ Marine Corps or Navy Air? _ we finally got the 4-man!! _ An all-around athlete, an eater of beers, and a great guy _ If TAPS goes at 2400, Pat comes in at 1159, every time, without fail _ So hard to get you upset, and so easy to count on you as a great friend _ Good luck with the fam, good luck in the skies, and God Bless.- JD, Thanks for all the lessons in humility on the tennis and basketball court. I'm constantly trying to learn new games in hope that I might findsomething that I can compete with you in_ever try shuffleboard? I'll never forgive you for talking me into that sand flea infested Everglades trip, although I guess it turned out well. My academy days would not have been nearly as memorable and fun-filled without you. Thanks for being such a great friend and brother-you have become a role model to me in your respect of others and your strength of character. You have been blessed with Katie_keep her and the family you will lead with her always at the helm. Fair skies and friendship to you always. God Bless You_ - WS

Julieanne Katherine Wilkening
Lagrange, KY
Navy NFO

"After plebe summer is over, there's only going to be TWO Wilkenings here"!! Hailing from the grand old state of Kentucky, Miss Wilkening began plebe summer with some self-mutilation, Picasso painting, and constant reminders of Academy Wilkenings (4 and counting...). The plebe cheerleader who refused to do spirit sprinkles (Navy was losing), Julieanne quickly changed sports and started giving "THE headlock." A six-year-old boy trapped in a twenty-something female body, she spent more time reading than a Johnnie and more time drawing than an art student. Known for her quick wit, fast running, biting sarcasm, messy desk and ever easy smile and charm...she'll still bite you if she's losing in a fight. The master of Paste!, the slugbug nightmare, flirting, the scariest detailer though110 lbs soaking wet, and of course her own secret language. She once made a sign "Go away plebes, I hate you", and was quickly informed that "she would not walk across the stage come May" due to her "unprofessionalism". This champion of conservative causes, Julieanne could be found at night reading the Onion instead of doing boats homework or out on liberty eating the "Outback Special." Julieanne Wilkening had stunning potential for anything and anyone at USNA, and then found him at Leatherneck of all places. Best of luck as an NFO and "You're making me tired!!" - PMM, CPV


THE NINTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Colin Scott Allen

Waukesha, WI
Navy NFO

Tubby, Raw Dawg, Colin "be gentle, my parents have to read this" Allen. "Sir, you're drunk sir" Your plebe year has just begun... Can't forget the 'never have I ever' shootout in Westchester. "Her son was home?" Here is a neat thought, Batt staff roommates. Joey's date at ring dance. "No, no, no, not yet" (anybody got whipped cream) fun times during spring break in Florida. Your birthday and civilians on deck. Did you really jump on the grenade, the world will never know.... Is that a HMMWV outside gate 3? The only person to buy one at Night Shifts. Fast abs and a protein diet. How long did that last? NFO huh? Oh really, Colin? What's a 'twake'... shut up and go back to bed. "How old was she really?" Here is a common quote after the weekend, "Colin, you did what??" You managed to change the name of a company. Thanks? Happy Bear... not needed. The 'jump rope' at Piezanjoe's. I don't know how you manage to almost set Bancroft on fire. Best of luck as a NFO, and God help you in P-cola. Thanks for all the stories.- The Brothel and friends. JDT, MRH, JIY, MLV, TJ, NAR, JRB, SMR , MG, JMR

Jason Robert Bernhard

Bechtelsville, PA
Medical Corps

Jason, "JB, BJ, OB-GYN" Bernard-Bernhard. Well, this is gonna be hard to write since you never really did anything. Anything at all. The ultimate Plebe squad leader. Bathtubs full of beer, Lehigh, a beer between games, Drake's house, "Damn it monkey, stop making me layout!!!"... Always the cool head even after "smell my fingers". The only "clean" one in 5350. Myrtle Beach: "The" fridge, was there ANY food in it?, good times with Hooty while watching Friday. "Jason, what IS that sound?" It's a wonder you have any teeth left... Baldur's Gate series, Icewind Dale Series, Diablo, when will it end?? Baby talk to Lex on the phone... Will you please do something dirty???... Preparation H... enough said. JB is perhaps the coolest drunk person in the world... When was the last practice parade you went to?? Dude, your major SUCKS... putting up with monkey's music: El Tiburon, Rollout, Snoop, Woop Woop!, etc.." Quickest to point out Ice Cream Eaters in Steerage... Jason, congratulations on Med Corps, have fun in marriage and your other ball and chain, (15-20 in the Navy). Thanks for always being there and best of luck in all of your endeavors. We'll call you to deliver Jen's kids. Holla back youngin. -P.S. Colin says he'll call you every time he has a rash. -CSA, JIY, MG, JDT, MRH, JMR, SMR, MLV

John Michael Bishop

Santa Fe, NM
Navy Pilot

We've been through a lot together. You were my swim-buddy over plebe summer, which was a mixed blessing. You knew everything about the fleet and nothing about USNA, but we survived. Can you believe back then you were all about going USMC? You've also wanted to go subs, SWO, and now you're going aviation. "JFB" . . . from Megadeth to French Impressionism, it has been interesting. You've always been a very passionate and intense person. I know I give you crap about that, but it's your passion and intensity that have let you travel to foreign places and experience new things. You dragged me along on many escapades. I know I complained a lot, but enjoyed every minute (afterwards of course). I was with you when we went to see a German girl you had just met. Now she's going to be your wife and I'll be at the wedding! Keep that drive; it will continue to bring you success. But remember, don't be so intense that you'll die because of some ulcer broke through your stomach lining. Sit back and enjoy a good beer! I'm sure there are plenty more good times ahead for us, in Pensacola and elsewhere. Your pals, "The Machine" and "Doobs".

Justin Shane Cramer
Burleson, TX
Navy NFO

Justin, Cos, Cslut- You're welcome for the wife. NAPS with Stoney, Brooks, Ron, Wood, & DG. Plebe Summer- Red Beach and back, "I know you can run faster Mr. Cramer." Plebe football- Irv "Dump Truck without brakes" Dingle in the chin- nice scar. Plebe Year- "How's your girlfriend back in Texas?"... "I dunno." Who cuts their roommate with a knife?? Spring Break in Florida- "I got drunk and left for dead on the beach in Ft. Lauderdale and all I got was this T-shirt." I know where my drink is 'cause I can see the ice. I've got to meet that girl from V.Tech cause I've never seen you so straight over someone. He's one ticked off lil man inside you trying to beat his way out with a Louisville Slugger. She finally tamed him! Go to St. Thomas! Me and Earle are goin skiin! It's been a long crazy ride four years together in the same room, I wouldn't trade the highs and lows for a minute. Best of luck in the future, the Naval Flight Officer community couldn't have landed a better cowboy. Go Elks!

Elizabeth J. Derricott
Colorado Springs, CO
Surface Warfare

Remember that day in Dahlgren Plebe Year...CDW...very nice? Dear Santa, for Christmas, can you bring me some hot guys? Zach graduated-deal with it. Girls, thanks for listening. Poli Sci and fly - or not!! Four Stripes?!? I know I'm loud, but hey, that's me. Am I in Heaven? Boy-crazy, but faithful. My love runs deep for those who have it. MM, ma'am. Talk about having the ability to make a lasting impression. Cyn, thanx for the surprise. Jen, how did we do it? Navy Women's Track...& Field. The Pac-10 gets no respect. Club Freak. "Good 'ol ghetto." Craig David, Seven Days. Ooh, he's hot! How many days 'til Herndon? Outgoing, sometimes relentless. JIY, JKF, MPT the Boys, AA, CVD. "Sharing stories about "who is it this week?" Sleep deprived but smitten, pissed but makin it. You always make me proud. Navy Sports' greatest fan (might as well be wearing a helmet and padding). IM cut and paste! Truly a great friend with a huge heart; don't be scurred!" - MBF Thanks everyone, I will miss you all. Best of luck and lots of love...we made it...but I think someone spiked my Smirnoff Ice...

Jamie Kathleen Fisher
St. Louis, MO
Surface Warfare

Here comes trouble- "Summer '99: 3-4, J's, Blair Witch pranks, Lexie, Doc Shade- nuf said"-EM "met on Yps, GW&Rudy's..we discovered asbestos in 6th wing, AromiMax, Malibu, shopping...we're addicted! A/N'99-Don't place bets you won't win!! Step One: Admit you have an IM problem. 'Can I borrow 15 seconds of your smile?' Ring Dance- yeah prez! Drinko de Mayo. Summer in St Maarten...beyond-the-beach bums!!! 'You f-ing rule!' at Griffins. To all the loves and losses; 'that's what friends are for'"-LND "Duh, okay boss...dancing at (on) BAR Baltimore.. who spiked my Smirnoff? Ain't nothin like some good ol' ghetto.. Abercrombie boys..mmm.. New Years'02-Banana Joe's.. Jamie's the hottest thing in the (hall) tonight.. Made quite an impression on her plebe.. and his teddy bear"-Liz "Sir,I'm a retard,sir." Allcalls Station 6 with CH,ZF,JR,&BS.. OZ's game of 'spoons'.. plebe year with redd&fear02.. 6256 w/ Bridge,Mel,&Pete.. dance parties &WMC'99- JAM.. Tepo & Kee Kee.. Starbucks Saturdays, Florida SBs.. Scandalous? damn straight! PS'01- TUNAK-TUNAK. Wardroom- home sweet home. "I coulda sworn it said Echo Company Hot Lips!"-MPT GenSci- wavelady.. "Better tell us now, or we'll get you drunk and find out everything!"-5362.. thanks guys. RIP-Allan Fisher, Sept.12, 2001. Miss you dad.

Edward Hsiang Lung Fong
Hicksville, NY
Navy Pilot

I have no doubt someday Ed Fong will conquer the world, unless of course I beat him to it. I have never met a better definition of workaholic, but it has carried him far. I am convinced his declaration of a short lifespan will not fall short of its mark, because that much stress can not be healthy for a normal human being. Aside from the constant workload Ed has managed to take on, he has also been a great friend to many. He has also always managed to be helpful to the rest of us inferior types, helping with everything from computers to projects i times of need. I don't know if I could have made it through here without your help, advice, and encou agement throughout these years but I greatly appreciate it. Hopefully you will keep some of the lesson from me as well, like how to get to a movie theater through several acres of forest, or how to approach dance partner. And don't worry about JLH, I'm sure you'll find something close enough sooner or late Just be sure you don't go in the air on too little sleep, I doubt a flat tire would be the results of that on
-RAM

Matthew Giambusso
Bayonne, NJ
Submarine Warfare

In the annals of Middle-Earth there lies a dusty tome of Matthew Giambruslow/Giambusto/Giambruso... Matty G the Maunderer (how's that for a big word), "Lean In! Noses touching! I wanna hear you SMELL HIM!" God, did you stink. Wilcox's sock grenade. You only get a Black N for getting a hundred demerits from one offense, not the same thing over and over and ove again, set a freakin alarm!. The development of the Prometheus series by the ARG, "Is that rocke supposed to move?" "Looks like the summer has been good to you." Capt W. Lunchbox. Should hav been an English major. "It's 2am, Superman is on TV, and I'm wearing a Superman T-shirt... I need t make a phone call!" MGD #1 "I don't like this, this tastes funny" MGD #4 "No you can't have it! It' mine!", Is it comfortable between the wall and the bed? Saving Jen's life in Mehico. Dysthymic, bi-polar, manic-depressive, and a healthy dose of narcissistic rage. "Damnit, (insert roommates nam here)!!" Don't forget to eat when adventuring in the Sword Coast. The Ring Dance champagne bottl AND the sink in Orlando. Keep reaching for the stars (and looking at them, too). Don't start fires in the sub, there's a limited supply of oxygen. Good luck. CSA, JIY, MRH, JRB, JDT, JMR, NAR

Alexander Goodno
Candia, NH
Marine Corps Pilot

Alex, Earle, Chief-of-Staff. Please give me a warning next time! Plebe year in the shower; banquet beer. Plebe summer, calling my detailer a Son of a _____. All out wars with kr8zylegs. Mario Kart after lunch and quittin'. Learn to relax. Thick chops on NR-1. Staying at the nerdary until 1155. The Irish Times waiter/thief. Ring dance, "Do you want me to?" Moguls - nice face plant. The Shark's Club. Comfort Zone in Bethesda. The paradox of Joe. Blazing NH heat and the patio. Getting' thick: 140 to 195. In the weight room, "Are you using that?" HFS on repeat. New Year's 2K2, the WHOLE STORY- It's not like you lost a set of keys! Four years together: 6236, 6204, 6223, 2138, 5311. What does she look like? That is ridonkulous. Get out soon, Carrie says I need a business partner. We've seen the metamorphosis of just a smart kid, to a man with endless skills. Those Marines better realize they have the absolute Best, regardless of what the flawed Academy rankings say. You'll master anything they have to offer and still make time to hit the weight room. Remember to rely on all that has made you great. Have fun flying, and don't take anything off of anybody. JSC, NOG, RJH, RWN.

Stuart Colin Grazier

Salado, TX
Navy Pilot

Stu Grazier, a proud member of the Roy-Al family, known by his roommates as "crooked man" or "cracka", is the most productive human in the world and has had a glorious 4 years at Annapolis. He spent his days at the Academy as a kleptomaniac (yo, you dudes see that sweet desk on 8-1??), a house maid (Stu, you take the trash out yet?), and a general conqueror of young ladies (Erin, you ever ridden a snowmobile?....Hey Tripp, you awake bro?). He often goes MIA without explanation, vanishing for various amounts of time in Orlando, Kings Bay, Irmo, Georgetown, and Catawba. Strangely enough, he never vanished during Ring Dance weekend. Also a huge fan of girls who wear Abercrombie and Fitch, Stu can be found wearing T-shirts....sometimes. "I seen me a lot of pilots in my days, but you look like a P-3 pilot man." We wish you the best of luck, and pray that God blesses you, yours, and everything you do. We love you bro.
-VW, DW, TG, PM, ML, DG

David Manuel Gutierrez

Trabuco Canyon, CA
Navy NFO

My Bean Brother, you have been holding it down with me for 4 years and I don't think GOD could have sent me a better brother in Christ. You kept me in line when no one else saw fit. I love you but don't expect to start getting hugs because I said that. I hope GOD gives us houses next to each other in Heaven. -Big Al

Cali Cali....West Side!....Yeah Raiders!....Balla Balla....Cracka....A true lover of California!! His favorite things in life....God, family, football, and of course Cali. Standing 5'10", weighing 220 with the biggest boobs ever, making you wanna turn and walk away. But after 4 years, I have come to find he is the biggest teddy bear in the world. And he is not afraid to show you this side of him in private places! He is truly a "Fat Mexican" with the heart of a lion. He will do well in whatever he does and I hope to stay friends for a long time. Love ya buddy. -SCG

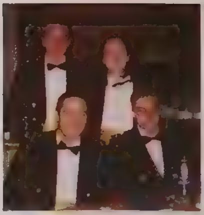
Mexican Jumping Bean, who spends more time on the pot, the phone, and reading than anyone I know. We've been through it all... "So gentlemen, is that alcohol on your breath?" We had a great Thanksgiving and New Year together. Learned a lot from you, and I'll never forget the way you've touched me. Love you man...CJS

Ryan Hamilton

Havertown, PA
Marine Corps Ground

Ham, #58. Ryan is the original meathead NAPS-Springfield college, BC, Boston = restriction. Plebe year sleeping under laundry bags in closet and in Ricketts. Morning quarters formation- sleep- "I'm at treatment." Youngster year fall semester: 134 class UA's = 101 tackles. Midnight "visits." Do you REALLY go to an academy? We're going to a bowl game next year. What's that clicking noise, you wearing your knee brace? Can someone really blow their knee out that many times? By the time he reached 2/c Ring Dance, the ball had lost its novelty; after all it was his third. One Way, Wiffle Ball, High Black CHUCKS, Older Bro, Summer school; did you even go on a gray hull cruise? Hawaii! S. Mac-luv. Turtle, O'Brien's Acme. Four years together. How is it that I have a 4.0 over four years and he has the square root? Academically a rock, but smarter than al of the coaches combined our last two years. FB fearing knees, $ wrap, Last Rodeo, Old School Bro's, LB's. Through best and worst of times, yet ever determined to accomplish the mission. Don't ever let your ambition and drive die down. AG, JC, RC, DR, EFM, BP, JB, DP

Matthew Robert Heitman
Yardley, PA
Marine Corps Pilot

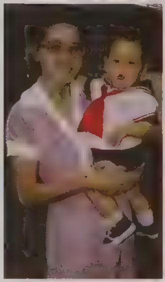


Matt Heitman "Big Lefty" and the "Mother Brain", Gate 3 bathroom, "What did you do with your underwear?" Yankee goes muddin in SC. "Dude, trust me..." you're right Heitman. "I have a perfectly shaped head" "Damnit, plebes! You know what I meant!" What did Gunny Cob say after platoon drill. "Look I found a corvette on E-bay!" Jeeps are really good CARS, so how many cylinders are working today? Cabbin' it to Kent Island youngster year. Hey, play Yellow Ledbetter again. Watching Matty G play Baldur's Gate. Get your butt kicked in Queens lately? 2am calls from San Diego and those lovely ladies from Tijuana. XO said so!!...right. "where's matt?... in the head" "Guess what Roberts did this week..." How many times did you puke on the way to Delaware? How about the antique boxers??? They're comfortable! I hear the World War II memorial is nice at night, until the cops come... Please, clean out the "trash" in the back of the truck... "I don't see the tub back there man" "Trust me, the air flow creates a pressure bubble over the bed, it's there dude, trust me" Whatever happened to being an Army Ranger? Congratulations on reaching your goal, Fly Marines! Ooh-rah! Your friends and Brothelmates -CSA, JRB, MG, JIY, JDT, JMR

Derrick Scott Hunt
Virginia Beach, VA
Navy Pilot

Anyone's initial impression of a certain D Hunt is that of a mild mannered, respectable, responsible man. Those who know him, know otherwise. The nicknames say it all: C-masta, foopa, Jesus C-daddy, rainman, martin, D, Dirk Diggler.... the list goes on. His adventures here at the USNA were many and his conquests numerous. 101 Observatory Lane became a favorite hideout during youngster year. This very house witnessed his violent, chair-throwing dark side and his romantic, passionate side all in the course of one semester. He is a man of many interests including Mini-Ditka and Asia. This hopeless romantic's dreams of fast women and long nights sent him on many long runs into the great wide open..... destination unknown. Swimming pool door desecration, comatose chicks on the dance floor, multiple encounters with 5-0, random apartment doors, and the ongoing search for "the one" are just a few starters into the enigma known as the c-masta. Infamous for his flirtings with the ever elusive 4.0, his pursuit of all things academia would keep him awake long after a weaker man would have gone to bed. Steel Reserve 211 was responsible for much ridiculousness including voyeurism from the bushes at JMU. The world will continue to hope 60 days on the line set this young man back on the straight and narrow path.... 6260,2116,5366, TRT, G$, RWN

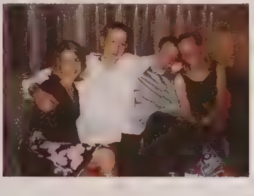
Ted Johnson
Houston, TX
Special Operations



Ted, Tio, Doobs. There's the North, there's South and then there's Texas. Ted hails from the latter and will be the first one to tell you. Could always count on your keen sense of direction, from the Nassau to the Pourhouse. A true lover of the strange brew and a devout disciple of country western. Well Ted, four years of adventures in Annapolis have come to a close. You moved in after Plebe summer as Justin's NAPS friend and you move out my friend . . . only a true friend would clean up your puke with his bare hands. We started our dipping tradition, good thing it's only twice a year. The only good thing about King Hall was going down there with you and Sheri. Thankfully you were always the voice of calmness and reason. The chill one. You introduced 9th Co. to Sean Donlon's (Ted Donlon's), our favorite hangout. I know the world hasn't seen the end of our shenanigans. You're a great guy, even if you are a squid. You'll be the best bomb man the Navy's ever seen.~NAR, MLV, SMR

James Royston Maynard
Glasgow, MT
Submarine Warfare

The squad leader that became platoon commander, the platoon commander that became the OPS O. The OPS O that defied the Company Commander...The YETI, from the ugly part of Montana to rolling in the dough plebe year. "That's it fellas, one day, one thou in the books". "What did we do youngster year?" Valedictorian of DILLIGAF. "Hey big boy want to go downstairs?" Fun in SUVs. Skinny dipping in High Point. "Yeti, why did you give them your clothes?" The nose dive in Ft. Lauderdale. "Yeti, ten minutes, we are headed back to Sharky's". "Why would somebody do such a thing?" "We will be fine Mike, it's like diving during the day, but only darker." Always scheming, reading about money, setting up offshore bank accounts, and frauding insurance companies. "Yeti, you are going to die a rich, lonely, old man." Boozing on ABOOW. The 9th Company Wardroom grill man and money launderer. Marriage counselor, quad counsel member. The Montana freeman Christmas. "Do I have to give you a direct order to remove that air conditioner?" Don't fail out of nuke school while trying to overtake the world, remember the axe is over your head. May Krom bring you great fortunes.
MV, JR, CS, RT



Robert William Niemeyer
Ballwin, MO
Surface Warfare

"I have this this girlfriend, I think I want to marry her. So I can get married after I graduate? And can my wife live with me on base? And we owe how much after we get out? 5 years!?!? And how long do I go out to sea for..." So it was with young Rob on training day 4, who was about as unknowledgeable about the Navy and the Naval Academy as any new pleber could be. 4 years later, he's proven to be one hell of an achiever... Of course, he couldn't have done this without the help of his friends. "Bull, how do you do this Boats problem?" or "Ellen's coming into town...could I borrow your car and could you take my duty?" He never failed to ask for help but he never failed to be the best friend imaginable for all of us. There's been quite the trail of ridiculously good times along the way...livin' the high life(stylz) in the hot tub in Daytona, Bullitt bourbon on the 21st, Operation X, the original conduct offender...the list goes on and on just like the good times we'll have in years to come. Good luck out there on the high seas. 6260, 2116, 5366 -G$,TRT,DSH

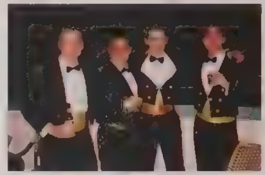
Omur Ozdemir
Turkey
Foreign National

"Damnit, Turk!" Sausage sandwiches, flapsticks with Wilcox, "you know there is pork in that?" Learning English through South Park (bad cartman imitations). DJ JudgeLazz, club Ozdemir, guys get in free.... Asian chicks in NL "Do I make you horny, b****?" "Is Anna K. old enough yet?" Sup's list??? Everything is better in Turkey, especially the women. Greeks and Turks Unite! Lemon cologne.... Smells like a cab driver. Nice panties Oz. Noon meals with Guiliano were always interesting. Turk always made us question our own sanity. "Sir, I do not understand sir" (meaning, go flame on my classmates). How did you snag a chick from Wisconsin?? Seeing the sights of the US, Swainsboro, Waukesha, and Yardley.... Nice shot on the big dog (deer). You stuck your pencil in the fan? You can't really be a CS major. We are out in 5, how long do you have again? Which frigate will you be on, 1 or 2? We'll miss all your club emails, shirts, shoes, pants, and music. What DOES Jill call you? Best of luck in Turkey, better you than me. Peace at home, peace in the world and "Damnit Turk, take off your watch."
-CSA, JDT, MRH, JIY, TRT, DSH, MLV, TJ, NAR, JRB, SMR , MG, JMR

Timothy Roman Patterson
Lancaster, PA
Submarine Warfare

Tim "I have an opinion and don't care who hears it" Patterson. We're still working on understanding a person that loves Rocky IV yet sleeps under a Soviet flag. Despite the 4.0 EE major, the French minor, the honor staff, and the Princeton girlfriend, you always found something to be mad about. The irony is that you hated almost every minute of class, especially the ones you spent awake. Thank god you finally decided what service to select, or we were all gonna kill you. Here is a common quote, "Hey dude, you know what? I hate this ******* place." JFB, STFU. I guess EE's are smart enough that they can wash a mouse in the sink. How fast were you driving my Volvo? I know you won't even need a bed in your first apartment, just get a desk with a comfy chair. You had the wackiest sleep habits ever. Tim needs to get a lucky quarter and keep it attached to his neck so he can straight up make a decision on something. The international scam artist has yet again made his move, off to France and destinations unknown this summer. Tim is going to accomplish some good things, if he'd only stay awake long enough. He had no problems making friends on his first visit to Sean Donlon's... Perhaps we'll have to revisit that establishment. Good luck with Nuke school and keep charging.
-JMR, TJ, JRM, JFB

Jefferey McKay Raunig
New London, CT
Submarine Warfare



BigJMcKay, (or Dirty JMcKay) Scary to think he almost left after two weeks of plebe summer and then went to Mini-BUDS three years later. Even scarier how often we flirted with disaster and managed to escape scotch free and when you get drunk and tell us how much you love us... 36 year olds and screaming fried chicken. Ismay & Dion.. At least there's always Bob! St. John's Croquet= half gallon of beer, SoCo, and a pile of vomit. Jeff was at his best (or worst?) at MUN: Ice 101 and 40s, Harvard chick and ballrooms, "we wanna hook up with you!!!", being exiled... Spring Breaks... Bum steals your Corona ... Tyler steals it back. 21st birthday with a Brazilian, she was all over you till you hit the seawall. Trip to LA, we missed 'the mansion', but at least we got cut off at the Whiskey, "I hate you". Atlantic City: up $100...got drunk....down $200. Plebe detail: Electricity pushups "SIR, you'd eat me SIR", "You think you're better than everyone, don't you?" Here is to the original "Sultan". Good luck with subs, it's a different type of diving, but we're sure you'll do fine. -CSA, JDT, MRH, JIY, TRT, DSH, MLV, TJ, NAR, JRB, SMR , MG

Stephen Michael Ray
Swainsboro, GA
Marine Corps Ground

Stephen Michael Ray, SMR, Sugar, Stevie Ray...Alabama reject, but Bear Bryant is a genius...didn't he coach Auburn? Sheeeeit! "I need a pene. OK, here. NO, A pene ya dummy, you know, to write with?! OH, a pen!" Can survive on Bud Light, Jack Daniels, and Kraft dinner. Levi Garret & Marlboros. The Odd Couple...a Turk and a redneck. Nights at Sean Donlon's...Bud Light in an Irish Pub. "There's grass on the field...let's play ball!" Coronas for breakfast in Rosarito. Awarded the Navy Cross for crawling under the bathroom door to save a downed shipmate. Oo-rah, combat adjutant. So many Winter Uniform Blue Alphas, so little time. Maryland is in the South?... Damn Yankees. 4 years, and we still can't understand you. ENUNCIATE, especially on the CB during spring break! Duck boots in NYC. How bout some grits, Dawg??? One arm tan in Myrtle Beach. Navy Dirty Line, #56, 4 years. The Pourhouse and the USS Nassau. How is that SSGT in Augusta? "Hey guys, make sure my momma can read this...and Haley!" American Heroes: Cooter and General Lee. The South will rise again! "I hate this damn Yankee beer!" They were looking for a few good rednecks...and they got the best one! Congratulations Stephen, the Marine Corps will never be the same. Semper Fidelis.
-MLV, CSA, TJ, MG, MRH, JIY, JRB, JDT, JMR

Nicholas Anton Rotunda
Fairmont, WV
Navy Pilot

Clue, Ninja, The Machine . . . dude, we have known and lived with each other for what seems like an eternity (but in a good way). Since living with you, we've discussed everything from the vices of Marxism to the vices of women. In a few months you'll be flying over the wild blue yonder, a jet jockey (do you call P-3 pilot's that?), I guess we won't be living with each other there, but you'll have Tyler and Derrick . . . I smell shenanigans. Good luck in P-cola (and I'm not talking about the flying). Catch you on the flip side. ~Doobs. He's the founder of the band that never was, and he's also very susceptible to girl troubles... Yes, I am talking about Nicholas Anton Rotunda. His exploits feature such notables as the two PUN conferences of 2001, the race back from the pumpkins concert youngster year, and his overnight stay at the city docks "hotel." He has a propensity to blow money, offering such examples as a ridiculous class ring and the fact that he has no loan left. Yet despite it all, he is truly a great friend who you can always count on. -TRT

Casey Joseph Soell
Parkland, FL
Special Operations

Casedog, Moleman, Tiger and Manny? 4 years, and we are still putting up with each other. That is a feat in itself. Buffett wannabe from the FLA. From the Youngster Black N to three striper. Psychos, Hooters chics, crazy nights, and sleeping on the couch. "Sid was in my bed again?" Trash talking parking meters, and watch the wet spot on the floor. Dropping trou in Baltimore. "Excuse me ociffer, these are all my guys, I'll take care of them". "Ma'am I'm just here to be a pirate." Joined the quad counsel, member of the Jacienda. Gas left on?, nah it was just Casedog. Breaking and entering at ECU. Emcee of spring break. "Come on guys, that's my sister." "What's he doing on top of that guy's truck?" The Case ten-minute crash course to diving. Bug hunter and marathon runner. "Just hold that over your head and squeeze, you'll be fine." Strip Monopoly champ. Good luck in SpecOPs. Try to keep all of your fingers and toes. When business kicks off, we will need a shooter on the team. Thank God for the bond we have made, and pray that He bless you in all you do. Love ya kidd. DG, JT,MV, JM, TJ, SG

Mariclair Peggy Tan
Atlanta, GA
Surface Warfare

She came from under a rock and never knew what hit her: "Get in step, TAN!!" mail runs, the war face, the bark, JR & co. motivating socks. Mariclairisms— "When was that due? Only last week." "I need a banana." "My brother's middle name is George." The yellow highlighter-afflicted bluerim; losing speaking privileges; all-calls at station six for a month; roommate EI on Michael Jackson; playing "Spoons" with Oz. Youngster year: "The sun never set on Winston Churchill's world!" "I don't do (French) verbs." 2/c year: change company, change roommates, change major, art classes, fidmath. "My favorite insomniac, especially X-weeks. Heaven forbid you clean off your bed & sleep in it. I'll miss Dr. Organon. Dance Tunak for me again... pleeeease?? Could you type any louder? 'What's the word...You Siren!' Gee, thanks." -JKF(closet nudist); More Mariclairisms— "My roommate has no inner monologue." "Higher education is overrated." "Bancroft needs gargoyles." Speaking of 9th Co. nudists . . . Ring dance at the Hyatt. Firstie year, and back to 5th wing. Hate mail from Admin. "Can I trade my plebes in?" J-That was the bell. M-I know. J-Where are you going? M-Nimitz. "Murclurr!!" -EJD; "My whole world was Tan"— JIY

Joseph Daniel Tanner
Silver Springs, FL
Navy Pilot

Joey "Monkey" Tanner, Fievel Mousekowitz...Honestly dude, go lift some weights (chicken wings)... "Where are my shorts? I don't know, look in Joey's locker." "Hey Joe, you got my shorts? No, man. Why is that my alpha code? Ummm..." The only plebe smart enough to throw back the sock grenade. Boy, JROTC was worth it, huh? "No dude, drum majors were the coolest!" GET OFF THE DAMN PHONE!! "Dude, you gotta come bail me out...it's the golden child!" Stop throwing your feces. BBJJ, 'nuf said. "Rojas, go say hi!" Best place to hook up...Mother-daughter banquets. Speeding ticket on Whiting Field...with expired insurance. 45 minutes of your 21st birthday at Armadillo's. Multiple, crazy, pygmy girlfriends...not including horse-girl. Horizontal Joe. What do you recommend, Goodyear or Firestone? Keg 1...Joe 0 (MB, SC). "No guys, really, Civics ARE cool!" Never have I ever...and stop throwing your feces, get off the phone, and give me back my stuff. Kleptomaniac. Thanks for letting me borrow your date at ring dance. At least you got there before the lanyard needed to be pulled...and then there was the Great Pumpkin. I know you like them skinny...but anorexic? Congratulations on becoming a pilot, I still can't believe they are giving you a plane! Have fun on you basket leave, all 7 days.
-JRB, CSA, JMR, MG, MRH, JIY, MLV, SMR, TJ

Tyler Richard Tennille
Caliente, NV
Navy Pilot

Big Red, Apollo, UNLV, or just plain old T...straight from the West Coast, T made the journey to the Academy with a bag of civvies and a baseball glove, and was utterly blindsided by the MACK truck that was Plebe Summer. This stormin' Mormon was the master of lashing out at the stupid, the fat, and the liberal of this world. From silent drill to Model UN, his extracurricular activites were quite notorious. The man with the most expensive ring, proclaiming "I am not getting a ring"... His propensity to rack was unparalleled, falling asleep to Metallica with lights on at anytime of day.
The list of adventures we've had are endless, but here are some of the highlights: Ice luge at UVA, "I am William Wallace"... "I want the real JR"... Mr. Shopping cart... "I'm too sexy to be shot" ... "I am 1/256 black"... "40 year old Canadian chics... 20 year old Jameson... "Cap'n and Cap'n! I'm having an O-6 breakfast!"... An avid fan of Navy Women's Rugby, Tyler's outlook on life can be summed best by his infamous quote " If I got murdered by some guy in a wheel chair, I would have some low self esteem" The world hopes 61 days on the line calms this young man down, though it isn't holding its breath. Here is to the many wild days and nights ahead.... 6260, 2116, 5366, RWN, DSH, G$

Jarrod Neal Tindal
Honoraville, AL
Surface Warfare

Remember that day we drank all that beer? The doomed squad, the rock, the p-way bets, youngster serenades.. finally paid off. Rod's sleeping in his coffin again. "Ok, ask Tindal, he knows." Beale leftovers, PCB death march. Nawlins (2x).. "Fellas, Saturday night, cold beer at Stephs." Seal party with Noby Runn. 99 beers, "So you didn't jump off 50 bridge first?" Youngster road trips Canada, Cali, Mexico.. "OK fellas, don't mention the rum at the border." "Rod, we are definitely ready for the halfpipe." Lymes disease, UofA. "They let you back in?" Swim with MartyDon. "You actually cut me?" Rob Tindal snowboard and ski club, Annapolis, Key West Charters. 24 shots on the 21st. Run by snaking. "Rod, line!" Armadillo's bartender, Rod's balls, best in town. "Fellas, I'm going to quit drinking." Getting rich in Savannah and beat in Myrtle Beach. Death of Budman and the harley. Waiting THEM out. Scrambled eggs. Quad counsel member. Squatter to Manager of the Jacienda. "Shut up and get in the truck" 1 mid, 2.0 gpa, 3 majors, 4 surgeries, 5 years, 6th choice. Say no to swo, at least you tried. "Heres to rednecks, roadtrips, rowdy women, and readmits." 16.
MDT, JGV, JLN, LLM, JWH, MLV, JRM, CJS

Michael Landis Valenti
West Deal, NJ
Marine Corps Ground

Mike from NJ, not NY. Panda Paws, Mario, Sausage, 1st Sergeant. Strangest sense of humor and worse sense of direction, ever. (yes, you did get lost on the way to class). "What have you done for Neil Diamond today?" "Coco loco" Springstein rules. I love those Jersey Girls. A destined Marine from all the grenades you jumped on. The hasty 180 in NYC, "Red team go, red team go!" "Mike, its not worth it man, we are talking 225, at least!" Plank owner of the Rod Tindal ski club. "Oh my God, its not tucked!" Naked in the bar, the nights in Key West can be chilly. The lobsterman. Getting sexually assaulted on the street. Math major pimping. "Do you know how many combinations that lock has?" Sprint football god, intergalactic champion. Apprentice to Renforth. Quad counsel member. Striper rennasaince. Leader of the Hogs. 9 Iron Champion. Master chef at the Brothel. Yes, you are a good leader. "Men, we have entered the time when all turn against us and seek our lives". Don't lose your bottom jaw at TBS. May you crush your enemies, see them driven before you, and hear the lamentations of their women. Semper Fidelis Marine. JRM, JMR, JDT, JRB, MRH, MG, JIY, SMR, CJS, TJ, RT

Gregory Donald Waterson
Benzonia, MI
Surface Warfare

Once upon a time there was a mild mannered, stoic young man who had the choice between the quiet college life of central Michigan or the wild, tumultuous life of the USNA. His plebe year was marked by his fling with Lightweight crew and his uniform correction of a certain firstie who brought this young calf to tears. He was the Mad Max of liberty, leaving at the crack of dawn to visit DRG Piano and to watch movies on a very comfortable couch. Youngster year brought on his propensity to watch T play hour after hour of video games. Then on a fateful spring break trip to Daytona Beach, he transformed into a wily Bull. 2/C year brought on this bullish creature's thirst for George Killian's, White Russians, and Irish Car Bombs, as well as the new bullette in his life, Martha Washington. Now he's a fully grown Bull, a pilot turned SWO who is itching to make it back to the pastures of his Michigan homeland. There's so much to write that we could go on and on, but in conclusion the Bull could be best summed up with these two words...Martha and Movies. 6260, 2116, 5366-TRT,DSH,RWN

Jennifer Isabelle Young
Lugoff, SC
Surface Warfare

Have you talked to Will Harting lately? "It's a damn Succubus!" We have lots of great memories from Mexico...you don't; checking to see if you are still breathing, giving you club soda, and "I swear she kissed me first!"...of course, that was after the chick. "Oh, Succubus gonna come take my baby!" How long will Blair be in Charleston?? Who got the most action in Night Shifts...you didn't even have to pay for your lap dance. Jen, what's wrong with those feet? Can you cut my hair? Let's play how many things can we stuff you in! Jen?, Stubborn, NO?! ...Neverending IM conversations, LET ME GO TO BED! Hey, why don't you guys walk to McDonald's...it's just far enough! Caught by the Cops, "We weren't doing anything officer!" Flip-flop in the crack...the 7th roommate, just one of the guys. How come girls always go for the annoying ones? "I'm sleeping right now, leave a message." Our friend Jen...is there anyone more annoying and loyal? ...Pete's Pub in Boston. ...The Coors Light bottle at Hero's. Best of luck Jennifer, you will succeed no matter what you do. -The Brothel and friends. CSA, JDT, MRH, JMR, MLV, TJ, NAR, JRB, SMR , MG

THE TENTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Anthony Eugene Amodeo Jr.
Port Washington, NY
Navy Pilot

Amodeus, Amodeeo, Amodeee, Eugenius, Fat Tony, Ashmole, Bit Hits, Tony Danza, Captain Banana. The nicknames for this Italian Stallion just keep coming. Aside from his nicknames, Anthony's most amazing gift is his ability to talk to T.H.E., especially to stop practice every 2 minutes on fajita day. He is also part of the amazingly select 2% club, with his will being tested by many a face licker, but never broken. From the Wake Forest game, to nadding off his sweater, to having silver bullets that hurt sooo good, to "Climbing Mt. Washington," to denying old men in Boston, this Chaminade Flyer from PW, Strong Island has done it all. Not to deify Anthony, but his hard work and constant pursuit of success have led him to many great feats, including: being the best Crew Captain evvver, winning numerous golds in the pool (with many more still to come), and making the NCIS most wanted list for dope smoking. If you ever need anything, from a shock trooper to a friend, Anthony is the man to call. He will always take time out of his day to help a friend in need, and is always there, through thick and thin, to back you up when you need him the most. I want a man for a secret and dangerous mission...I want a Navy Oarsman...we band of brothers...greasers.

James Fitzpatrick Anderson
South Pasadena, CA
Navy Pilot

James Fitzpatrick Anderson reigns from the city of the angels. The quiet boy who rowed his way to the Varsity Lightweight Crew Captain. "Always wrap your remote for at least seven years at a time". Keep your pad in the box. Eastern Sprints 2001 NOW! Ok, ok Pat says Now! "Maybe I am just too picky." "No Pat, maybe they are." Pat we calculated it man, you waste about four days a year walking to and from the boathouse, we are so proud!!! Pregnant ring dance date. The cleanest kid I have ever met. Our worlds are so different and it is apparent in the two sides of our room. Pat, you are my conscience man. I know I will need you sometime down the line; I can always hope your influence guides me to the right decisions. See you on the flip side, Fitz! - CAG, ECT, DMH, BN, BB, ERJ, JEP, RS, AA

Thanks to everyone who made the past 4 years so memorable. Mom, Dad, Erin, Colleen; thanks for your continued love and support. It's been fun, but I've gotta run.

Brett Boyd Bayer
Bolivar, MO
Submarine Warfare

Brett Boyd Bayer from Bolivar - the only man in the Brigade who's known by the initials BBB and by how loud he sneezes. Nothing's ever really that wrong in life with Brett...even being stuck in the middle of Italy. Always remember the Great Italian Adventure, for an adventure it was. Who needs Rick Steves anyway? Don't forget detail, Duke, road trips to Florida, and Notre Dame weekend. An adventurer at heart, willing to travel the world with a pack on his back. Who else would sleep next to the highway in Europe, jump on moving trains, make his own European marathon and camp in the snow. Getting to camp before dark?? With so many things to do - scuba, climbing, marathoning, and photography - who has time for girls? (Except the hot ones on firstie cruise in Australia, Disney Tokyo, and Rapungi!) Take care of PJ. Yeah but anyway ... definitely not a Marine (bless you!), though he`ll hopefully keep in touch with those who are. Could spend hours discussing the numerous merits of singleness or the pitfalls of dating. Loves his brothers. The slow smile. Thanks for never leaving us face down in a rice paddy. Keep training...from the deep.
ERJ BRC FRN DNS

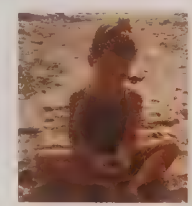
Brendon Bielat
Pittsford, NY
Submarine Warfare

Brendon loved bumpin' and grindin' with his Mech E projects. When that got old, he was always up for a good mountain bike ride, but you must accessorize properly. He kept up a strict workout regimen with his friends...sometimes. Don't forget the Napoleonic summer detail, vacationing in Rome, LLNL, and Notre Dame. What happens in South Bend... Dude, where's the company dog? From Wagovan to BMW - who would have thought? At least your car costs more than your bike now. From Marine to submarine - how did Gunny and your brother ever let you get away with that? From Katie M. to Katie M. - an obvious choice. 16-hour road trip in a blizzard, anyone?? So you drove to Dayton again — propose this weekend? No matter where he goes, he'll be cracking jokes all the way. The rest of us may not get any of them, but we'll laugh anyway. There's only one Snarf. Taco Bell, anyone? We made it through all 4 years living together. The hard work and perseverance paid off. Thank you for making it bearable, it was awesome! You'll always be my dogger. "Ignem mittere in terram." Watch out fleet, Hurricane Bielat is coming through. MED, ERJ, BFN, JFA, AEA

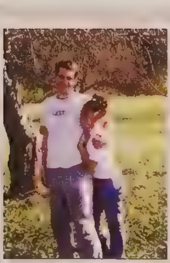
Robert Arthur Brooker
Sebring, FL
Surface Warfare

Can't remember what state he's from, but knows a bit about Florida. The best high school football scout at the academy and no matter what topic came his way, the Florida Gators always had an involvement. He was quick with a joke and loved to "git 'er done". A great kid to hang out with as long as he was taken out before bedtime. Never scared to talk to his good friend James, many a night he outlasted everyone in the house. Put him in a white suit and you'd mistake him for the Sheriff of Hazard County. But honestly Bo, one of the best friends to be around and made sure you were having a good time. GO GATORS!! Gamma Rho Pi for life!!

Lauren Lee Buckendorff
Wescoville, PA
Navy Pilot



Remember Triad games back in the day...with the towels and scaring the mids at Glow? Searching for Michael Flatley, cookies in a cake lid, karaoke at Shoeless Joe's. "Get the Buck off me!" Drinking fishbowls with the softball team on YP's and stumbled upon gay pride day in DC...oops! At least the scout team rocked and we could go punting late nights when things were rough. Just don't stab me when you lock me in the basement. The Mangie Doll! Maybe someday I'll get a bday present. MB, KK Thanks for the midnight conversations, being a wonderful neighbor, helping me look like I knew what I was doing as CC but most importantly thanks for just being you. CK Dogs are fun even when the men are scared of them. I can't leave my car in the midstore lot as a youngster? Bedtime 'sages, stories, and random tears. Don't forget your spring break packet. 8th wing basement...love the English Department. Running from Graul's with eggs in hand-for balance. Pictures in 2434...what was in your bag? Service Dress— "Lauren, I want you to go outside, take off your clothes..." He's on my team! What kind of vegetarian cooks meatloaf? Of course we're perfect! Is that a kitten? We'll miss you Aphro. TAR Love you all...so many memories.



John Carswell
Louisville, KY
Submarine Warfare

Johnny Ricketts to some, but Johnny C. to the ole timers. So, you are still in 10th company, right? Poli Sci may not be engineering, but you still rock. Indie rock that is. It's okay though, Sunny Day Real Estate and the Pixies are on the upswing. Your website is ranked almost as high as yahoo.com now. John is the only person I know that can coexist with GR, twice...Gaaarreee. I guess group III majors can talk on the phone that much, but must we remind you that it isn't sound powered? Greta must have you wrapped around her finger, because if John is going somewhere, it's probably to see her. Where has she been hiding you all these years? John the honorable. May God have mercy on he who steals John's cover. No, not because he would be forwarded directly to an honor board, but because his melon is just too big. I mean look at the size of it...it's like Sputnik...it's like an orange on a toothpick. Deserving of someone that wishes they were a bubblegum. Seriously John will be a great husband, father, and Naval Officer. We all look forward to seeing you in the fleet. —ERJ GCR BFN RGS BMB

Ben Carter
Henderson, NV
Navy NFO

Parlez-vous français? With the neatest closet in the Brigade, Ben hails from Belgium, the land of waffles and frites. Rocket scientist plus studies all night equals head on desk by 0400. And you don't have to ask who's on the phone, because yes, it's Cindy. Awesome summer cruises and trips to Thailand, Italy, and the Ecole Navale. Watch your bags closely in Europe! (They can get stolen...) Driving for 40 hours during a 48-hour weekend? Scaling Seneca Rock...almost. Not to mention great pictures. Who's kimosabe? Ben got physical with two marathons, a German Badge, and a European sprint. Breakfast with the Commandant? Sorry, you're not at West Point any more shipmate. "Well Mr. Carter, your application for stripes looks good, but where were you last Sunday night?" (Big Brother is watching you.) What do you like more: Princess Leia, playing X-Wing, driving in Cally, or talking with Cindy on the phone? Congrats on Service selection! Your aircraft may not be an X-wing fighter, but it will have to do. Semper Training,
ERJ, BBB, JMN, WL, DNS

Thomas P. Delaney
Philadelphia, PA
Surface Warfare

Hailing from the Philadelphia row-home whites, and sporting the 5.0 dogg, Tommy's favorite pastime was watching pole vault footage on his computer. He never could eat enough cereal (Cocoa Puffs) or slam enough Irish car bombs. If he could, he would service select making surfboards in Cali. But if that didn't work out, he would definitely sing back up to Bob Dylan. A master at pouring the notorious "fake shot," and the quickest hands at snatching fish out of the aquarium. A photogenic kid-especially after a wild night at the beach house. Not scared to eat matches, or play with fire...a fireman's son. Tommy, you were always there to offer the best advice and keep our heads' on strait-a true friend. Gamma Rho Pi for life! Tom: I love you Mom and Dad and Brian, you are the best family a kid could ask for-Thank you for everything.

Colin Dunlop
Wenactcheee, WA
Surface Warfare

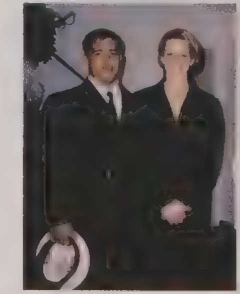
Have you seen me? Blond, balding, glasses, usually reading while walking? You haven't, that's a shame because this is one mid you don't want to miss. Luckily, boy met girl at BSU as 3/C and life changed for both after that. Test Date: Let's go to Renaissance Festival. Nice Costume! Dahlgren Date, Dinner and movie date and repeat. How about dinner at Tracy's, or lets go antique shopping, go get some nachos, care for a long island, how about apple cider? About the roommates, what a range: Star Wars guru, YP Commodore and a sniper, what next. Got crew practice, ready for a 2k, how about steady state or trip around the island. What about time spent in EE labs, or the fun time spent bugging Buzz, Steve and Rex. The old prior nuke is switching to SWO! You will do great. You are caring, considerate, and smart-you silly goose. So the old man is getting married too. So who is smarter out of the two of us? Look at what I get and look at what you got? I wish you the best life, full of happiness, laughter and many memories RMM - RMD

Christopher Gahl
Kensington, MD
Surface Warfare

Daaaaaady! Let's Get Cranked Up! Let's Go! Yo, Lemme think about it! Also known as The Wildman, Cgahl, Caveman. How would we have gotten through this place without your constant energy and witty remarks? Never a dull moment with you. Ring Dance weekend was the best ever. And the next weekend....1 Corinthians 13 Wrestling? Crew? Rugby?...Who can you lift with? 5hrs. in Atlantic City...definitely not worth losing $1000. Civvies youngster summer....SEAL PT with LT Kapusta. The stable is complete! Honestly, seriously, we're all going to take our shirts off, why don't you start? MD frat parties, DC bars, G-town...good times, man. "Where's the bathroom? This dining-in is getting old." Shouldn't have mixed red and white. 20 hour road trip to Indiana, anyone? In the poker game of life....women are the rake. FreeCell, hearts, minesweeper...is it humanly possible to play minesweeper more hours than you go to class? Training guy? Whhhhat? Thanks for all the good times. You taught me how to let loose, and you made this place bearable. Good luck with SWO and make the most of it. You'll do awesome.
Fear the treadmill.

JFA, DMH, ECT, JEP, RGS, AA, BFN, BB, EW

David Gravseth
Poplar Bluff, MO
Surface Warfare



Worm, growing out but never up. That can't be Worm's girl. - TC Wormtown!! - CF Hooker? Prop! Whatever man - you have heart. Five-foot-nothing-two hundred and nothin'-damn. Good prop - EAFD. Navy Rugby #1!- NB So what are you now??? About a deuce, deuce and a half? Whoa whoa whoa...you're engaged??? Dude, she shaves my back. Tiger??? Worm, get out of the way - RS Tiger! Tiger! Turn and pass... OH S**T its Worm. Sorry 'bout the hospital ball. Anytime you want it, give me a codeword - #9 BC Worm we love you - don't worry about what they say about you, you're alright, - NJ Gravy, Sack, Worm. More nicknames than anyone I know. Building the Berlin Wall of dirty clothes in our room. How long have those post-hole-diggers been here? Getting woman's underwear in the mail Plebe year?? So, how many roommates have we got kicked out? Victim of email wars. Stuck with a computer retarded roommate. Wouldn't have made it through these four years without you. Best of luck. - JPZ NAPS Detail! Just get in the car!! Out 'till 3, PT at 4. Gunny running in uniform. Spring break, where were you? Are you going to shave that carpet? What is wrong with your chin? Chillin' at Blythe's and Dipillo's in Bremington. Big Black Sausage. - CC

Paul Christopher Habenicht
Richmond, VA
Marine Corps Ground

Aka "Habbs" Although somewhat hindered by his Southern roots and upbringing in the "Mond," Habbs showed a remarkable ability to accomplish great things by doing astonishingly little at the Academy. His parents, Chris and Nancy, showed the patients of Saints when listening to the exploits of their Son as he was "forced" into one misadventure after another by his Yankee and Detroit Balla' roommates. Paul was a man who never missed an opportunity to seize the moment, as many throughout Europe and especially Amsterdam can attest. The second time around is always better, it lasts longer PCC. His words "Don't worry, I am an Oak" often were forgotten soon after they left his mouth, but his friends will be able to cherish the mistakes that followed for years to come. He earned a reputation for ripping the most awe-inspiring shots ever seen on a Navy lacrosse field. They did not always hit their mark, but were never lacking in style. In his words: If ya stay up with the owls at night, you have to be able to fly with the eagles in the morning. Thanks & love Mom, Dad, Bec, & B&W. We made it together. SF, OUT

David Matthew Hill
Woodbury, MN
Surface Warfare

Katerina Iannios
Etna, CA
Navy Pilot

You're the only beef ambassador to get through this place. Now, your dream is coming true. Just convince your mom to stop worrying. From day one living with the Hawaiian-Japanese-Greek and FLQT from Saipan (what is up w/ your names?), you've made these 4 years an amazing voyage - though we nearly used our youngster boxing on each other a few times! Can't live with or without you. From trips to D.C. to dressing like foliage for Halloween, you always make a person chuckle. Fly high and never forget your dreams.-SAS Poli. Sci. or Oceanography...hmm, you switching, too? So this guy I've been dating has this friend, you two should talk. How about a drive to the airport? Bargain hunting...I've had a great time with you and I've learned a lot about your culture and life. I hope you're always a part of mine.-SHB You went hunting on your first date? "Wow-I look...SEXY." Girl talks, tanning, detail, roomies for both plebe summers, your 21st Birthday-what a blast, how do you say your name again? Vic sec's is key. Cutting hair on 8-3. So glad we've made it 'til the end—Love you my lil' flygirl.-TAR Got a trip home on a DD, flew a plane and a helo, went to England, and trained dolphins. For free. Doesn't get much better. So I stood restriction, sandbagged in a hurricane, and was kind of unruly my first two years. Big Deal! I learned, finally worked hard, and it's been great! Mom & Dad (my role models), Demetri, Keala, and Emma, I love you. Wish we could be together more. It will get tougher, but we can do it. Matt, my best friend, I love you. To my buds, may we meet often. Thanks for everything.~K

Josh Jamison
St. Joseph, MO
Marine Corps Ground

In a past life, an old graduate of West Point, Joshua E. Lee could make any person with confidence feel one inch tall. When it came to drinking Josh was 6'8" 285 lbs, but woke up every morning 5'9" 140. The smartest kid we know; the first to lend you a hand with homework if you could withstand tenacious belittling. Thirty years from now he'll catch up with his wardrobe. As a midshipman "He did his job and he'd do it again." Despite becoming a ground pounder, you always knew when Josh was three sheets to the wind on the high seas with his humorous but sinister laugh. All the best to a best friend and best of luck with the love of your life. EEET ERRNT! Gamma Rho Pi for life.
Thanks to Linds, Mom, Dad, and Sarah for all your love and support.

Eric Johnson
Fort Gibson, OK
Navy Pilot

Some might call Eric Ray Johnson a rocket scientist, but we all know he is just an Okie from Muskogee. It's a good thing he spent plebe year with Bo and Kevin and their physical conditioning program-how else would he have gotten an A on the PRT? Youngster year he found out he wasn't good enough for the Corps, but a year later, Craig's sink wasn't good enough for him (for that matter, neither was the ND bathroom). Biking in Patapsco was always memorable, but it went something like ride, crash, ride, crash.... and then crash again. He always stood up for what was right-especially when LCDR Fewster was the reason for a bad meal. The greatest thing about him, though, is that he's a good sport. How else could he have made it through the worst midshipmen cruise ever? Four years by the bay-sometimes it seemed like forty, but we'd all do it again with you, J-ohnson. Good luck with your Airstream in P-cola-it's a great idea... By the way Beelot, Stacy doesn't have a little baby. And who knows-maybe someday Ford Broncos will make a comeback. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ERIC JOHNSON!!! BMB BFN BBB AEA

Chris M Kiesel
Nyack, NY
Navy Pilot

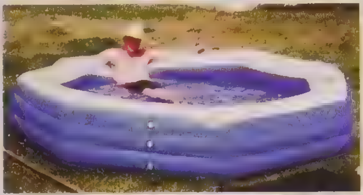
Kiesel with an 's,' Nyack with a 'y.' Sister Nadia pretty fly. Old man will, always chill. Sarah his mom...quite the bomb. Some folks from Germany populate his crew, too. It took him a few extra years of breaking rocks, before he got to shave his blonde locks. Chris Kiesel: Lacrosse player, from Dirtbag to Company Cdr, 4 year roommate, loyal friend, but a very reckless driver. -Very skilled at hurling footwear-Enjoys foreign fountains in the nude with friends-Buys ducks-Dances like he stretches-His dad loves to use the mail-Has been known to walk on his hands-The Ensign-Loves boardwalk fries at times-Runs with the bulls-Steals cameras for kissing and Rollercoasters-Loves Swiss chocolate-Does not discriminate with hot tub companions-8306- Nobody knows a woman like El Keeswell-His loss though-you were right about Boogie being a sleeper- master of massage, king of comedy, jack-of-all-trades-Sometimes pulls back the shower curtain too soon-" Yo Habs, did you borrow my ......"-going to smoke a Bidi - want to buy a visor?-Adios- Thanks for everything my NY friend, fly straight....stay high.

Pops, you have been my mental Guardian Angle and I hope you never leave my side. Mom, you have kept my mind open and my dreams grand. Nadia, our adventures have just begun. I sometimes forget if I am your older brother and simply want to watch in awe as you navigate through life.

Jason Lautar
Broomall, PA
Surface Warfare

Not from Philly but the suburbs, could have been a model if he didn't go to USNA. A pure playa when it came to dressing (genuine since 1969). Sleeping girls beware. The only guy to still "Bump" 2Pac in his ride 20 years from now. Corrupted by the house, he had his first dorrito at ring dance. A true master of the English language. Would have been happier if he could have service selected Playstation, but sneaky with the codes. For a kid with no game, he mastered the video game. "After 35 hours I beat the wizards and dragons." Jason, One of the most genuine individuals and best friend. Got a sister. Hollaa ONE. Gamma Rho Pi for life.

Thank you Mom and Dad for supporting me throughout my time here at the Academy, I couldn't have made it without you. I love you two. Mom you are the wind beneath my wings. Nate, we finally split up but it has made us the best of friends. You have pushed me to become who I am. I will always be there for you when you need me. You helped me experience what a real college was like even if I had to learn the hard way. Thank you Nana and Papa for your support and guidance, you have never failed me and taught me a true lesson in love and compassion. Danielle and Katie you can do anything you put your mind too. I know I was not the best brother to you two, but I do love you and I want only the best for you.



Kevin S. McCormick Jr.
Newark, DE
Surface Warfare

A true Iron Man and high school football hero. Loved to workout at least 10 times a week and had the callouses to prove it. Came to Navy as a momma's boy but wisened up after a couple years with the boys. A true mortarman, always knew to head for the Rockies, " Coors Light......Departing ". Double Big Gulps of Mountain Dew, Double Whoppers, A Dozen Scrambles Eggs and a pound of Scrapple couldn't make a dent in his appetite. His favorite person was poppenfresh and he knew his way around a kitchen. " AHHHH, I'm Crazy ". Not so Slim Shady when it came to making cookies for mysterious people. He holds the record for most high school alumni apparel. Kevin, the most gentle giant and always there for you.......unless you were a chopper pilot. We Love You Squishy! Gamma Rho Pi For Life !

Rebekah Murphy
Fanwood, NJ
Navy Pilot

Rebekah J, what can I say? Crusades to end false musters eventually resulting in many stripes, sailboats, Colonel Rooney and Dude, Norma and the cows, Thank God airplanes don't have spinnakers, Snugglebear, Thanks-BLN; T-Day with the Murphy's, Turnpike traffic with Madonna and random European punk bands, Youngster Schemes, FP Scene barely back in time, Rule #1 Never date guys you can beat up! Fondly, I will say you were a bad influence! But it was fun. Pensacola's next, baby-KMTI; Crazy limousine moments, Mom, the infamous Ring Dance tape, tailgating like champs-MAB; Trendy-T, Skelator and Lucky, Cages in Germany, 21st Birthday at Roxy's, Hansen's and Pino-shorts forever-JMN; The system, boob tape, Mom, Brrr..it's cold in here, "Who's the gay guy in all your pictures?", Ring dance with Kate Hudson, Army/Navy bathroom hogs, O-Club Wednesdays-SKB; Irish Car Bombs and Nachos, Oprah, "Who's the big winner here tonight?"-ASM; USS Nasty, Sprint FB, Bulia, and Blind Date; To my family-You are my inspiration, I love you all. To Rice, Mel, Andy, Fatty, Josh, Stacy, and Katina-long live the memories! It's been a fun ride; Thanks BLN, JMN, CML, TAR, LLB, DMH, CAG, ECT, Prof Fleming, and LT Richardson.

Brendan Naeve
La Canada, CA
Submarine Warfare

Four years with Brendan French Naeve: to sum it up, "irrational exciberance." Some might have thought he was SEAL Team B Naeve, but we all knew he was non-Joe Midshipman, hailing from the place where Los Angeles and Canada combined forces. Thankfully he survived the wrath of Milbrant-who else would we have gone to for car advice 2/c year?? We survived Paul Van Dyke, Lake Naeve, and somehow, Ebay motors. Nothing like your unintelligible midnight ramblings-entertainment at its finest. We know you'll have fun in your continued worldly adventures, but we know you'll always be back for the Army/Navy parties. A Starbucks coffee & a ride in the caddie complete any day. H2O polo allstar. #@&%ing Nuke School!? Catch ya at the next rave. Peace. SoCal boys forever." Air-Force at USC at 6 am, are you kidding me??? "How the ^%$# do you get to Ministry of Sound? Speaking of London, how are you and Ursula doing? Sweet Prada bag buddy! Our time here has flown by, but I don't think this is the last I'll see of you. After all, I'll need a ride in your new Porsche. Relaaaax, dogger. Thanks for always being there.
BMB ERJ JFA BRS

Justin Matthew Nassiri
Hayden Lake, ID
Submarine Warfare

Justin Matthew Nassiri \ Jü-stin nas-sbandit \ [SoCal + Ida - where???+ planet earth] 1. noun a: a striking man, usually clothed in the "GQ" look indigenous to any establishment where fine beer is served. b: A gentleman and a great friend.
2. adj. a: a quick wit, always has a one liner b: A man of great faith...and a great gambler. [See also: Prez, W. Bank, Best Friend, Bunboy]

Has more culture and charm than he knows what to do with; side affect of cruising Europe too often.. Master of charming women, quoting Simpsons and playing AvP. Hanging out with Ronny and Mr. Hankey. Somehow, you always know just what to say. One of Talley's Heroes, traveler of the earth, London to Waikiki, always searching for the perfect little lady. Always there with a joke, best friends through and through - never drowned at this place, and we cordially say farewell. Cordially, but emphatically, thanks. Your game is tops and always matched with a quick wit. If you're in a crevasse, make sure you're with best friends. You're the best wingman ever to be trapped under the ocean, but I know you'll always be on top of the world.
SADM RTR BRC CPS

Dominic Nicolini
Merrillville, IN
Navy Pilot

When the Dommer, a.k.a. Nique, a.k.a. Occci, showed up with his Junkyard Dog chops, USNA was forever changed. He piloted YPP through 40 foot swells, with Poison on the horn and a spoon in his Dungarees. Send an I.V. to the salty sailor was the comic's advise. His conquest of the McPink led him to Level Two, which ultimately led to mutiny. His compatriots will never forget his valiant march off the field. It runs deep in Pensacola, not to mention in Tijuana. He loves nothing more than hot chow and a fierce war cry. Vespucci's are his footwear of choice, hey, they're nice to walk in. Leading the 3rd Resistaunce, he waiting 3 minutes to see Yaomir Yagr take the stage. If the bread isn't rising in Rutgers, he has no fear of the dribble, dribble, pass. His advise to Jen B...get a raincoat. Bocci championships came easy to him, with his booze hardened partner beside him. If you're a pizza boy and you park in the driveway, you ought to call a cab home. Key West is known for its widemouth coolers, which made it easy on the Dommer. One day he will sit at the front table of Sea-Dogs with his best buddy Booze and watch the dollars drop in and the McPink walk by.
-BOOZE

Michael Lewis O'Sullivan
Wildwood, MO
Navy Pilot

OSO Good. Soccer slide tackles. 1967 Chevelle...no power steering, no air conditioning, no radio, and a quarter tank of gas. Loves to share with others. Mexico...lost four hours. Dad can squat more. "Step out of the door and I will end your life"...hoe/boulder...PSU. Great geographic ability. "Tomorrow we will go Buck Wild." Nice biceps...even better chest. Thanks for getting me through chemistry - JAF. "I know I have it, I researched it." The Boxcar...four years by the Bay...zero good haircuts. Spring break memories...Cabo San Lucas, Puerta Vallarta, Key West. Fantastic ability to keep a girl...even better ability to keep a roommate. Gets along great with mean people. Ring dance date. No worries. Ski trip with the boys. Outstanding courtesy clerk. The American Psycho. - Your dream has finally become a reality...Best of luck in flight school.

Jon Page
Canton, MI
Surface Warfare

For this bio you may need to break out your decoder rings, because Jon sometimes has trouble talking in coherent sentences. He gives a whole new meaning to the word "dork". First off, it took this foot fairy an entire semester to find a real man's sport and he joined the rugby team. Thank goodness for "The Factor's" soccer background, though, because he can't tackle to save his life, so relying on his foot was a good strategy. If this original A-Team member could score as well on the field as he did off the field (Duncan McPage) the team would have been much more successful for the 4 years he was here. When he wasn't on the field he was much better. No one locked the door more during youngster year, except probably Dom. But 2nd place isn't bad. Not many people pass out in a cold shower for three hours. His time was well spent burying his nose in a book learning all the intricacies of how to rule the world through the use of a golf bag. Bee-der-dee. Ask him to talk binary sometime, no, actually don't. Organizing his music was the best move he ever made. Funny how having his entire collection erased twice during plebe year never really phased him. Must have been his lucrative CD business in 8351. Can anybody lend this guy some chest candy? I don't think he has enough. Too bad SWO was the only community that would accept a man with half a brain. I'm sure any sorority would hire him for a counseling job because he listened to it all when he was here. What's up with those Marine Corps cuff-links though?

Tracy Ann Robinson
W. Trenton, NJ
Marine Corps Ground

I-day. I was on Mars-you rapped, had an accent. Those feet...You make everything fun-you got a naïve girl to dress in bootie pants, fake bake, and wax. Good luck Teufel Hunden. KMTI. Need Mac & Cheesy to make you oh so peasy? Roomies four years-nightly talks, music, crazy feet. Been through so much-too bad we never hang out. My lil' yut-yut...if only they knew about dogs and beads. Meow?! "Is that a cat?" So so seepy? Pic of us in Rickover-don't forget your packet. Don't worry, Tre...you didn't know there was a rule about not drinking in Griffin's in civvies plebe year...restriction youngster year-at least you had FLQT. Finally a Marine-running from Graul's in civvies after how many trips to Quantico? How am I going to make decisions without you...have to drink some more Malibu, I guess. Cheezus! Pics in the room. "I'm going running"...10 mins later. "What was in your bag?" Where's the hubby? Beaver song, always a princess. "This is embarrassing, but did I do anything last night?" Get tucked in...I love you. LB Plucky,chappy, motivator, princess...lil' 'hosed up' at first...restriction, shopping in philly, falling out of restriction muster-our talks, runs, wub fests ...hooyah motivator...Couldn't ask for a better friend. Love, Nasty-Love to all, the memories go on and on...

Gary Ross
Anchorage, AK
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Golf Alfa Romeo Yankee...Attention on deck! YP Squadron, arriving. FDB inspection! Gary, what is that on your uniform? “Hey, in UNIFORMREGS, medals go with FDBs.” But shirtstays don’t go with SDBs! Tozzi says that a military without profanity can’t fight its way through a urine soaked paper bag. And on that note, how’s about a fanside chat in Tozzi’s stateroom...we can listen to the A*Teens!!! While smoking? But you guys got in trouble for that...Yes we certainly did...Ha ha! Ho ho! Midshipman, you’re a liar! Liar! You must have broken the Dahlgren girl’s heart...the plebes’ worst nightmare, and their best friend, all at once. Chaplains, Gunnys, Gym Teachers, a sucker for the “natural” beauties...but HEY!...issss OK...don’t be scared...it’s TOO SEXY!...never a shortage of U.S. Airways memorabilia or coffee...that feedback was a little TOO honest, for McIrish...you are all that most of us will ever know of Alaska...or of what MIDREGS actually says...You know, that nuke bonus is a big burden to carry...it’s a good thing you bought fifteen flatscreen computer monitors with it! A great guy, who taught everyone more than they realized (or bargained for) about the enlisted Navy...ancient prophecies foretold your SWOtivation...we hope you obtain Commodore...again! - MJT JMC

Emelia Spencer
Rockville, MD
Surface Warfare

Slow...slow...quick...quick...slow...Emmy could have been a world champion as the dance partner of a very handsome and debonair gentleman of South American Descent, but instead she has chosen to sip tea with a bunch of intellectuals somewhere in England and then go into the Navy. Who would’ve thunk it? Going out there though she has learned some very important lessons about a guy’s “ Plan B,” throwing grand parties with Mom’s famous chocolate dessert and high school chicks, just saying “no,” and being a shiksa. KC, KMTI. “She said she was 18, dude.” JP “Well I don’t know what you would call me, but I would call you one of my good friends by nature of the amount of time we spend together. It only took her 4 years to finally get the correct laundry delivered to her room. Covering up her name tag and asking “What’s my name?” SAS You have most likely done more homework on sailing MO’s than the rest of the team combined over 4 years here, done more activities, and caused more anxiety, yet you still are the best crew I could have asked for. Colin Merrick can spaz all he wants at the 1st at Navy Fall and the last race at America Trophy but you can own the V-15 cockpit any day.” TSW “Late night sanity breaks” RGS, AEA. Here’s to the big four, application nights, interview days, sushi out the wazoo, and consulting the almighty Sean and Jen. JJW, BR, BD. Mom will still be trying to get Mids to finish the beer after the 24th.

Stacy Alice Spigler
Lusby, MD
Marine Corps Ground

An interesting or bizarre person. More random than bizarre. “Did you know Churchill was part Iroquois?” Someone had to be the news reporter in the room. All of the girls shared the title of BICOR though. Hoping to break the stereotype of yearbook geeks, you spent four years with a camera in hand. Did you ever march over to a football game? When not taking pictures, you could be found running marathons without training. 3 Marine Corps Marathons-it must have been destiny. Plebe Year... “Sir, my dad made the front page” ...nice flowers, where’d you get them? You’ve come a long way since scrubbing the barn floor Plebe Year for inspections. Actually, you still stress out more than most Plebes do for room inspections, even when you do the inspecting. That’s why we love you. You got mixed up in the wrong crowd sometime during PROTRAMID and will forever be a member of Beta Beta Beta. Those girls are up to no good when they get together. New Orleans- enough said. Watching as they drove past the wardroom, they celebrated your 21st birthday at Polly Esther’s for you. Free tickets to the Orioles game and freeze outs in the car were only a few of their adventures. You are one of the most cheerful and special people I know. I hope we cross paths often. I am really going to miss you. -KMTI

Robert Stimis
Little Rock, AR
Navy Pilot

Stimey, Stiles, Captain Lob, Mini-Hanner, One-MC, aka that loud guy with overalls, straw hat, and a wad of Levi in his cheek. A redneck from the beginning and the master of tact. Once a member of the tight five until he got pretty on us. Dirtiest player to ever try to change his ways. Passed up plenty of opportunities because he was getting over the ex. "I'm back in the saddle, boys!" Dis-invites the first Ring Dance date while falling head over heels for the Rebellete. "Did he just pull her hair?" Don't touch the remote . . . Arkansas - Ole Miss 7 OT's at Sean Donlon's. Go Hogs!!! But Dale Jr drinks Budweiser. "Hey Turner, let's do some shots." Cancun = mas tequila, jumping out the hotel restaurant window to make love to a beach volleyball pole, and a bathroom trifecta??? "I'm taking dynamics, and you're taking f*&#ing color wheel???" The A-Team wreaking havoc in Aus, Charlotte, another box, and a full broadside. "You figure it out yet . . ." Well, Stimey's on his way to the sin bin again . . . if you're gonna get into a fight, make sure he's behind you to layeth the boot. HOOT!!! A great captain and a great friend. We'll see you in the skies of P-cola. - AEA, BTC, TRC, NJJ, CMAF, NPB, TBS, JAL, Ike, FAS, Oly

Ethan Taranta
Scottsdale, AZ
Marine Corps Ground

Ethan Taranta stumbled our way from the desert of Phoenix, Arizona. Once a hippy, always a hippy, Ethan prospered in his academics choosing History as a major. Varsity crew was a blast and led Ethan to meet the girl of his dreams in the boathouse. "Josh you ignorant slut" "Ethan you deviated prevert." Quick Josh to the car, cover me. "Check it out, I found a new way down the stairs!" Ferrari and Northwestern...Does he have any other T-shirts? Don't mess with Colter; he'll wax coffee grounds into your deck. Pissing off O-5's. "Mr. Taranta, I'd like to see you after this CDS session." You didn't have to call her a hypocrite. Ethan, your integrity is a noteworthy trait. You will never give in and we all respect you for it. Oh yeah, and look out for drunk drivers. "Yeah that bar is full of Marines. I hate Marines, you can't trust those F-ers." Keep your fun-loving spirit, and if I ever see you with a high and tight, I'm kicking your ass. Where are you going? ...EVERYWHERE... is the Corps ready for 2nd Lt Taranta? God have mercy on us all.
-DMH, CAG, JFA, CJS, JHB

Joshua Zelfer
Black Hawk, SD
Navy Pilot

Just think, you can shoot REALLY BIG GUNS going really FAST. Sniper school in the summer. Fights with Ross. Actually having a date for Ring Dance. Zelfer style, like nothing I have ever seen. Shopping spree for a new wardrobe. Damn Josh, is that you sister? Tara's answering service. The holy candy chalice. Thanks for everything you've done for me, from helping your retarded roommate make it through plebe proknowledge to being an integral part of getting Palmer the boot. You're a true friend and I'll never forget you. — DPG Thanksgivings at my house might not have been complete with out Z-dog raiding Mom's cookies or drawing his next masterpiece of gun art. Over four years Z-dog matured past the gun sketches and moved on to women. At least we know the academy can teach something. Be safe out there and never forget to put on your safety... - EMS The only pilot who can shoot a man in the head at 600 yards. - RGS Three things come to mind with Josh. First, plebe summer, full canteen, motivation, or something like that. Second, all the pictures he has of himself. They all have big guns in them, too, usually with him carrying them. I am glad to be fighting on the same side as Josh. Third, "How the hell did I get Naval Aviation?" You'll do fine Josh. - JEP The myth, the man, the legend, the Zelfster...on the team he is known as the long range extraordinaire, who spent half his summers learning from the best. I always had something to laugh about with Josh, and quite possibly he could be the next Rembrandt with his drawings. Thanks for the good memories teammate, good luck with all and take care. - JWK

THE ELEVENTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Christopher Eric Atkins
Georgiana, AL
Submarine Warfare

Why are we so weird, Nick? The prevailing question after four years here. Without our many hours of insightful dialogue, my time here would not have been nearly as valuable. We truly explored the nuances and intricacies of the demented human psyche, from the City Docks of Annapolis to that outdoor coliseum thing in Charlottesville. Pero, porque hablamos espanol siempre? And yes, that little refrigerator under my desk really was responsible for bringing in the spice during the last semester. Troy… "yeah". First, I would just like to get to know you. Hey, I'm a police officer. One of us is in deep trouble. If only we had kept "The Quotebook", we would have had a treasure for the ages. Remember, you will always have a place in my imperial cabinet. You always had a way with monkeys. Matt, I'm sorry about the 'Skins. No matter when you read this, that statement will always be true. You too will always have a seat in my luxury box at RJS. Jim, we will be slow forever. WT, wo ai ni. Ni ai wo ma? Wo shi ga tzee. All of you, just remember that I am out there, somewhere, just me and my nukes. If that isn't scary, then you know no fear. You all made me what I am today and for that I am forever indebted.

Marisa Migne Ball
Dumfries, VA
Surface Warfare

"Oh no! Is Marisa drunk!" Good thing you always had the triad to take care of you. On the road playing the towel game, always knowing you had DIG to fall back on, and the scout team was better than any other team in the league. Always a culinary expert you managed to set the oven on fire and make a carrot cake that weighed 8 lbs. Never forget to eat your cheese eggs with toast and outback cheese fries can solve any problem. Speaking of food, is that broccoli in your hair. It's not a good thing to sleep through restriction muster, but that's ok you had Left and the two of you can get out of anything. Which is better being able to take out your teeth or being strong enough to put a hole in your wall. I dunno you ditched them both!!! I think you might prefer being pinned up against the wall. Don't forget to take the packets from Aunt Mickey out with you. When life gets you down there is always late night punting to ease your pain. If that doesn't work, Peas is always there to make things better, cause there is nothing better than peas and carrots. I love you all and wish you the best!

Patrick Dean Barker
Flower Mound, TX
Medical Corps

Rick, Patrick, Pat, Texas Pat, Doctor Barker—what is your name anyways? While at the Naval Academy was involved in promoting the Hickle-Schooley fight, Odenton pub karaoke, Baltimore homeless relations (Dennis and Knox), dancing Irish jigs… naked, and SJC golf cart driving. Remember not to anger the Rutgers frat boys, and not to sleep in the shower. Keep a lookout for Tommy Lee Jones, Noah Wylie, and Sting. Here's to the adventures in Ireland (getting back late so we could celebrate St. Patrick's Day in Dublin), U2, Jimmy Buffett, Tom Petty, and Poison concerts, and the final spring break trip to Italy. Ram's Head Beer Club—not a bad $600 and not many could finish in 3 months. Best of luck to all the members of the "O" club— Dano, Jeffo, Brio, Jimbo, Charlieo, and Matto. Oh yeah, what happened to Nimitz? Maybe the forensic scientists know.

Ashley Edward Church
Tucson, AZ
Navy Pilot

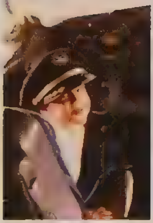
The Illustrious Ash . . . world renowned for soul searching and soul surfing. Finder of a financially savvy establishment that changed the way we look at drinking. The only Ricky Martin look a like with a black N. Infamous for breaking dance moves and hearts in the Balt-DC region. #1 most wanted on DC Metro's list of sorority formal fugitives. The only thing stranger than disappearing for lengths of time in Ocean City and Mazatlan is his shirtless re-emergence complete with a scandalous tale, a gruffly beard, and gallon of water. New Orleans bead contest winner. Master of Pcola ditch out sessions. Has opted for a sure thing at least once in the waning hours of the Washington night. A defenseman who dishes out punishment on the ice and in the stands, Alize induced or otherwise. Last seen cruising shirtless down the Mexican coast on a rented moped in a frantic hypoglycemic quest for nourishment. How did the man of Apache blood ever turn Carlos O'Kelly's into a crime scene? Remember when one brow became two? Countless youngster touch and goes. Shotgunning in Gtown female communal shower rooms. Budding phenom on the pro beach volleyball tour. Willenium . . . still celebrating. Perennial flip flops, soap styling, sales, and mullets. A man who lives more in a weekend than some do in a lifetime. LH. On a personal note, I would like to personally extend my heartfelt gratitude to everyone that made this journey a success. I could not have done this without the love and support of my endearing friends, family, and additional loved ones.

Nathan Matthew Cook
Occoquan, VA
Navy Pilot

Where did the last four years go? Now that I'm getting ready for the final move out, I can look back and say, "You guys suck," and you know who you are. Living with the little angry Italian took a lot out of me, but I pity the Deuceman more. Getting together with all the pals of four years on the Bay brought out all those stories I'd rather forget. I did develop an impressive knack for doing something stupid every time I left my room. The farther away I went, the more ridiculous my actions, like Mexico and Canada. Steve, I saved your life with that hotel key. Naturally, my pals were there to document every moment. I especially liked the ridicule whenever I hobbled back from Sprint Football practice. By the way, I'll never forget my teammates, not a one. No matter what shenanigans I got myself into, I always took comfort in knowing that there was a soul out there always topping my darkest hours. Thanks Davis. Well, I'm sure the debauchery will continue through Pensacola, but they will never replace you guys and all of our fun.

Daniel Francis Davis
Chicago, IL
Marine Corps Ground

Davis, no sh**, there we all were, for four years…and it all started on 8-2…RRF, JPP, GPL, JJW, TCG, NMC, SJR…some craziness: Yes sir, Lt. Col. Gateguard, sir, I know your rank… Steve, stop hiding your damn care packages… Wait a minute, Sammy J…what'd you call me?… Uh, JJ, could you testify for me?… Tell me how you really feel, Steve… Really, we promise you aren't tone-deaf… DMB, Pearl Jam, The Boss…where will it end?!! Dan, do you like it when I sing in the room?… JJ: This ontological argument is excellent. Davis: Yes, this is my paper… JJ, can you fix my computer? It's called email, Dan… Alright, Who's hooking up with me tonight?… No, it's my Wild Turkey!.. Ponch: Why is the floor wet. Dan: I spilled mellow-yellow in the night. Nate: No you didn't! I saw you there, and that definitely wasn't a soda in your hand… Hey Greg, nice chicken heart… John, where did that go?… CHUMP…Blow yourself up!..Deuce, Deuce and a half, not bad… JJ two questions: why am I bleeding and why is the fan broken?… Georgetown, Armadillos, I'm an angel… Drink with the stars and tossed out of bars… Four years making memories. We did it right…Annie, you are everything I ever wanted, how could I be so lucky….



Jeffrey Michael Desmond
North Kingstown, RI
Navy Pilot

What a crazy four years it's been. Plebe year adventures with Wags and Steck, Mr. Wang (the Martinez is silent), ice cream parties in Rawe's room, and adventures at Patton's Pub. Youngster cruise in New York, NTT adventures in Baltimore with Dennis and Nox, tying knots underwater with Noah Wylie and David Duchovny. Youngster year in the ghetto, being Rico's wingman at Rutgers, parties at Julia's house and getting run over by Dano. Thanks to Rick and Brian for cleaning up after me (and the cinnamon broom). Second class year sniping Saladayga with the laser pointer, fun times in Ireland, brawling in Kilkenny, standing lifeguard for Rick, and Ring Dance Weekend. Firstie year riding golf carts and adventures with boats, testing Naval Academy security with Charles, Ram's Head Beer Club, Georgetown and fun times in Jimbo's van. Four years of volleyball fun, what a know-it-all, Lammie Lam, Chuck's arm is stuck, Reno baby Reno, and clinching the Bronze in St. Louis. Good luck to Davis, Rob, Nick and Jeff. Thanks to Katie Southerton, the Loyas and the Soffers for putting up with us for four years. Best of luck to Tex, Brian, Jimbo, Chuck, Dano, Julia, RT, Nick, Rico, Eric, Troy…You guys are the Best!

James Monroe Elmore II
Elk Grove, CA
Surface Warfare

Jimmy Elmore…Jim, Jimbo, Sleepy-E, Gosh…A kind-hearted and gentle-spirited friend. You have brought much laughter and fun to the past four years of my life…From Age of Empires and UT to Busch Gardens and Lake Tahoe, your friendship has meant a lot to me…Life just wouldn't be the same without you…May God bless you in the days still to come. - MGF.

Jimmy Elmore, My brother in Christ..Food! He was always caring and concerned for others…He brought a smile to my face, and made sure I had enough to eat! Matt's roommate forever…Thank you for your kindness and your desire to help out…God bless you! - CAF (Genie)

Jim…Probably one of the only guys I have met that would genuinely be willing to give the shirt off his back and not think twice about it…You can always find Jim either reading a book, playing a game on the computer or trying to find the latest thing to add 5HP to his camaro…No can forget the great midnight dance parties during exam week…Shake it white boy!! Good luck SWO-DADDY!! God Bless you in all ya do Jim…Jer. 29:11-13 — ERN

Jeffrey Michael Fellows
Plano, TX
Navy Pilot

This is a story bout a kid named 'flows', aka. Magwa or simply known as V.J. Born to play lone star lacrosse, top 75, this is a "true story!" bout his last 5 years. At NAPS, the young lad was growin' up "playin numbers…you gotta be serious!"..or throwin' out the crescent moon while shoving snickers bars into tubas. My man is one heck of a harmonica player..and a great tooth brush cleaner to boot. Good ole 'constant cow lick' would eat his roast beef and American…"heated up". As the 'captain and sprite would flow from the kitchen, like the salmon of capistrono, ocasionily our hero would lose it…"that didn't count..I was full" NAPS flew away..along with a $162.50 plane ticket…Boston, where were you? "Oh I was just taking a shower." Plebe year, sleeping in the locker room just wondering bout N.Y. pics. "my hammy, I think I pulled it… I was just stretching…yea we were all just stretching.!" Maybe this is a problem Markus Preston could handle..ok now "you got carried away"…"Bird time to give him the hook." Time for a couple trips to D.C, American style. "can I borrow your car?"…And then the drive that will never be forgotten. If you stay up with the owls at night you gotta be able to fly with the eagles the next morning! The years will come and go, but our friendship will last forever. Thanks for staying strong…none of us could have done it alone!!

Richard Raymond Felver
Goodland, KS
Marine Corps Ground

So that happened. Everything seems like a blur, but when I try to catch a memory plenty of good ones stick. I remember some parties, others I don't, trips to the beach, and Canada. You know that beer up there is like moonshine. Apparently above the border they have different rules on how one can show affection. Always going to remember the Track team and the trips we took. To my roommates, I'll never forget the fun we had destroying brain cells together. I figure if they were that easy to kill, I probably didn't need 'em anyway. I also saw some amazing feats in my days here. To top that list is what DFD can accomplish in a single weekend and JPP in a semester. I had a pretty good run myself, but Marathons and school kept interrupting me. EDK thanks for dragging me through the miles and SJR I can't feel my legs. People complain about New Jersey, but every time I've been there I've had a good time. Thanks to GPL and BAF. JPP, NMC, GPL, and ECF taught me more that I could ever learn from a book.
Deuce.

Matthew Githens Fisher
Clifton, VA
Navy Pilot

Matt, Fishdawg, Brotha, it has been a blessing this year to be given such an awesome friend as you. From the "Matt chats" to getting fat I am very thankful for the example of Godliness and the friendship you have given to me.-CLW. God answered a prayer my youngster year when we became friends. You've been a Christian brother, a listening ear, and an always-available hug to me. Whether FCAing, talking way past midnight, or writing with reckless abandon, I will always be thankful for your advice and friendship.-HLH. Great roommate and great friend…too bad you cant spend another semester here with me.-JME. My brother in Christ. We fought like it, too. My partner in FCA crime, and a true best friend. I'll always remember the long talks about whatever. Thank you for always being there for me, and for the blessing that you have been to me.-CAF. Two years of conducting tomfooleries and shenanigans at 2am during x-week. No one decorates a sleeping roommate like you, with hangers and scotch tape. As a Brother in Christ you were always there when I needed to get something off my chest or just to talk late into the night about what God's Grace has done for each of us.-ERN

Brian August Forster
Minotola, NJ
Surface Warfare

Brian Forster, future Brian Spears. From God's country. Token Jersey kid at the white horse. Force Econ Ranger. Long live the horse.-MBB 4 years of grappling fun. The Infamous Guppy. One of the last from the Wicks Era. Nothing beats the Baby Blue Cav. with baby blue interior. Fun times down at Sunshine, cab ride being followed by three hot chicks but then realizing they were the missing links, left danimal behind as a human sacrifice-D Hem. We could really toss that midget about ten feet or so. Did I ever see you at Rutgers? I'm sure I have, but I don't think we ever remembered...-Letch Parties at Julias, JB (the one that got away!). Ring Dance weekend, I hope SOMEONE remembered that. Luke, my Faygo connection. Hey Ike, do you wanna throw a party at Brad's? Yes, we are part of an Eagle Scout reunion. To all my friends, the wrestlers, JD, Tex, Southy, Dan-O, Matt-O, Charles, RT, Jones, Hickle, Julia, and everyone else take care. Thanks to mom, dad, Jon, and the rest of the family for helping through the first couple of years, I will never forget it. A Special Thanks to the Nelsons, Loyas and Soffers.

Erich Charles Frandrup
Newport, WA
Special Operations

Memories you ask? From this place? Let me think. Julia, how many screws does a frigate have? Steve, nice teeth…you must brush often. Hey Jeremiah, you were my real plebe summer squad leader. Rich, Mr. Mortenson's mom was our hero. Caitlin, here's another solo. Chief Nash, Seabees all the way! Rob, seen any VW bugs in T-court? Blythe, you awake over there…close your mouth! Brett, nice tackle, it still hurts. Hey "D-Day", your phone is ringing. Ben, what time is it….doesn't your watch tell time? Tom, how big are you again? Emilio, who is the latest love.com ring dance date? Chris, watch out for the barf, it's a little slippery. Ronny, you make a great "Chewy!" Devin, smile why don't ya! Todd, thanks for the accountability. John, is that shoe polish on your eyebrow? Greg, you almost ruined my innocence. Dan, why don't I do the homework. Wow, with all these memories this must truly be (and I quote the Sup) a "World-Class" institution. Remember this: "I can do ALL things through Christ who strengthens me." Philippians 4:13

Thomas Carlton Genest
Sacramento, CA
Navy Pilot

Man this kid has a loud mouth. Really loud. But, that's ok, because everything is cool when Commodore G. Ross is on your side. It only took three years, but we're finally friends. Hell, you were there at Dayton when Kevin started making his own hair care line...shampoo, condition, repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Man, I like you and all, but your ass is a broken faucet: always on. You should probably get that checked out. And while you're at it, you should probably hit up some therapy for that self-confidence problem. Even so, we're just two dope boys in a Cadillac -Alpha male 2, over. 2% club...made it. Damn it, a new roommate? A prior marine! Maybe if I offer him a couple shots he'll loosen up. Let's call Persico over here while we're at it, that would be just great, get on that Chaddy-Bear. I shouldn't be in Muhler's Navy, but now I'll be flying right next to Coursey. Davis...you close your's, I'll close mine. Can somebody give me my stereo back? Let's get some Bob Marley goin... Alpha Male 1, out.

Chad Hamlet Harvey
Philadelphia, PA
Navy Pilot

Aka Fingers…Charvey…and the Scrapper from Philly. I spent my time here…munchin' on Ulga…drinking with Persico and singing with Cosby. Here's to living in the 6th wing ghetto…Tom, I can't believe I survived rooming with the Alpha Male after all the times you got us in trouble..."Hey guys, guess what I brought back with me?"…ES430 cheating scandal. Matty, I still can't believe you tore down my poster, but we'll always have those wonderful 60 days to look back on. Kevvy, I hope the Marines know that they're getting Jack too. Now for the guys in the 11th Co. lounge… Nick, you and I got really close I-Ball weekend. RT, phone home (and tell your mom I said "hi"). Jay, I bow to your gaming mastery and wouldn't want to run into you in a dark alley if you had a rail gun. Honorary lounge members…Kevin, don't worry, life will still go on when you're not my lab partner anymore. Southy, Jimmy, Rick, Jeff, and Julia…"Not My Kid." Napster!? Try //02_HARVEY_C. What tattoo? Black N. I'm glad none of you guys hurt yourself too bad on my skateboard. Hope to see you all somewhere out there.

Jason Arthur Hickle
Ridgecrest, CA
Surface Warfare

Jason, your calling may have been the corps; you are motivated enough, but you are following your hearts desire aboard a ship and that is what matters. Your sincerity and sympathy will earn the respect of your sailors. You didn't always have advice to throw my way, but you were always there to listen. Some may consider you a ring knocker, but you only knock on the bar and not on the doors.
Your most trusted ally and feared enemy, Kevin
Jason Hickle, a.k.a. Soul Harvester. One of my best friends for four years and a roommate for three. I don't know how he put up with me. Surviving plebe year against Big Red and spending Youngster year in the ghetto. He was always there, whether it was weekends at the Kramer's or driving through the Southwestern deserts on Spring Break or meeting staffers on weekends. Always the master of strategy that whenever we would have company battles he would divide and conquer crying out how evil he was. Our days here will be missed because of the companionship that was bred and that will find no comparison.
Good Luck, and "Sally forth" in life
Ryan Klint

Heather Honnette
Martinez, CA
Surface Warfare

So her personality on the soccer field isn't quite as sweet as the one off the field. Despite the red card, she's still the optimistic, selfless, and smiling friend we all knew her to be. Her faith in others is as strong as the faith in God and herself, even if those pesky little things called boys get in the way. She's a sister in Christ and the "mom" to her FCA brothers. Whether singing "World's Apart" or writing song lyrics or talking until 3am in the hallway, she always offered her encouragement, prayers, open ears, and a caring heart. She's "Double," a roommate and friend who helped teach others about being more of yourself and that you can't do it on your own no matter how hard you try, as well as learning from others along the way. She loved dancing, in platforms in Germany or on Ring Dance cruise or even at a baseball game, as well showing her tenacity on the soccer field, but now she just needs lots of patience and ice on hand. Remember: always eat dessert even if you're full! Thanks for being my friend- for that I am forever blessed. God bless you, Heath. ~ DRM, MHR, MGF, CAF, MMB

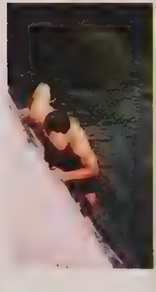
Nicholas David Jones
Milwaukie, OR
Navy Intelligence

From the 6th Wing Ghetto to the Lounge it's been an interesting ride. Chad, Ponch and Nate thanks for putting up with me for a year, and to Ryan and the Shadow you've endured 3 years of stories about Oz, debs, fonats, dancers, interns/staffers and other crazy people and hopefully you've learned something: $40 and a sweater gets you a whole lot of nothing!
It's not the destination but the journey…I never thought West Virginian soil could be so comfortable. Matt are you cool? Rutgers, Halloween and Philimina, Burn baby burn… Springbreak: Changing on the beach in sunny Daytona and chicken dumping…. LA, Ridgecrest, Havasu, Vegas: Jim stop jumping off the roof… The San Jacinto, volleyball on Virginia Beach, aim center of mass… Ryan and Jason: Will you ever get tired of gaming? Hey Pat and Dan lets get some ice cream…saved by the gate guard. … No Gunny, you're thinking of Steve McGarrett….

Kristen Kavanaugh
Ironton, OH
Marine Corps Ground

Where's KK? Who knows! The spoiled brat is probably out with the Triad or maybe The Dude. HA!!! No, she's in DC. Did we ever learn our way around DC? Yeah we did (on Gay Pride Day…OOPS!!!) J called today. Maybe KK's playing basketball or the towel game. D Babies! "Good thing Army isn't as good as the Scout Team cause then we'd lose." 7 points in 30 seconds. She could be at Thomas Point with Sean. Not the CC, he was the XO, and the flowers were from her parents. They were BIG and RED. Hope she took the Spring Break packet from Aunt Mickey. Scary. Did anyone check Miami? Heard she went with the Coasties from the club. With the convertible top up or down? Down! Speaking of tops, was that shirt see through? Only in pictures. Try the Outback: 8 oz. seared and seasoned with cheese fries. She can't go a week without meat (or blue Gatorade). Found her! Thanks Lauren. Still embarrassed? She is. At least it wasn't Bzz. Wherever KK is you better believe there is excitement! MB & LB

Thank you all for everything! I love you more than you will ever know! NITE!!!!! KK



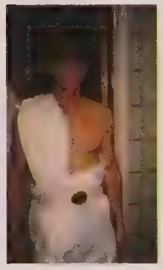
Ryan Todd Klint
Woodland Hills, CA
Navy NFO

My time here has been one misadventure after another. To places ranging from Cheerleaders, DC, Dereth, and Robert Crown. Meeting people like the interns, Kramers, Benji and Calhoon. Experiencing Havasu, Vegas, and Kanorado. "No Rules" with Southy, Bry, Jigging Pat, DANO, Chuck, Jimmay, Charvey, Shidey, Laf, 11th Snakeyes, and even TC. Surviving the Back Row with WW & Break. "San Jacinto departing". Shadow and Jonesy tolerating me for three years whether I was aiming center mass in my sleep or meddling.

Now word from our Sponsors:

Ryan, you are the man. Congratulations on making NFO, and I wish you the best on getting pilot in the future. You have taught me a lot about loyalty in the time I have known you. Between hanging out at the Kramers, to avoiding having our room inspected, and gallivanting across the American Southwest, we have been through a lot together in our time here. Anyways, take care man and I wish you the best of luck. –hicklej

RTs infamous quotes from Laf: "Step on my rope again and I'll kill you." , "I am the best soccer referee around… and my golden whistle proves it!"



Kevin John LaFrenier
Grand Rapids, MI
Marine Corps NFO

Heeeeeeyy Kevy!...Good job kicking the habit...Ohhh Kevy...How's Jenny? Good!...Physics sure is easy...Shall I serenade you? I'm pretty good at guitar...rough times, but you got through them. You're better than that anyways...Ooooo, I like your hair. It stands up in the front...Thanks for the help on the homework Jimmy... But JJ, I'm not ready to go back yet… noooo… JJ, noo… I want to go back… I want to go back to the bar! Chad, make him bring me back…. Corporal, make them bring me back to the bar… I'm not ready to come back yet! Kevin, you are too good of a friend to me… I don't deserve this. I am not worthy! Jason, stop pounding your ring on the bar! 535… Who am I talking to? Jack? Is that you Jack?!! Jack's back Chad!!! Honkey Monkies always… Laf, I think you will win the bet... I'll be in prison when you pick up Capt… ok Jeff, I'll take a bottle then. Middies!!!!!!!! Boseph….

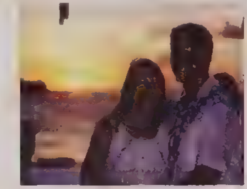
Gregory Paul Lembo

Wyckoff, NJ
Navy Pilot

The only guy on the boat who thought that cooking risotto, boiling hotdogs and making french fries in twenty foot seas was feasible, let alone a good idea on the Sloop John B. RMA 99'. Where to begin… it all started with the fun of plebe year chemistry labs.....then you saved a hurting pleber who was hanging on to a mailbox for dear life. HNK JJ, we made some serious hats – never forget the "A TEAM" board. Whether dancing on tables in Bermuda, climbing Mt. Washington, or tackling the steeps of Crested Butte we always did it with as little clothing as possible. Youngster year… Dan what rank did you tell that gate guard he was? Dead reckon towards Bermuda to party with Ross and do some more cliff diving. Steve, what a four years, from MD to Sun Valley we too did it with as little clothing as possible. Rich - Why? I'll tell you why! Erich… dammit, Who sings this song? You're killing me!!! Fellas it was a blast… but come on let's get out of here. Hit hard wherever you go. GPL

Daniel James Lesniak

Boca Raton, FL
Submarine Warfare



I put Henry's out of business and stayed here longer than a McDonald, promoter of Hickle v. Schooley, Pat the horseshoe is on fire, Why did "some firstie" take our nametags, damn, I killed Jimbo with my big Dano hands, kareokee bars on the way to get ice cream, lets have another party at the Loyas, throwing my keyboard piece by piece at a little Mexican, Marcus lets do another funnel while your car gets towed, Where is my scarf, Jimmy Buffet and a married women, Pat the tennis court is on fire, email wars, Salydega is gay, laserpointers are fun, ping…ping…ping, Boone's radar and sonar, inspections by a big dinosaur and a big dumb gunny, the gunnycam and a flaming mouse, the Cigar King, running Ohara out of the candy business, Jimmy Buffet, George and a hick, Jimmy Buffet and Crystine, lets use our loans to fly on the Concorde, rumble with the Irish guys in Kilkenny, meeting my wife in company, 90 miles from Cuba and the best sunset in the world, the legitmate Beer Club, Where is Chester? GO CANES, those darn dolphins, 13, ID090801, "Guys, it's been fun. Let's, do it again sometime."—Sluggo 67,

Charles Allen Liles

Asheboro, NC
Navy Pilot

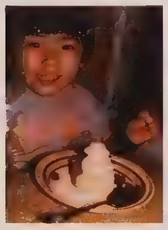
Straight shooter…the Grinch…testing USMC security at USNA…late for dinner at the Collison's…flowers at Avalon…beads and uniform standards at Mardi Gras…seafood in Florida…randomness…friends with Johnny Walker Red…parties at Julia's and the Soffers…el Cheapo with Guile…Dan's prayer rug…I didn't do it…Irish guys in Kilkenny…30 cent tip for Muslim taxi driver…planet ruled by dogs…watermelon at Buffett…old grumpy men at golf course…Halloween brawl at Rutgers…teaching Russian to plebes in French on 21st birthday…SIR for hangover…putting Nimitz to rest

Julia Katherine Loya
Arnold, MD
Surface Warfare

Pokono the Eskimo, "are you warm enough yet?"…..So when are we taking those first day of school pics?… JK can't stand on the end, her arm…..Kill the milk carton – plebe summer….Nice trophy, is that a man or woman?….so you win the room's Most Scandalous award for 2/C Cruise……"May this forever be on your conscience"……The Thong Song will always be a classic…….KK, MB, HH thankx for 4 great years roomies…..The scooter club in Italy and France with Texas Pat, Jeff always making people laugh, putting Jimbo in headlocks, Econ with Brian, where are you goin with that story Nick?, Danno, the one who introduced us to Dennis and Knox, Charles you're one interesting man….Thankx for everything guys…….To the Powerlifting Club, I wish ya'll luck and thankx for all the support…..'She embraces life, while sharing her light and love' - KJ……Thanx Kelvin for one amazing year so far, I love you………

Eric Richard Northam
Tallahassee, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

Pops, Old Man, Old Fart or Grandpa? You pick! But above all Brother in Christ for Life! First day of plebe summer and Eric has his feet propped up like he has been here for years. How can a guy not make it at FSU and then do so well at USNA? No matter how crappy things got, he always had some crack on remark to get people laughing. What you got ENGAGED!!! You're a flippin' plebe!! Where's Eric at now? Michelle's probably, like usual! WOW! A genuine member of the fable 2% club or is it the .5% club now? With a girl like Michelle by their side, who couldn't make it? Late night chats solving all the problems of the world. Well its back to the Marine Corps for you – terrorizing the skies. How old is your sister? Can I get some opposition, Eric? You and Michelle both have had a profound impact on my life (thank you, Michelle). May God Bless you in all you do. And remember, when all is said and done, a fork in the eye is still better than some other things! Best of luck, brother. Semper Fi. -MGF JME PSM BWS JAH



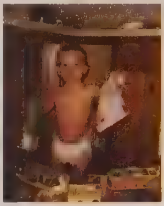
Matthew Patrick Hyun O'Hara
Keyser, WV
Navy Pilot

I've had a pretty amusing Academy career, from becoming a pilot to black N marches. I'm the man of many roommates with names like Chad, Tom, Kev, Jay, Jimbo, Troy, Eric, Chris, Sully, Will, Erich, Greg, and Steve all coming across as a blur as I've spent my time living in Mother B (probably more time than most). As a plebe going to Philly with Chaddie Bear and eating Delasandro's cheesesteaks or as a youngster starting the year with a bang and LP. The next semester looked up as I watched Nick sleep on the frozen tundra of WV. As a perplexed 2/c I was introduced to Troylosophy (which says to travel any distance) and Mr. Stealth (see ya' in the luxury boxes), as well as keeping Vic away from NJ. The next stop was the most happenin' city in the world, Los Alamos. Art, Dave, and Charlie made it quite a ride for 6 weeks ripping up the Best Western. As a firstie I entered the Honor Pad, always vivid with conversation thanks to the black man and the southern white boys. Thanks to all the 11th co crew, ghetto superstars, KAMA, and my other cronies. I guess I'll close with, "Goodnight Everybody!"

John Paul Pontrello
Libertyville, IL
Navy Pilot

So there I was…Let's recap the past 4 years. Sprint Football, History Major, President of Phi Alpha Theta, Naval Aviator. Spring Breaks…Home for plebe year, SD with Stevo and Nate youngster year, Canada (what were we thinking) 2/c year, and Vegas Baby, Vegas for the last time around. DAVIS!!…my nemesis, Ill never forget the Georgetown/Armadillos incidents, the weekend my brother came down, and countless other nights of absolute insanity which ended in you getting all of us thrown out of a bar. Too much Long Island pride some said, but you can never be proud enough of God's country. With friends like these, who needs enemies, the list is as follows R.R.F., D.F.D., N.M.C., G.P.L., S.J.R., M.M.B., M.O., S.S., R.B.,T.G. J.J.W., #56. Rich, I made your life a living hell, sorry about telling everybody about the "incident" and countless other times my big mouth got you into trouble. JJ, you're looking thick, will you still do the robot in 20 years?…Oh my God, I tried to kill Nate…Who's hooking up with Dan tonight? Deuce!…Thanks for the memories…98-2002 USNA Virgin Tour, we all went, but nobody came.

Stephen Jay Rogers
Hamilton, OH
Navy NFO



If there's one thing I've learned here at USNA, it's the importance of dental hygiene. JJ, please floss. But, we all know I've taken more out of this place than just good teeth. I think my feelings can best be expressed in a series of completely random thoughts. Where to begin? How about the beginning. 6'2", a buck 48. Mr. Policeman, before you arrest me, can I have my clothes back? Maybe it's best we move on to youngster year: Yes, we're jogging…to Eastport. No Ponch, I will not drive across the border again. I don't like being robbed by the federales! Favorite Aerosmith song? That's right, "Love in an Elevator." 2/c Year…I've chosen to repress those memories, except Tremblant. Finally, firstie year: the year when I began to act like a grown-up, or so I made myself think. Marathon training and design projects. This writing models my fours years here…one random happening after another. But at least I had good friends to be there every time I made a fool of myself, and then remind me of those times for many months after. Bumblebee Tuna. SJR, JJW, DFD, JPP, GPL, NMC, RRF, TCG

Jaret Troy Shideler
Arnold, MD
Surface Warfare

Troy, JT, Trojan, Shidey, Shideler, as the only midshipman in the class of 2002 to call China home, I don't think I ever went on leave to the same place. It's been an amazing four years. I've met some amazing people and shared with them an uncountable number of misadventures: whether it was sharing the joys of my amazing dislocating shoulders during line training plebe year, taking a ride from the crazy drunken taxi driver on the way to U.VA, invading Camden New Jersey during Army Navy Weekend to find out that our "Hotel" charged by the hour, learning that the nice ladies at cheerleaders don't accept quarters even if that's all you have, joining the world beer club at Rams Head, going bowling with the interns, or making plans for our army of monkeys to take over the world, the only thing that I could count on when I went out with you guys was that something strange was going to happen and we were going to have a great time doing it. I am sure all these memories will keep me smiling when I am at Georgetown, "studying hard" or out on my first ship. I wish all my friends the best of luck and I hope you have fun in whatever your doing. Because if you don't…. I'll fry the $#%t out of you.

James Charles Southerton
Marshfield, MA
Submarine Warfare

I say things that don't make sense sometimes: 2 days in Tango, or "I will shake his hand but I will not give him a hug." Surviving my roommates: R.T., The Gosh, Robblee, Mikey Paulus, "Rahgah Rahgah" O'Hara, Ash, Sully, 2 dudes from 12, Danno, Charles… Big Red Van, Car trouble, 21st at G-town, over-protective older brother. New Orleans, Hanging w/ Henn and Joser. Buying books @ Rams Head. Parties @ Julia's. The Dant @ Practice Parade…If its dumb I probably did it. If you went here I probably knew you, cause "I know people"….

Thanks

Tex, Jeff, Dan-officer, Lil-les, R.T. Shadow, Nicholas, & Gulia. Thanks for being there.

Big Dan E: What can I Say.

Everyone else, we had good and bad times, but in the end, if we got along I wish you good luck in everything you do, but if we didn't, then… whatever, but either way you probably brought a smile to my face.

The Soffers: For the home away from home.

Finally, Mom and Dad for always being there, Julie for being a great little sis, and a special thanks to Katie from me and all my friends for putting us up and dealing with us. I Love You All.

Brian Howard Steckroth
Little Silver, NJ
Navy NFO

Wow, four years by the bay…..including 4 seasons of soccer, 4 spring breaks and 4 trips to the library. A plebe year in soccer that could only improve…..all-american wha? An agent…..sponsor…..MLS…..we'll see buddy! "Coach I'm trying to try". Long-distance runner with a great work ethic. Earning the nickname Predator – always testing the "playing field." Never allowing a pretty girl go unnoticed. Balla OSO, Balla Fish and Balla Hubs - - "Balla's ball and banger's bang…It's just an everyday thang." Four years with Wags, an experience like no other. Our ups and downs will not be forgotten…the only senior in college that was not allowed to take a nap. Living in a house with 6 other guys…totaling 2,231 demerits and about the same amount of beer pong games. The week in Cancun that started the blonde hair, the yacht in Cabo that brought in the tangerines, the week in Jamaica with our own house, maid, cook and driver and the week in Key West where the string of Spring Breaks will end. "Steck, what the hell is an NFO? He was Goose. Didn't Goose die? Shut-up man." Coming from an awesome family, success was my only option. Thank you Mom, Dad, Jess, Sarah, and Tom

Burr Wilson Sullivan Jr.
Lexington, NC
Marine Corps Ground

It wasn't four years ago when all this started, it was five. Exeter with BG. How many stories can we tell? This guy's wife, she's black. Ah yes, that's the Colonel. Actually no, he's a general. You want to steal a Gatorade from the grille? I have so much work to do, lets go play Bond. We've been through a lot together. BG, you will always be my brother. It all started at Leatherneck. The leatherneck song. Ugly chicks, getting ticks. You looked grizzled. Came back to Annapolis to claim the Bay Area Beer Pong championships (among others). E-mols in the hizey. Nice clothes, dude. Are you going to play golf? Honor, aka Wilson Sullivan. I have one thing to say Semper Fidelis (haha)! Although we joke about this, you have truly been forever faithful with all the boys and we won't forget it. One of these days, when you are in a tough situation in the field with your troops, just look up to the heavens and you will see your savior. I'll be there in my helo, ready to get you out! We wish you the best of luck in the Corps.

Enrico Tan
Walnut, CA
Medical Corps

Would you like to swing on a star - Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are - Or would you rather be a mule?

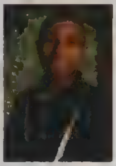
A mule is an animal with long funny ears - Kicks up at anything he hears
His back is brawny but his brain is weak - He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak
And by the way, if you hate to go to school - You may grow up to be a mule

Or would you like to swing on a star - Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are - Or would you rather be a fish?

A fish won't do anything, but swim in a brook - He can't write his name or read a book
To fool the people is his only thought - And though he's slippery, he still gets caught

But then if that sort of life is what you wish - You may grow up to be a fish
A new kind of jumped-up slippery fish - And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo
Every day you meet quite a few
So you see it`s all up to you - You can be better than you are - You could be swingin' on a star

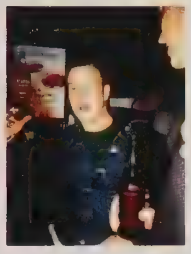
Michael Wayne Wagoner
Wichita Falls, TX
Surface Warfare



—Wags, Honus, "Hey Man", Wichita Falls Finest, Rickets Study Hall, SA Brawlin= SA Huggin', Mistake #1…"Shoulda said it was a spitter" Mistake #2…"Meter Masacre" Mistake #3…"HABUSAKI" 130 days, and over 400 d's later, still holdin on, Gate 1 PE gear started it off, wallets and phones taken by the girl to meet meat behind "the school", "I want nothing to do with these girls"… and still got in. Two game suspension = zero sacks, still better than a 6yd avg., "feel like I've been cross checked by a wall", Hot tubs in Jamaica, VT Jackass sighting, HSC = 72 vs. 5, Rumble Fish = "57 seconds to pull over", 6 days of total summer, Gary and Sue irresponsible one…watch Bowman fight the Ensign, white Russian = mind eraser, "You see that red light…I don't", spent more time in the room than Tan, needless to say spent more time on the yard than Tecumseh, poster boy for how to get caught, 260 to 216, Over 2000 demerits and 700 days of restriction says enough, "And after all that all we have to show is a ring?" Handing the bio in a day late and a dollar short sums it up.

Christopher Lee Wallace
Wichita, KS
Surface Warfare

The midshipman formally known as Iceman. An encounter with the Son, from ice into a river of living water. A broken vessel, a heart ablaze, passionate for His word…from glory to glory, proven strong and faithful, even through the most trying of times. A member of the 1/8th club, always-in arms reach but I could never catch up. A black N, constantly reminded of our Father's love and grace. Hearts in such accord that we suffered in each other's pain, followed in each other's rebellion, and shared in each other's triumphs. The definition of discipline, an aspiring leader, profound words, a mentor, closer than a brother, a friend. Through thick (that's me) and thin (that's you!), counting the cost, running the race, falling on our face, but persevering through it all. Mayhem to missions, from two to the crew, you're all that's left at this laboratory, don't be the rat! The passing of the torch, carry it with humility, remembering me in your prayers, as I will you. We couldn't figure out all the answers but when that trumpet sounds, all will be a memory. God speed to you in all your endeavors. I'll meet you on the other side! DJM



Jeremiah Joseph Wathen
Clarksville, OH
Submarine Warfare

The man, the myth, the dope boy in a Cadillac. Good luck with that overseas thing. Chewbacca won't find you over there, but if she does, I'll send Devil Dog's camera. If you get bored, just sit down and pen a paragraph in your profile. Explain chemi-luminescence...go! I know Jeremiah, you're not cheap. Seriously though, easily the best friend I could ask for. -Alpha Male 1, over. I'm JJ Wathen, Physics Club President, damn glad to meet you. I got's mad game. Lt. Col. Davis, sorry for hitting you in the face with that fan--but you've got worse scars than that. Friend of Friends, I miss you. Hey Deuce...call me when you get your s*** together. Moose MAN! Lie, Deny, Counter, Accuse. Brian, nice job on the dinner, but your essay needs a little work. Ohhh Kevy! Your little sister looks good. Wow, Wathen. Wow...what a ride... This is Alpha Male 2, out.

THE TWELFTH C ANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

JohnathanVanclev Ahlstrom
Ellicott City, MD
Submarine Warfare

"So you're telling me that when we see this sign we have 11 miles to go." Well, we don't have that much longer till we're getting out of here. We survived the thieves across the hall and fortunately we were ready to go when it was "time to go to class." Remember "I'm looking through you." I have never seen someone work so long or hard for everything he has received. I can definitely say that your commitment has inspired me. There was never a dull moment through plebe summer detail, second class, or first class year. We had more than our share of laughs whether it was "watching out for my fanny" or Dumb and Dumber quotes. I know you are going to excel in the fleet, breaking records everyday, setting higher standards, and never sleeping. How do you do that? You are a great friend and role model to me. I hope our paths will cross many times in the near future. Your friends and roommates. WRW SRB

Steven Robert Burns
Arnold, MD
Submarine Warfare

Although he thought I was put on this Earth to amuse him, Steve- the Robesonia, PA country boy turned Marylander wasn't completely off. When he wasn't off making Chihuahua looking people into burritos, he was a good friend and was always available for help. We called him Batman cause he always left the lights off, arguing that he was light sensitive. The rest of us learned to like it though. A man who dreams of living in a state he's never visited and who loves his dogs more than any human being. Initially we thought he had weird ways but eventually we caught onto them and many we accepted as our own. Always unique, always original, and never afraid to cut through the rhetoric, Steve could always be relied on for the "real" story. "Steve, Steve whatever you do don't hit the trees?!!!" Nearly killed by power lines, trees, and a rather pesky lake, when he was dropped in New Jersey for a drop zone in Delaware, he gave us all a good laugh. Forcing his friends' families to realize you're crazy, truck jumping, and doing things a normal person wouldn't even think of is typical for him. He was a great influence on me in many ways, our initial room assignments couldn't have worked out better…..JVA, RBS, KJC, WRW

Kendrick Johannes Chumak
Hewitt, TX
Navy Pilot

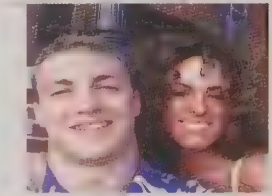
Having more hair products than a 15-year-old girl, Kenny is definitely the prettiest guy I know. Do not fool yourself by the sweet exterior because he is a dangerous man who is 1 and 0 in the hall by KO. He likes to live life "by the seat of his pants" and always gets the best deals on parking passes, free barbeque, and traffic violations. Beer is nasty. "Hey bartender, do you have any frozen drinks?" One of the last true trainers and A+ performers at the Academy who was almost drowned by his plebes. A loyal friend that has been known to be a "caveman" when it comes to women. Hey Kenny, I hope you don't bomb anymore Chem finals. Ssend me your sstuff. So whatever happened to your bonsai tree, hotpot, and your elephant organ? Originally a social butterfly and a suave Latin gentleman who turned into a frightened little boy in a mattress Taco. Say it! Say it! "Yo quiero Navy tucks." The Scottish-Mexican with yellow fever obsessed with everything oriental. A Karate World Champ on the cover of a magazine who doesn't know bomb threat phone procedures. "Mr. Chumak, what's it like to be a foreign national at the Naval Academy?" CDRMB. 10…9…8…7…Assault! Enough Said.

RBS, CFW, DDM, WRW, SB

Jason Patrick Fahy
Wayland, NY
Civil Engineer Corps

JFahy, the boldest plebe to ever slime through the halls of Bancroft. Not only did you just skim by the ac-board but within days were crowned the first admiral in the class of 2002. It was always amazing to me that you would study all night and get D's when the rest of us could goof off and get B's. Yet you somehow manage to go from anchorman plebe year to brigade staff (what a crock). YP700 surf and turf with BG and good old Chief Stoll. Non USNA Medical/Dental = Clemson. The same night of meeting his future wife, Jay was forced to pass a sobriety test. JFahy and Bean mimicking the cheerleaders at Navy hoops games. Have you filled the physical mission today? Sopranos. WE build We fight! WNY Section V. Don't Steal! Jason is a lover, not a fighter. His element is any environment which promotes happiness and positive energy. Always smiling, energetic, comical, yet passionate, Jason Fahy is true to his friends as he is to himself. Allowing the imagination to run wild, Jason's magical thought process is always voiced in an energetic fashion. A big hit with all adults, Jason can woo any mom or dad to make them wish they had bore this 6 foot 9 inch frame of happiness.

Daniel Kenneth Finnegan
Richmond, VA
Navy Pilot



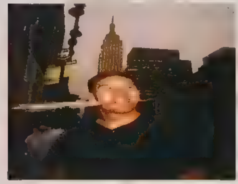
From geek to chic (well, almost). Continuing the masochistic career of gymnastics. Gunny Huck. Can't Hardly Wait for the bus trips. High Hair Club. The 2/c cruise from hell. The Huckster. The evolution from the 78 Carolla, to the 83 Celica, to the 94 Camaro Z28. Aimee caught my eye, and then I caught her with a ring. Chikita Banana sticker. She pulled out the very breakfast pastry I was at the moment consuming. Tall, but not too tall. Hair. Wears shirts.. sometimes. Thongs at church. Navy Pilot, alright. Ric Flair! Here's to standing in line for an hour and missing fireworks. An unforgettable summer between Ocean City, Oceana, ad Duck. Was I supposed to ask her father? Mouth, Nick, Wheezy, my brother. Hans, Sausage, and Tripp. 1.7 hours in a Hornet. "DaBrat, Daft Punk." Huh. The Art of War, Exit Wounds, Tomcats. If you spank William, Bill's butt hurts. Finneganski. Snatch, Korn, and Adolf. Fishing rod in my closet. My shell. "These stairs are great for sliding down on your stomach!" Blue and Gold at 10:45? Lt. Paul Mitchell. In nominie patrie, et fili, et spiritu sancti.

Timothy Kenneth Fischer
Medford, NJ
Submarine Warfare

"Even a blind squirrel finds an acorn once in a while." – M.H. A Gray plebe year with the ultimate MOs. From rookie to Capt, Lehigh frats, Salisbury women, OH Halloweens, and Princeton regionals. "Yeah … bowling!" Just strap on the Chem II safety goggles and don't fall out of your seat (or at least do it quietly). From Boston YPs … "sure, we want a ride!" to San Diego beaches. Improved quality of life: '84 Reliant to 2000 Mustang. A SUB-par performance = 3rd interview. Automated Lawnmower – driven by a Big head and a Sweet heart. He's always dependable, always awake, always working. 300 mi roundtrip weekends. A.C. fruit – sweet! Sports conversations with C. Diehard Philly fan. Madden 2002 – it's in the game, cause it ain't in the winner. Late nights studying, late nights talking … still a good SYSTEM. Senior year English … who knew? Hopefully we will all have the opportunity to serve along side one another in the future. We wish you the best of luck along the exciting path that lies before you as a steely-eyed killer of the deep, and hold faith that you will excel in all that you do. — JVA, WRW, CFW, DKF

Matthew Charles Hays Freeman
Evanston, IL
Marine Corps Pilot

Freemanator…defuse any mines lately? Hey dude, want to grab some dinner in KH..yeah right. How much do you hate my turntables! Car rides to Savannah. Me llamo Mateo. Mazatlan and the wild Mexican night. Tybee Island, several misconceptions over nocturnal female interactions in Athens. "Recognize this?" Robspierre, comics, pocketwatches, Mitch, what are we gonna do with this kid? "Navy whites on an army base in Georgia" Mudpits on the Ogeechee "I wish I had Jessie's girl" Window Decoration in Dodge Stealth while Mike conversed with the LT. Underwear model, I know the truth. Cell phone travesty. Maximillian Robespierre. You have to be perfect to go to the USNA. Luke Skywalker and the Lord of the Rings. Buying alcohol is legal at Army bases. I guess she passed out. Food, beer, goodtimes. Sorry Mister Fweehman. I love cats. The Statesboro drive. Ginger beer. Pasty white…glad you finally rose above the tape. Agonizing pain for you meant a semester of leisure for us. Hi, I'm Matt, my dad flys F-14's. How's the sword collection coming? I love that you love cats. Can't you feel the youthful, vibrant energy in this music? Montreal- January 2001. Matt, can you sleep in another room tonight? Carry Swords.



Matthew Kirkland Garcia
Harlingen, TX
Navy NFO

This is the tale of two men. In the first two years intensity ws the name of the game.. MKG the Shark was the master. Whether it was work or play (maybe just play), Matthew Kirkland Garcia devoted his entire being to each task. A loyal friend and fierce competitor, we were glad the Shark was on our side. From the first day of plebe summer, to the many trips to SC.. from the boxing ring, to Rogue Spear, we enjoyed our times engaged in battle. Until that fateful day when a woman's touch transformed the Shark into a man. It was the dawn of a new time, SC became PA and Rogue Spear became IM. Some say the man got soft, but glimpses of the Shark remained (69' Camero). Throughout the course of our imprisonment, Matt we have learned so much from you. We discovered what it means to have heart and character, and that every man is susceptible to the big "L". Know that the lessons you have taugh us will never be forgotten and that we are here for you. "Turn the cards and roll the dice.." Friends always. WRW CFW

Omar Javier Garcia
Brownsville, TX
Surface Warfare

This is the tale of two men. In the first two years intensity was the name of the game…MKG the Shark was the master. Whether it was work or play (maybe just play), Matthew Kirkland Garcia devoted his entire being to each task. A loyal friend and fierce competitor, we were glad the Shark was on our side. From the first day of plebe summer, to the many trips to SC… from the boxing ring, to Rogue Spear, we enjoyed our times engaged in battle. Until that fateful day when a woman's touch transformed the Shark into the man. It was the dawn of a new time, SC became PA and Rogue Spear became IM. Some say the man got soft, but glimpses of the Shark remained ('69 Camaro). Throughout the course of our imprisonment, Matt we have learned so much from you. We discovered what it means to have heart and character, and that every man is susceptible to the big "L". Know that the lessons you have taught us will never be forgotten and that we are here for you. "Turn the cards, roll the dice…" Friends always. WRW CFW

Adam Blair Green
Keller, TX
Navy Pilot

Adam, Greeny, Gorilla, Here are few thoughts from some of the closest friends in my life: Brought Pipelayer's union to North Jersey then brought North Jersey to Annapolis. . .; Adam, phone call; Only person to be fried; Nice Hair, I need to clean some dishes; Plebe of the semester; Spaceman Spiff; Cleaned Rob's, Jess's puke; "Hey bird, can you sweep the floor?"; The most locked on of us all.; Off-restriction party; The ball game with Joe and Rob; Rogue Spear in the dark; Party's at Lauren's; Birthday party in Michigan; W&L- He was busy keeping Joe from the deuce, deuce and a half; Baseball.

My four years by the bay was made possible by some of the best friends in the world, Joe, Jess, and Rob; the support from my family, thanks Mom, Dad, and Katye. A girlfriend that had to suffer through the same junk I did, thank you Meredith. A couple best buds back home that I know will always be there for me, thanks Nick and Kyle. I just know that at times it was hard, and not any fun, but, I am proud to say I accomplished what I came here to do and that is to be a Navy pilot, and it was only made possible by the friends and family around me. Thank you again.

Bradley Michael Hay
Severna Park, MD
Navy NFO

Brad Hay came from Gardern City L.I. We know him as "Bird" who learned his craft at NAPS. As a restrictee he was never afraid to fly the coup for a good time or an Awful Awful. Newport misses their favorite sons. He came on the scene in Annapolis a young buck, but left an old man. During his four years he distinguished himself as *the* general scientist. In the classroom, he was never too proud to fail a test on purpose. As a lax star, you could spot him going half speed or shuffling along pigeon-toed. Bird shined during lacrosse Spring Breaks. Stats do the talking: 4-time co-rookie of the year. He loves his NY teams. Like a loyal New Yorker he'll say, "Shut your mouth." He wasn't afraid to try new things, even by accident. We are sorry we left you that night, but you thought you were dead, which you had thought before in Goods' Black Ninja. A hairy ride indeed, but we're still here. Not only did we make it home, but we're graduating. You're a rare breed…we love you for it. We made a living staying up with the owls and soaring with the eagles.

Robert Dean Holt
College Station, TX
Surface Warfare

Rob…Bob…Stoney…Giving birth is nothing! Traded his kidney stone for an e-dawg. Rob Land or reality…is it really a choice? "'Ah, time to take a nap!' 'Hey Rob, finish your paper yet?' 'I weighed my options, b@$%#!'" Not surprising if you look at the Count's daily schedule: 7AM-5PM School 5-10PM Nap 10PM-3AM Homework and games 3-7AM Naptime again. Repeat for four years (and he wonders why he always looks half-dead, blah!?!) "I read my book last night." I'm a Texan, no wait Hawaiian, or was that Californian? Road Trip—Texas to Ithaca? Hits WAY to close to home. Rob's secrets to dating: Model UN and go exotic! Rob, your girl is nuts! "Habla espanol? Great! You'll absolutely love Japan!" I don't need no stinking lime…ok, where's the lime? Dallas to Annapolis via Chicago, but his heart is in Spain. Don Robere, 20 nights in a row! I think he's gone African! Well, at least he sounds like it! The most understanding of us all—too nice for his own good sometimes (makes him an ideal dinner guest with your aged Russian second cousins). A pensive chap known for his ear, not his mouth. We love him all the same and hope he remains as deceptively naïve as ever. Enjoy SWO now and FAO later! Just remember to "Expedite the process, Mr. Holt." —The Boys

Joseph Michael Hooper
Ellicott City, MD
Surface Warfare

Joe, Hoop, Bellino, 855 out of 988-not bad for six years work. I didnt know plebe chemistry lasted three years, after 28 credits dont you get a degree or somethin'? Apparently Roswell, New Mexico is between Baltimore and Annapolis. Playing Command and conquer during finals week earns a trip to the supe. "Are you guys drunk?" "NO SIR!" Tailgators with Hoop's Hots and the boys "Pumpin is shaken" W&L knockin' on ladies doors at 3 AM. The green turtle: No cover & free drinks, but there's a price for shipping and handling. Joe's little friend. Flannel. Cleats to the face in mid-dive, Thanks Savarese, at least I didnt get a concussion. Weekend doubleheaders with Duff. I didnt know they made wifebeater sweaters. karaoke at the Trolley Stop with no mike. The best dancer on the Booze Cruise. Fondest memory on the baseball field: I'm coaching third and we just scored a run on a passed ball, Coach Duff comes running out of the dugout yelling "What the hell are you doing sending him, we're down 4 runs?" I reply in a loud voice "Well, now we're only down 3, coach." To all of those guys out there that helped me along the way, most of you know who you are, but some dont, I give you my greatest appreciation and respect, I could never have done it without you, and most of all, my admiration goes to my parents, after 24 years, who'd of thunk it. Thanks Mom and Pops.

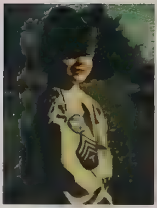
Jess Frederick Hottenstein
Endicott, NY
Submarine Warfare

Jess The Dude. You are the biggest lazy ba**** we know. You tried to get out of everything and almost did. You validated plebe year and what's CMOD? Sleeping on the j-24 and baseball locker room floor is not Saturday morning training. Firstie year no formations, then no class and no duty. It's a reward for living out in Hotel Ricketts with Rob and J. Plebe year tune in weeknight for The Jess Hottenstein Show at 2300. road trip to W&L Missy ditched us, but the cowgirl was there to pick up the slack. "Jess let me know if you are going to be sick." "Adam I think I am going to be sick." The .27 date with the stripper, I guess you really didnt need the five dollars, followed by the 9.1. It took the love of a good Catholic school girl to show you the error of your ways. Ring dance at the blue agave, mmm.. deep fried bacon and cheese wrapped shrimp. Better than the chicken fried steak and shuffleboard at Annapolis' finest eating establishment. After 2 PRT failuresand buckets of puke, you finally became a physical mission success story. No thanks to sailing: 4 years and 5 crashes. Its ok. The Navy is paying. The greatest month of your life with Bean, Turtle and the boys. Just be careful in Staten Island. Where's the Ghost Dog?.. You never were the cleanest roomate, but you've been a true friend through it all. Even with your "impolite" comments, you are the nicest "jerk" we know. Good luck in the deep. ABG. JMH. RDH

Patrick Liam Hughes
Dedham, MA
Navy Pilot

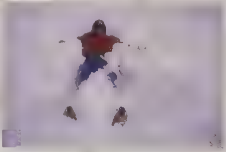
The infamous Crab. Can't put a price tag on a good time! DC dancing scene decimated. Throw pop tarts out the window, we'll pick them up later. The guys in the blue shirts. Pacific blood donors. Rusty Wallace in the Ebb Tide. Hockey players for the Irish National Team, w/o passports to prove it. Let's leave them with the tab Ash, RUN!" 360 DC sessions before sea trials. Sequoia Triathlon: tire jump, oar race, Watergate navigation. Hockey road trips. Bad-boy Brigade. Member of dishonorable defense. Nights at Nelson's. Infamous Sellout. Wasting Away in Margaritaville. I plead the Fifth. Sonny the import/exporter. Mark Twain. Seamus Shanahan. Eli drive home. Drinks with Dubz in the Stealth. Waterworks. Fugas. 40 in the fastlane. Goodfellas entrance. Backpacks under raincoats. KRULAK! Intergalactic Planetary. Mr. Hughes needs to go to the hosptial. Dodge stealth 6 people NTT. Mazatlan. Bandaids. Navy whites on an army base in GA. Windshields on a side road. Time to face the music. Boston fire hydrants. 9-15-2000. Ring Dance. VA beach. Spring Break sleepovers. New Years in Montreal. Liza, thank you for being strong, couldn't have done it without you. I love you. Thanks Mom, Da, and Kadi for all your love and support. It's been a long trip, but with much encouragement and love from my family and Liza I've finally arrived. FLY NAVY! AEC BRS MAL MCHF OJG GJP ECO SMT JDD

Matthew Thomas Jungels
Aurora, IL
Surfare Warfare, Nuclear



Good Ol' Illinois Boy, always teamed up with Special K (see next entry) to harass the other roommate. The protector of your more size challenged friends who had Napoleon complexes. A very privileged member of the one percent club (Haze and LP). You can completely ignore someone when you're reading or playing a computer game. Your taste in women is like wine, they only get better with age. Before I forget… What did you yell when you were waiting for a come-around? Yeah, I'm sure she didn't hear that. Fond memories of late nights on the computer (did you ever do homework?), days and the horrid mornings of swim practice, too much Mountain Dew (only two liters a day, I swear!), and one hard drive erasure (not your computer) later you have a lot to show for yourself; many good friends, a great career, and a wonderful woman who loves you. Always go for the big block to put in your Chevy. Bonk
JK/SG MG/TM CC

John Karantonis
Naperville, IL
Navy Pilot



Special K—Good Ol' Illinois boys, always teaming up against the other roommate, never could wait to go home for a little R&R. We may be sweatin' the PRT but at least I'm in the top 10%. I will miss our moonlight runs. Many interesting adventures through the four years from B squared to the NS fiasco. One every year. What did you yell when I was getting ready to go to that come around? I'm sure she didn't hear you either. Never get hooked up with a friend's ex, because they're not over her yet. You got a double major for what? "Oh, you're in the club? Must be a bass." Europe, GA, OH, FL, HA, CA, TX! Great times. Need to get you a microphone for your rendition of "The Song." Talley's Heroes Rule! Oh great, I get to hear that same song for a week straight. Thanks for the memories. Didn't anyone tell you that you can only wear one hat at a time? You're the best person to talk football with! Go Eagles! MJ/BG MS GJR MGC KC

Colin Kennedy
Elkhorn, WI
Surface Warfare

The Life of Colin Kennedy - A (not so) Typical Day

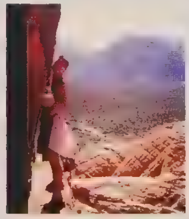
The day begins anywhere from 0600 to 1500 with a rousing round of golf or a brisk 60 mile run. All the while, Colin keeps an eye on his main goal—meeting women. He spends the rest of the day in classes that he hates or discussing such things as the interaction of low-frequency oscillations from a tropical cyclogenesis perspective. He continues to look for women, but finds few that are willing to start a conversation about meteorology and/or the Weather Channel. He grows disappointed. Not to worry, practice begins next and who wouldn't cheer up under the joyful (sinister) watch (glare) of everyone's favorite Cross Country coach, Al Cantello. With such motivation, Colin decides to run another 40 or so miles for practice; at least he'll be able to look for girls. Returning empty handed, Colin takes his red Neon out for a spin only to run out of coolant and/or hit a deer a few blocks later. He's reduced to walking back to the yard. Fortune finally strikes, however, when a college co-ed takes pity on him and gives him a ride. He's about to ask her to dinner, but realizes it's already 2350, certainly past his bedtime and with his luck worthy of a form-2 from the CDO that could care less about his being two minutes late for TAPS. He grabs leftover Drydock pizza instead and calls it a day. But watch out ladies, he'll be back tomorrow!

David Michael Kunda
Hinesville, GA
Submarine Warfare

Balla str8 from Hinesville. Blockhead, Kdawg, #53, brick phone, elite 8, was more. Jumpin the wall with JL, TA, BR and getting caught. "Where's Kunda? With Kate, what else!" Livin it up 4 years with Scrub and Dream. Check out these two. "Raheem, say you took my socks or I'll knock you out!!" Riverside is the sad side and Lawton, where is it? Madden, roomie, Str8 balla, quarterback, changing plays. Reed, crooked balla with broken rod. Minivan with 16 inches. No dip, no DUI. "Kunda you fat Korean…your mom's how old Eric?". Pani, back from the fleet, chin balla. "Yo dawg, gotta light?" Galdieri, shady balla, boy with bad BO, pan hands. Wags, #90, W.F. trailer trash, "You and Madden tried to steal a what?" Meat, #85, "Not Guilty your honor", yeah right, slammin brakes. Lam, AB, "Haircut anyone?", #45, mini Granger. Radich, mini balla with mini tires. "Why's everyone pick on me?" Smitty, fellow nuke, see you in C-town. "Shawn ain't a mid?" Goodtimes all 4 years, Lava, HC, Cheers, Sue's, Platinum, DC live, Mrytle, Norfolk, Fells, Turtle, DTA, quarter beers, Chevy's, "Whose turn to fight Reed?" OG's: BM, BR, MW, TR, JL, ER, MG, DK, DV.

Asad Raheem Lambert
Riverside, CA
Surface Warfare

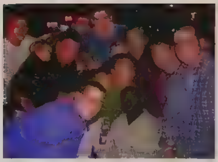
Raheem "The Dream" Lambert, a.k.a., Unbelizeable, Ra Dream, Belizean Balla #32. Was once on everyone's All- American lists, now just on everyone's list for other things (365, 92, 20 CC's) only man kicked out 3 times and still finish up. "They never told me I had to be a fish when I decided to come here, sub-squad anyone." "Always late to bed late to rise" Yo, where is your sponsor dad at. Man has mad cars, they just don't work. Great sophomore year!!!! (way to carry the pill), we thought there was more to come!! Never forget them times B-more, D.C., G.U, G.W, D.T.A; SOUTHERN CALI etc…Them times were real dawg. Dream you're a Balla keep that baller crown on. BM DK OJG..Most times were good, some times were bad, but in retrospect I'm glad I stuck it out and persevered through. And to all the boys congrats!! And remember the best is yet to come.



Michael Anthony Liguori
Upper Darby, PA
Marine Corps Ground

Mom, Lee, Liza, Helen, and screamer thanks for sticking with me for the five year plan. It has been a long, but worth it. From the holding facility in RI to the one I am about to get released from, I have been helped along the way by my fam, a girlfriend's love, and breaking out now and then for an escape with the dudes. I could not have made it without you guys. From the time I meet this skinny Irish Boston kid…to special OPS after taps to see Helen…to sleeping under desks….to miller lite specials at Common Share…to Dufe smashing smoke detectors…to ice skating at 5am and having a knack for being near the puck…to being in the mix with Casper millions…to wrestling in the halls…to firstie year outings…to spending quality time taking a tour at DC's finest, the fifth precinct!!! MT… Krulak! Stealth drives. Jersey Shore.Steal any stuffed animals, JCREW hats, jewelry lately?(G-town) "That's nothing, I drank a whole 40 once!!" I'm a Marine!! "Barry and Dufe are just lost in Philly somewhere!!" Mike's comments in the kitchen as the back door mysteriously swings open. Well don't just stand there! Help me tie my boots (pathetic) "Latenite chem study sessions" Lopsiee. LIGLORY. Philly Cheese steaks in KH. The Italian Stallion.The Manchild. I Can you be my hero baby. Crabber, Turn9table, Dubz, T-bird, Adawg, the freebox, Puff, and Greg keepin' it real no matter what! USMC Ground. LH, BRS, OJG

Brian Patrick Madden
Lawton, OK
Special Operations



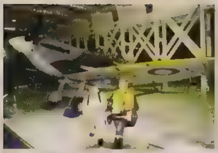
B. Madz. L-towns finest. Couldn't stop em. Just make him pitch. Slowly came into his own with the help of the elite. Once about 12 but dwindled. The roomies. Blockhead and the Dream. Kunda-I can't even find Hinesville on a map (pop. 53). What's studying? 151 sure! Then came Katie. Chevy's anyone? Asad-the Riverside roomie. #32. Go swim.100/100 tandem. Restriction every day thang. Marine until he decided to hide from em. Wagz-#90,true boy. Now I know why all the "birds fly upside down in the Falls." I can't believe you talked me into that. "Tell your friend to get off the speaker." Reed-crooked balla. Cross-country voyage, dip in Nashville. D-wha? Dubs. 6 yards-one carry. Great career. Lam-A.B.,#45, mini-Granger. "J go the right way and we score" What crypt? Balla barber. Pani- How is the real Navy? "I hope he wasn't driving." "B I'm going deep." G-train has that car ever been driven. You fly? Shady. Meat- 68, 85 who cares, just block. "Just use the bed upstairs." What happened to that guys hair? Boys the good times were unbelievable. The ride was non-stop. One called it an "emotional roller coaster." I call it the best days of our lives. (B.M,M.W.,D.K,E.R.,J.L.,D.V.,M.G.,B.R.,R.L.).

Derek Matthew Miletich
Duluth, MN
Medical Corps

Derek….the king of alarm clock denial and the sultan of snooze. But hey…he got selected for Med Corps so I guess the Chemistry major wasn't as hard as it looked from my perspective…Ohhh! Mr. Miletich, "Who was theeeeee third Vice Under Secretary of the Office of Naval Personnel? How could you not know???" Derek, you will always have the best Arnold Swhwarzenegger impersonation, other than the man himself. I'm sure we'll meet out in the Fleet, I just hope it's not under your scalpel though! Milosovic, Mili-Tech, however you say your name… it's not really important anyway ;) Your fancy pimp walk and the Canadian accent truly make you unique. Even though you got the Jeep towed, I forgive you. "She is sooo hot!" That's right, you know who you said that about. Try not to hurt yourself when you turn yourself into a pretzel in your sleep and keep working for those seven-minute abs! Rudy will always be better than you too! What's the MCAT? Don't tell me how hard the MCAT is, I know the MCAT, LSAT, GMAT, and the GRE, and I know that the Nuke Power Test is definitely harder! Wanna go to Three Brothers? Maybe later, when you're not "apartment hunting." God Bless on all you do! KJC RBS SMT CKK

Eli Cunningham Owre
Cottage Grove, OR
Navy Pilot

Platinum edge sessions... "puff how did we get home?" "hey lets get an ice cream cake" "Puff, Its 15 miles to Pasadena!" "nah lets just go to platinum" "late nite p-cola beach runs" -BRS Preakness? Even though you can't talk, drive us home. BC football fiascos. Has been known to break up double plays using his face. Poor man's Steve Buschemi. 17 grapes for dinner. Look at the back on that kid, just like his father. -PLH Roommates with the Matts, bumming money for first class upgrades. Platinum with Dubz, cab ride hostility, punch and run. The PFT, Norfolk, the ultimate sell out. The Ladies Man-at Patti's. Infatuations, Boris and your colorful conquest. –SMT The pupil, but never the teacher. Latin party man. The poor man's BMW driver. Salsa lessons at Papermoon. TI-2002. "I have two cars here, but they don't work." Watersports at Ed's. The Don of Eastport. Self Proclaimed Brigade Bad Boy. -OJG Told you never to get involved in that whole car mess, but they sure needed you to get it all done. Wish we knew each other earlier, but I guess nothing brings you into the Brotherhood faster than boring engineering classes, so lets take a lap. -JCD



Gregory Jordan Phillips
Marine Corps Pilot

My boys won the title. North [South] Carolina, Come on and raise up! ZZ Confedertate. By choice, its by choice! Ever stay at the Ritz? Whats all the FUSS about? This is my impersonation of... I dont know what to say to her. Minshew Pat 03. You're a lousy softball player Scott. Like the bowties? Hart room anyone? Dorcias. Only two years but still one of the best Mids we ever met. OJG, ECO, PLH, MAL, BRS, SMT..Hailing from the great state of South Carolina, Greg came to the Academy whistling Dixie and preaching the glories of the American South. From plebe year spirit recons-gone-awry and the thirty-odd classes he somehow thought the youngster anchor entitled him to skip; to second-class meetings in the Dant's office and the hundreds of musters in the Rotunda, his USNA career has not been without its ups and downs. We'll never forget our only classmate who had enough gall to tell a visiting O-6 that he might think about going subs “for the money, sir” and later accidentally replying directly to a Commandant's e-mail exactly what he thought about his door-locking policy. Somehow, through it all, your dream of selecting marine pilot came true, and we wish you a great career and the best of luck. Semper Fidelis! -RRB, NAS, SDH

Sean Lenier Ponder
Ocala, FL
Submarine Warfare

There once was a man from Ocala, Fl. A legend of his own time, a legend in his own mind. The consummate politician, he was gifted in the art of diplomacy, hence the name “I'll find a way out Ponder.” To those closest to him, Sean Ponder was a great friend, always putting others before himself. His determination and ambition knew no bounds taking him from the pseudo-guideon bearer, to the Honor Secretary, to….the possibilities are endless. We, his closest friends, can recount his numerous philosophies on love and his constant consideration for his family. He is more than our friend, he is family. No one has ever made more chivalrous attempts to stay awake whether it be in the classroom, the Rodeo, or the Camry. But rest assured whether awake or asleep, Sean always had an eye on you. Sean Ponder is the model for success, not happy unless overwhelmed by tasks. Sean, words cannot describe how much your friendship has meant to us. The Three Amigos will live forever….but remember let us do the driving. Your boys eternal. WRW CFW

Sarah Beth Rice
Rochester, NY
Surface Warfare

For a relatively short, petite female, she could always make her opinion heard, and argue her point to the bitter end. She's no Airborne Sapper, but she definitely has the Sapper spirit boiling inside of her. I am, and always will be proud of my big sis. I will salute her out of respect for who she is, not for the rank she wears. SAPPERS LEAD THE WAY KILLING FOR PEACE EVERYDAY MA'AM! HOOAH - DPR, PFC, USAACE
Next time, try using your whole ass - ELR “You're a toolbox of ocean waves,” Keep dancing like a muppet and celebrating the Jackson Lee Infinite Beach Party!! –AW Sarah rocks. ska groupie prone to crushes on lead singers, Simpsons aficionado, YP n'er-do-well, total punkette from Rochester, the anti-nerd going to grad school. Who else takes French leave to see the Toasters play? And then leaves early to make it in for taps? But not before making sure our picture got on the internet! Ethiopian restaurants, palm-readers, sleeping in your car, cameo appearances in music videos. Play ‘Dead or Alive’!! – CR Girls just want to have fun, sir! Thanks to Mom, my cheerleader, Dad, my coach, Emily, my “evil” twin, Daniel, my motivator, my grandparents - my cooks, chauffeurs, and caregivers - and Navy Cycling! In memory of Jeffrey D. Morgan.

Jonathan Samuel Shannon
Parkersburg, WV
Surface Warfare

A wise man on a radio somewhere once said that one "can take the boy from the hills but never the hills from the boy." One need not look any further than Jon Shannon for proof of that sage wisdom. Unwilling to let anyone pass within six feet of himself without a hearty West Virginian greeting, he's as unmistakable around the Naval Academy as the sundresses that magically appear for commissioning week. And just as hard to ignore. Although he has been known to loose small pyrotechnics within the hall, and aid in destroying the hard-won prize of a local girls' swim team, he will be remembered for his never-ending supply of good humor which he so generously shares with everyone, whether they asked for it or not. PB Honorary greaser, left prematurely to pursue rock climbing, academics, and a dual PhD in Guinness and Jameson. "Danno, no matter what country I'm in, I usually find my way into an Irish bar." You always had a kind smile and willingness to drop everything in a moment to help. DT "Hey Jon, got a West Virginia joke? Dude I know them all." Southern explorer, fly fisherman with cat-like balance, leader of "Shannon's Killers", innocent man framed in Va. Beach, certified G-town couch tester. "I'm going Duke SWO baby!" . ."I'm just tryin' to get mine. You know what I'm sayin'?" Yeah right. TR, GG, JF

Barry Roderick Shaw
Johannesburg
Submarine Warfare

Barry Roderick Shaw derives balance. His battles have been those of finding perfection on the verge of chaos, earning A's on no sleep, winning polo games while fighting blinding hangovers, and earning phone numbers with body slams and the throwing of toys..countless nights w/ drafts, torpedo's, snakebites and kane - $3000+, Four years with Barry Shaw – Priceless! Shapbop! Gwen and Jade see tigers. Have you ever lured an unsuspecting victim to a loading dock? Sisters of the revolution. "Here's to being single" Roddy is renowned on at least three continents for his drink mixing skills and on at least two for his dance floor body slams. 10 past 10! That Adams Morgan night spilled over into sea trials. Corn tooth's nemesis during the Tampa sloth fest that left Jet Ski and Camaro engines screaming for Dana Big Proud Nasty Foot. (Barry's 21)Jason, I think we need to carry him out. Spin the gizmo Tune. ONE MORE TIME! How many power-aid bottles can we store under the sink? Just two things: the EDGE and the Plat (ECO) JMU/Sheetz/Steel/Sher/Duff/Kevin/Spud. Travels: Johannesburg, Cape Town, London, D.C., Baltimore, Tampa, and DTA. Authors: DUFF, MT, Crab, Puff. Cheers Buddy and Good Luck with Nuclear Power!

Rodrigo Bumblis Simoes
Malvern, PA
Navy NFO

Hotrigo, HotRod the Bod, I will never forgive you for "coconut." Talk to any athletically built redheads recently? Sssend me your ssstuff. -KJC. There will be no more of that. Looks like I win again. I always win. Simoes 5: a man with nothing to lose. -MNS. What can I say Fatrigo? We never stopped pretending to kill each other, and hand-to-hand class just made it worse. Countless hours of making up movies and dying of laughter with Derek. We've been through a lot bro. –DZZ Rod, the walking clown show. Never failed to make me laugh. You always got the worst of everything, but still managed to smile. Despite your age and upbringing in semi-civilization, you still managed to come out a fine friend and a great officer. Y'all deeeecent? Everyone wants to see you fly and we all know you will. –SRB By far the funniest guy I know. Always quick to make others laugh, even if it meant humiliating himself. A well known photographer, famous for his "self-portraits" and surprise shots of others. The only guy who made me lose my bearing during plebe summer. Look at the brain!!! Just do the monkey dance one more time. Hey, lets do this quick, I don't want to get kicked out. The old man of the group who has gone to military schools since kindergarten. Respected and loved by everyone. Life of the party and a great friend to all. –WRW

Rebecca Lynn Smith
Burke, VA
Surface Warfare

IT'S STORY TIME! The toilets here are so powerful...next exercise- arm circles, we'll do many more. And then…DIVE BOMBERS! Rebecca Lynn Smith…my bestest friend. Everyone thought we were dating, more like brother and sister. You're the one who gets me through the tough times. Love ya –TAC "I just like chilling in places with Beefeater in the window" –MGB "That's the business!" FRANCHISE, CHIZE, Choddy…"Can I get a ride?" HUGS. Auburn vs. UF. NO HUGS. I LOVE YOU! –Ando Roommates for 4 years, we've been through everything together… Say it with my name! IMing across the room…she ate WHAT?? NOT decent! Cutting cake with a sword after Herndon… Missing you over the summer. Only 50% of us left- they can't stop us now! Goin back to Odenton… I don't think so! Alone at last! Late nights on the phone with cops, helping out on drug busts. The sleep mix… aah! I miss you! A/N: "I'm done, you can leave. I win!" We are back together! Happy Mardi Gras Chere! You are the best roommate I could ever have asked for… so remember that things always change but I love you nerd!!! –MS Mellie, Thatch, Lauren, Families, both at home and at #7, you all have made the difference. I love you all!

Michael Brian Stanfield
Springfield, VA
Navy Pilot

A Hole in one, but he's no golfer. The ultimate player – at least with a disc. Is that alarm clock still going!? I think it's time for milkshakes. Who knew keyboards and batteries could cause such problems. Ok, ok … Cal's got numbers, but don't rip your pants over it. Adolf's country-music-loving got him nowhere except prodded with a fishing rod (out the window).The peddler. Weekend trip to UVA with Korn. Girls over YPs. His grades are for Aero? … he's like a full time tutor. "Did you see my Terps!? … How 'bout them EAGLES!" The winning catch against Townsend. Navy Ultimate's enforcer. Good thing he's aero … he can calculate the final velocity of that raccoon. Did they ever find it? His baby, his girl, his love … what normal people call their car. Son of the "VA Mom." Always inviting people over or picking them up from the airport. Good luck at UMD and in the skies above. –Snatch, C, Bighead, Korn

Melanie Nicole Swords
Hopkinton, NH
Navy Pilot

Four years together...who'd a thought we'd make it? Freshman: Sleeping NOT decent! Sophomore: New men & the elf. Junior: You were in TJ too!? Booger eater takes the closets (mad face). Late nights with the cop. Senior: I missed you first semester. AN in a closet with a 40 and a cheesesteak. I can't believe we made it. I can't imagine having a better roommate-you'll make a great pilot and no one deserves it more. I love you forever-RLS Mellie Kins, what a great two years it's been trying to keep up with you. Don't forget your lil' Mel! France here we come! Thanks for being you! Love Always Nat a tat Yo bad***! You are truly THE SAINT. This girl doesn't give a f...Never sell yourself short woman...you are the best! Court Melly, my fellow bad*** and hoodlum! We played and won by our own rules!! Un peu de vin francais and N.O. and DTA'll never be the same!! Love ya girl, MBF DD-666-because I'm fat ma'am! A good cd-maybe George Michael. Dippin' & playin' beer pong-that's harible! I carried you...alone (mad face) 3 shirts-$300, not bad. He's teetering on the edge of Mt. Figerest. This is a non-smoking room. Meg, just follow me and look good, we're VIP's. Where are the tickets Mel? I dunno, but I have Aftershock! Fig and Mop gettin' comped & layin' high rollers at the $2 table. You were my turning point. I asked what if...I actually can't imagine. The Notorious F.I.G. I know I'll never be the same...all my love to F@, fig, TB, RLS, CS, MBF, SZ, NG.

Micah Thomas Sybor

Cantonsville, MD
Surface Warfare

Micah Thomas Sybor, also known by the ladies as daphone26. He rolled into the academy after 4 fine years of Mojo education and a year at the Hun School although he claims all his friends went to NAPS. We spotted his ears right away. He has been seen at B/W's, 4142, 7106, and 7162-1. Spent his early years working on his collection of MP3's, hanging with Arthur and playing Snood. Loves his terps and skins. He's been to Atlanta, Tahoe, and the Bermuda Triangle. Quoted saying: "It's ok I'll go back on the RV." "I'm from the South." and "Alright guys take a knee." He loves his natty bo, irish mist, spittoon, and shaving his legs. He has spent some time with bobby and in main-O. He was stripped of his leather jacket, dark acid washed jeans, and his truck. He continued to "Just ball. Hey Micah your nose is bleeding. " Not afraid to say, "Hey can you spot me?" Although a 2 time turkey bowl champ, nobody really cares. Never the neat freak, but never too busy to bend backwards to help a brother. If you stay up with the owls you have to soar with eagles.

Scott Matthew Tintle

Acworth, GA
Medical Corps

Dumpy. I have to study, I can't go out. 3brothers anyone? Army/ Navy 99. Southern Bapt. Tintle wake up. 7-1 resident doctor. Its ridiculous. Parking garages. Georgia Republicans rule. T-Bird. Panic attacks. Med Corps...Med Corps…The hair..its alive. Midgets at Tybee island. "He's my friend I will take care of him." "I was gone for an hour and a half and you didn't do anything?" "I like my hair, do you guys like my hair?" I love Patti. "Midshipman, you have an unsightly amount of hair… Thank you sir" The People's Midshipman. I needed it more than you. Maslow, motivated by fear. Upenn Model UN conventions, vodka water bottles in committee sessions, trying to outdrink 250-pound Russians named Boris… Wrestling Omar naked. Hey Scott, can I stay at Patti's tonight?? And what do you bring to the table? Fuddruckers, Three Brothers, The beginning, removing my glove. The WAWA, DC, The monuments. The Awakening, Armand's. Rdand P. Frances and happy hour on the border. The shrimp, the barbecues, The Nick, The Chicken, fishing. Dreams. Thank you Patti. Thank you Mom, Dad, Sean, Shane and Sarah. My dreams have come true and I am truly blessed.

Charles Frederick Walton Jr.

Mission Viejo, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

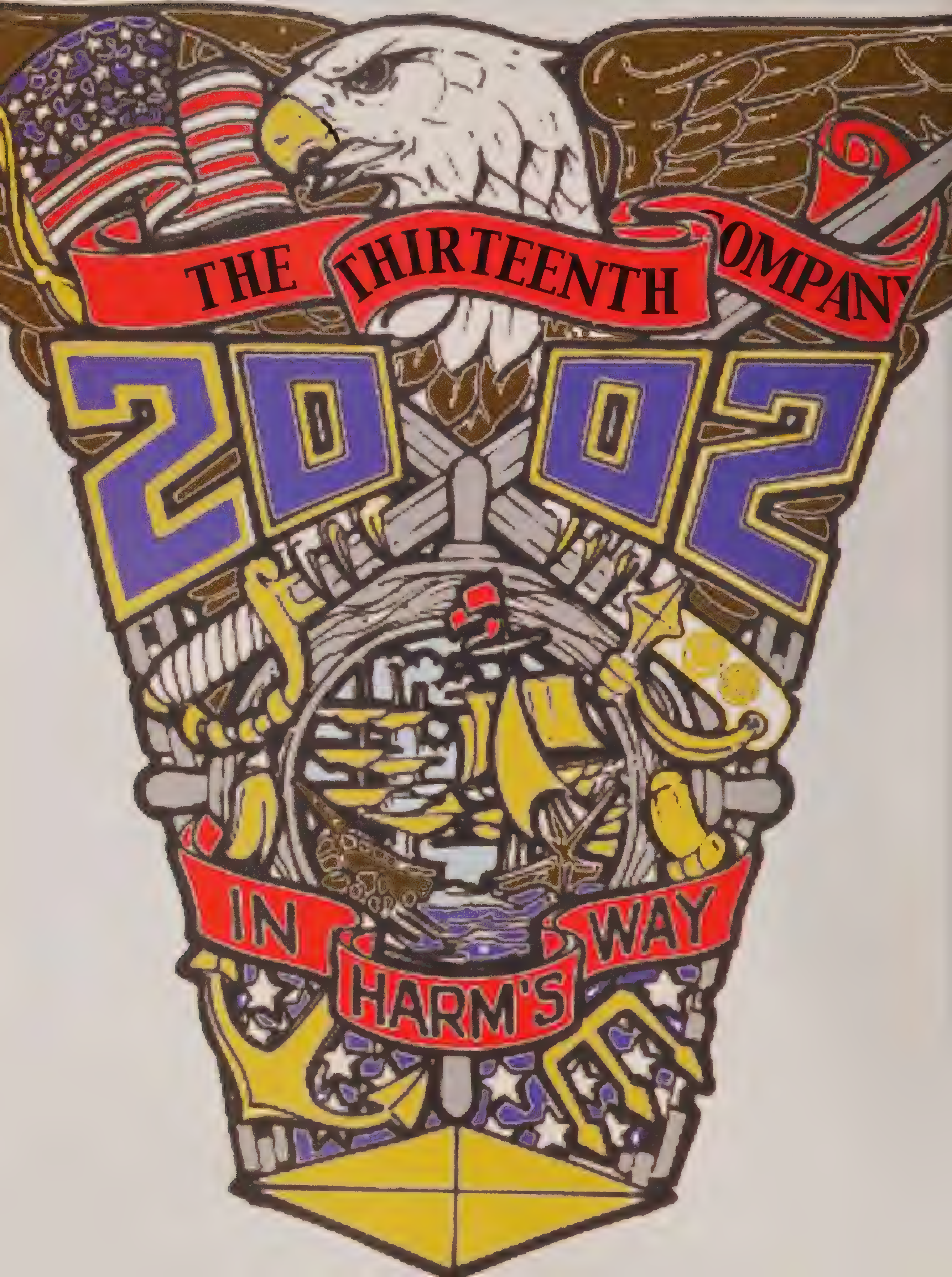
There are no perfect men, only perfect intentions, but most ladies would say that C came pretty close. The ultimate fighting machine came to us from CA via Downingtown, PA. With a little work, better yet a lot of work, we managed to turn innocent lil' Cee-Cee into the blue light special known to the ladies as C-Walt. A man of impeccable integrity, unmatched chivalry, a giant CD collection, he commanded the respect of all he met. It's hard work being so pretty, that's why C was usually the last one ready,. He was never comfortable with being in the spotlight, but the spotlight always found him. To us he was a brother we could always depend on, whether for sound advice, a perfectly timed movie quote, or a sobering influence. We grew up together over our four years by the Bay. We never really knew what it was like to have brothers until now. We arrived as three boys from different backgrounds and left as men whose lives will forever be intertwined. Room 4150 forever…WRW SLP

William Russell White
Anderson, SC
Navy Pilot

Despite what they think, people from South Carolina aren't so different. William Russel White despised Yankees, but that all changed. He was Russ to most, Twiggy or Big Head to those who knew him best. From Bo Jangle's and Piggly Wiggley to Ruth's Chris and Gap some would think this was one confused Southerner. However, Russ knew exactly who he was. He was a Southerner trapped in a Yankee's world. He was also one of the most predictable, loyal, dependable, and easily amused persons we knew. The only person funnier than Russ was Russ, figure that out. He knew what he wanted and wouldn't stop until he got it. This determination pervaded all facets of his life. Russ has always been "THE MAN" from JROTC, to plebe summer guide-on, to Navy pilot. The ladies must have known this too, since they were always "looking at him". Although destined to be a great Navy pilot, the Corps still mourns their loss. He has always been Semper Fi. Thank you for your friendship, bad advice, good times, bread and countless memories. No matter where you are you will always be our brother .
CFW SLP (4150)

David Zeller Zartman
New Braunfels, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

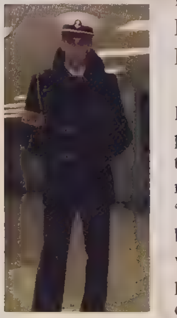
Dave, Derek and Rod, the true "Muppet Babies" of the Academy. Delta-Zulu, "Hoorah Dave" or (in Marine voice) "Left-right-left-right." Did you study for the pop final we have next period?!? "I have overdeveloped drill muscles, I can pivot on anything!" We've survived the academy together, and I hope to see you in the real world. Your best bud, The Bod. My brother in Christ, and at home. He always managed to clean his plate, and made sure that the food was completely gone. Truly a man of God, and one to whom I turned in times of trouble. Thank you for the blessing you have been to me. Semper Fi and God bless you! - C.A.F. (Genie) "Who'd have thought?! Seems like everyone else knew what I should have known all along! I'm so thankful God's plans are always better than I could ever imagine! Car crew turned double-daters! Show the USMC what "real" warfare is all about- Eph 6:12. -Allie, Phil 1:3


THE THIRTEENTH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Gregory Ryan Chapman
Newbury, NH
Submarine Warfare

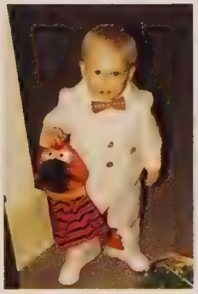
"Titty" "Old Man" four years of complaining about my age and getting no sympathy, two years of the 'the Wagner' and sleeping with one eye open. Two years of living with Seth and learning more from him than he'll ever know and the value of good Rocco. Colby's XO, the $50 bet, the company 'bad guy' and Murtagh's "new sheriff in town." Fam, V, Colby, Derek, George, Dustin, Phil - You guys are great, even if you were jealous of the 'knocks.' FAM: Loved the fights and mood swings, we are too much alike. BUD: Working for you was a challenge, but I think we did alright. V: Blowing money in Atlantic City, then the stop on the way back. And no Michael, she didn't really want you. SETH: The most unlikely Marine in the class and the dirtiest. Who takes weekend trips to London? The port list. GEORGE: She wasn't 16, and I didn't deserve the amount of grief I got for it, and I swear you aren't straight. PHIL: You are a great friend and I am glad to know you. ALL: I'll always have "more responsibility than you can possibly fathom."

Brian Thomas Colby
Madison, WI
Marine Corps Ground



I AM MARINE. BUD PUT CLOTHES IN PILE but cupcake is always there in a pinch. Chris is to pizza as Bud is to TVs and CDs and JVNs. Remember the hot tub parties at the sponsors where the swimsuits are optional but the laps were required. Although, Bud still has No Game the one question you have to ask is "Where does Capt end and Colby begin?" Remember Bud's birthday? He doesn't... but he talked to 4000 people. FAT TUESDAY's with Dustin, George, Candy and who knows who else? Derek and Bud had many battles with pennies but the spray paint was the last draw. Wrestling with Fam at Vitty's over the Bratwurst. He is a dunn being a speed walker but will remember the Goof forever. Joke night with Nick and Dustin plebe year was big hit for him. "Is Bud having a meeting with Captain? No, just socializing." Sweet Caroline he sang with Mike all the time. WHAT?!?!?! MEMO: From: 1/C Cheese, training officer. Thanksgiving with Fams in LongI was a blast. 7221 Special in Steerage. Sleeping with Snickers. "Don't toss that dip Tim! It is still good" but the ouzo was better.

Benjamin William Coons
Landisville, PA
Navy NFO



Joshua Johnathan Dow
Horseheads, NY
Marine Corps Pilot

Josh was affectionately known by his friends as Papa Bear. Most notable of his admirable traits was his big heart, which encompassed friends, motorcycles, and aviation. He lives life the way most people hope to; with an appetite for fun, constantly trading in women and vehicles, and never satisfied with a mediocre situation. He was frequently frustrated with academics but never surrendered to adversity and met his goals. Josh attributes his success to the tough love; several kicks in the butt, given to him by his friends and family. Thanks to Mom, Dad, Kayla, Cory, Erin, and especially Nick. His friends know he will do this country proud.

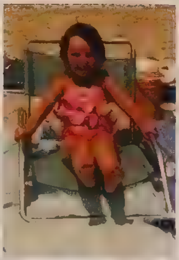
Timothy George Drosinos
Baltimore, MD
Navy Pilot

I am the Wudderboy. "Your dangerous and foolish." Parties at Kelly's pad. Bri and Huck's drama with J9. El Toro Bravo. Car bomb race. Kevin blows it twice! DoD are after me. Shots of Ouzo with the boys. Trip to the frozen tundra. Falling off the snowmobile. 21 leaves you with your pants down. Kev's tricks. Jamaicaman... watch out for those firsty girls! Naked accomplices... Torious Victorious. Dipping with Bri- watching the sunset on the beach. Stiny, Slimy, Stuffy. YP escapades with Kevdog. Bull hunting with Jill on the 'ruff. Rats, rats, rats... two blue balls in a sack... that's one hairy situation. O'Brien's is the place to be. Aquarium and Booze cruise bash. VA girls with dirty Joey. My little Ria, Buttball, and the Terrible Turk. Northwestern Prep was the party place to be. "Great... Drosinos and Friel" Soon to be terrors of the sky. May God wish all my friends and family, especially Mom and Dad, the best of luck and success in the future because you have provided me with the gifts of unconditional love and support.

Michael Dominick Famularo
Baldwin, NY
Marine Corps Ground

Long Island, NY. That explains it all! Captain's blue-collar boy. Aka... Fam, Italian, Absolutely! "The Family" "The sound of young Italian men romancing their women." "1st Plebe Trainer" Common words spoken "Whaa? Huh? Hey, how do you spell this? I am ripping on you because I like you!" At the Vitty's house wrestling, towel fights with Colby. Remember Always there in a pinch. Remember all the Army Navy games and your 20th Birthday. You drive a beamer? Can you fit another tattoo? Has Been Wardroom Commodore since plebe year. GOOF!! BVI's - the ultimate spring break - "Where's my lighter" =broken hand (you're welcome George). Living on a Prayer, DR and MV. Pimping in the Saturn. "Fam is engaged what?" One girl? Forever? Sure Fam, but he did it. Nicole, the only one to control him and the only one he has ever loved - thanks from the roomies for shutting him up. To the Marines he goes.

-GR, MV, DR, PG, MO, JR, BC, CS, SL, GC, DS



Mary Elizabeth Foley
Hillsborough, NJ
Surface Warfare

4yr roommates?! You're an Irish beauty with heart of gold. Tennis, French, Glee Club… not to mention an amazing friend, confidante, companion. She'll only speak French over drinks, but she's still the life of every party. Her smile melts all boy's hearts. Nights of laughing ourselves sick… can't believe I was chewing on those things! Got me through the hard times. "LEMMEDOOOITTTT!" ~CLS. Day/night, always there-great friend and listener, just not in French class!! Stay away from FB playas- hmmmm..IM, Craigdavid, Zero Noteholding Privileges, all about "Jude!" don't be scurred, love you! ~Liz. Chickeeboomboom!!! Top 5 reasons I love you, chula! USS DeWORST, Cyncyn, Endless laughter!, Chinaman hookup, never sober for WGC performances! MMMmmmmmMMM! Heartbreaker! Happy Birthday to US! ~ Love, Elaine. Swimming??… Elevators.. MardiGras. How do you get beads?!? ~love, Melanie. All our men since Plebe PE, only now you've got 'em all!! Trackstars-gaping rabbit holes. Classic: CYN: "I'm his SqdLdr" BM: "How convenient!" CYN: "Well, you WOULD know!" CVD, MBF, BWC. "You'll always be my B.F, you know way too much! As if you're SOMBADY!" the hair has spoken… I lean on you, you lean on me, we'll be ok. Love ya girl! ~ Cyn

Philip David Gift
Churchville, PA
Navy Pilot

Once there was this hobbit named Phil Bo Baggins. He was a simple hobbit with a fashion style all his own. One day he met these two guys: a Goofy one, and the other was known as Big Type. These two guys, knowing about Phil's navigating ability, convinced the hobbit to find the mystical Racing stripes. Phil, soon came to an Inn: the A & N House, "where there is a party all the time." Inside, Phil saw this fellow named Patch and another named Q-tip and yet another with a Philly-Blunt hanging from his mouth, that kept referring to himself as Me, Myself, and Phil. But the interesting people, were these Three Bare Footed Wise Men. After ordering Honest Bob's Beer and a couple of Eggs, Phil went over to talk to these gentlemen. They told him about this desolate place known as Delaware. They told him that his treasure would be waiting there. Phil headed out again. As he left the Inn he heard "Hey yous guys... last call." Soon, our adventurer came to a huge river. On the river there was this little gray ship, but the ship Sh*t Everywhere. So Phil decided to swim across. On the other side he noticed a multi-colored object. As he got closer to this object, he noticed that it was the Racing Stripes. The stripes were not right though, they were very Crooked, something had happened to them. He was too late.

Adam Jeremy Huckaby
Orange, TX
Navy NFO

I AM TEXAS, born and bred, to the bone, through and through. Eat sleep and drink, Texas. Comboy hats, Texas flags, Lone Star class ring, overalls, and bullwhips... real bull whips. Weekly visits to El Toro Bravo... leader in hooking many others. "No mama, we ain't the Huckleberry's." Get fat in 3204... white works everyday... chop five feet, done... if chop at all. Mr. Moore will give us radio time... Mr. Morelli's a nut. Gotta have the Frank's for every meal. Got skinny in 3220... too much time to handle. Big jolly Texan... loves to laugh, infamous 'Huck' laugh. Always smiling, always happy. "Howdy, how are you doing?" The kiosk evening trio, "Stiffy," "Slimey," and "Stinky." 4 shots Bill. You smoozer. Says things other people could never get away with. What?... Tact?... Goat Boy... TEAM Bill... this is my goat. Wings are free at Ram's Head... what? Did you say food? Eyes on the Cross... nose in The Book... keeping the Faith.
MV, BC, CS, MF, KF

Cory Gene Knopp
Cody, WY
Surface Warfare

Cory came to us with a pug nose, cauliflower ears, and volcanic personality. He is a warrior willing to fight for others and was, therefore, widely known for a short temper, stuttering outbursts, and well-placed intentions. Cory never did anything halfheartedly; his tenacity was evident by the numerous trips to hospital point. His friends are most proud of his transformation into an officer they love, respect, and will follow. He is a man loyal to his friends, family, and especially Jen. He thanks Mom, Dad, Tim, Jodie, Josh, Erin, and especially Jen, for their unwavering support. His friends know he will do this country proud.

Danielle Devereux La Salle
Falls Church, VA
Marine Corps Ground

WonderWoman! How many pull-ups? I'm not even that old! Soccer didn't go exactly as planned...3 knees, a broken leg, early retirement, but still ballers and untouchable (don't play us, we'll play you). NWS02 splashdowns, wufests, best friends live on. Georgetown & Co. Officers- we can fool anyone. Legendary 'Nasty' cruise. Model repeat. Karaoke. NWS-Sin City 2001—luckiest guy in the world is still wondering what happened (no sloppy-seconds here); $5,000?!? What happens in N.O. stays in N.O.-MIA camera. Silver Spice-MSJC. UVa to USNA, record time. CB: beer is good for the hair. SB 2001-"sun, pickles, and beer," UofW ballas, cowboys, and bartenders-"I can lose them!!!" Cox Fund Nice, France—JS, BH, TF, JP, PO, FC, Eee-ur. Enter Doug-when you know, you know. Sweet angel: 4 European rendez-vous well worth the francs/pesatas, Mallorcan Menaces, Backroom, Hawaii 2001, a thimble full, eh?, P'est T., throw it, Doe. Je t'aime. So glad you stayed, wouldn't be the same without you. Can't wait to dig holes, sing songs, roast marshmallows in Qtown. All the best and we're always here for you.-RDH, MEE, JFW, EMFK

Thanks and love to all my family, friends, and everyone along the way wherever you are, wherever you're going. I'll never forget you.

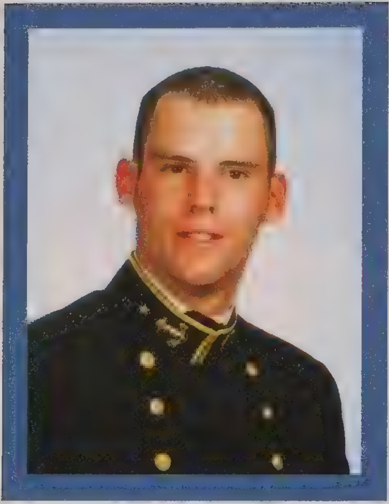
Seth McCormick Lynn III
New York, NY
Marine Corps Ground

Seth, the hairy kid from New York, was also known as Sephilis, Sethsquatch, Sethery, Sethules, Sethalicious, Rocco, and 02_Lynn_S to much of the brigade. Always pushing the outside of the "conduct envelope," he was the first plebe to have an mp3, the first youngster to have a car, and the first 2/C to have a place. During his plebe year, he was the only person ever to jump onto an underway YP, linked CAPT Fiacco to Peter North, and manged to obtain frequent back-rubs in the whack-shack. (Moral Repugnancy, Lynn!!) During youngster year he spent his time hunting Eskimos, convincing the Class of 1943 to sing "Tory, Tory, Hallelujah" with the SDB Brothers, managing to fit 10 people in his Volvo bound for Hooters, and founding his own religion, Wagnosticism. After turning 10 nasty civilians into the greatest squad in detail history, Seth spent the first half of his 2/C year leading a revolt against '01 as they tried to persecute him for every conduct infraction. He escaped to 1025-1B, and spent the next year and a half mixing martinis, arguing with his roommates for better décor, cooking 7-course meals, while stocking the fridge with French Champagne, the humidor with Cubans, and decorating the walls with fine art. He made monthly journeys to England to "see about a girl." And although he could have just as easily ended up a peaceful hippy, he became the most unlikely USMC ground selectee in academy history. -3's nuts- you have all been NESTY...the 1025-1B crew- there's one keg of beer for the four of us...glorious.

Caroline Catherine Murtagh
Keller, TX
Navy Pilot

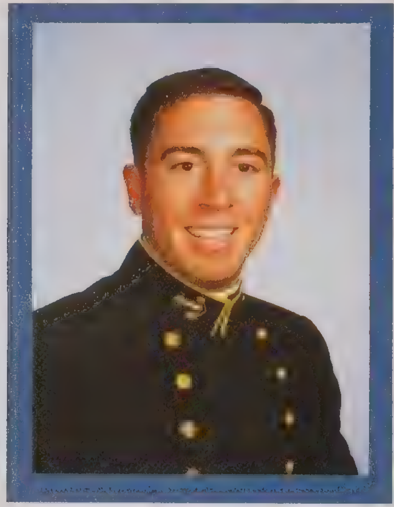
Matthew Thomas Orr
Huntington, NY
Submarine Warfare

Francisco Roberto Riojas
Milwaukee, WI
Surface Warfare



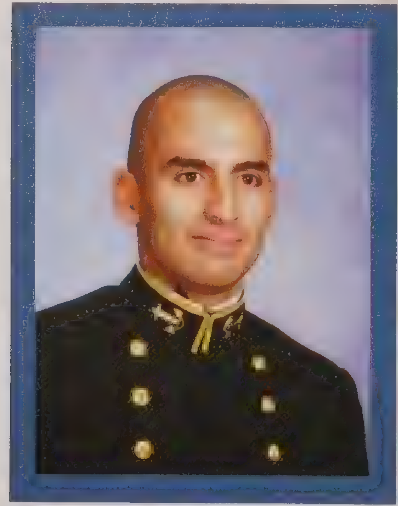
Dustin Wayne Robbins
Laurel, IN
Navy Pilot

Indiana? Is that a state? Laurel where? Who's Dustin? Dustin and Nick attached at the hip. Always there in a pinch. Redneck. The Price is Wrong, Bob! Dustin, your room is cleaner than the plebes'. Nice haircut, are you sure you don't want to go Corps? The great Abbey expedition. Twenty-eight year olds from Texas. Hail to the Princeton. A summer with Tony flying the death trap. We're not buddies dude. Absolutely. Not in Golf Company. Plebe Commander. Always training. Party fouls. Hot tub parties. Dustin, wake up, we have a parade. Brian, what's all over your car and why does it smell? I thought she was in college! Friday joke night. Always doing homework or on the phone. The infamous twenty-first at Baja. What, car bombs! Nice car, the ladies dig the car. Stupid opossums, well it was a nice car. Daytona, Daytona, oh my God, Daytona! What's in Phoenix. Cantin's in my seat. Playing with fire. Apartment parties. Living on a prayer. FLY NAVY!! Can I sleep on your couch at flight school?
MF, MV, GR, CS, BC, PG, MO, JR



George Parascos Roland
Novato, CA
Navy Pilot

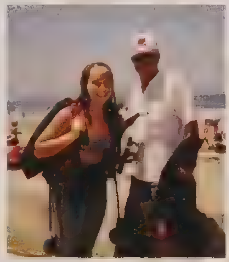
George, a Greek sailor from San Francisco... you make the call. From using the word 'hella' way too much plebe year, the multiple Bermuda trips, and the Circus Circus Strip Club, we have finally made it. Naval Aviator (barely). Mike V, we knew each other before I-day, we got the same company, and have shared everything since, (including ring dance dates). Johnny Whitbread. Payback is a... Eddie Murphy- "I'm yours!!!..." "V, I have no idea what you are talking about." BVI's- the ultimate spring break - "Where's my lighter" =broken hand (thanks Fam). Ok, so the anchor wasn't quite set. "Hey guys, this is the advantage of a catamaran." From Loyola, to George Washington, to Coast Guard, to 3rd Grade Teachers... spend too much money on the car because you never have a girl. Smother them when you do. The Rice Rocket, "I need NOS." GOOF!!! It's how cold at St. John's?" "Kelly, why did you stop?" "Hey George, what are you writing?" Priorities? "Sailing vs. Women" "V, she is yours, I have nationals." '99 national champion. TUMS. Starboard!!, oh man, this is going to hurt. "Coach, I swear I had overlap"
-MF, MV, DR, PG, MO, JR, BC, CS



Erin Michael Rosa
Homestead, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

Erin has most definitely taken the long road to success. His trip has led him from the ghetto, through the Marine Corps, and to the moon. His friends passionately and admirably refer to his work ethic as a "Flight of the Bumblebee" simulation that never ceased. "Busy as a Bee, burning through books, with a bundle on the way." Much of Erin's time was spent helping others. He could always be found trying to help someone with a homework assignment, or lending a shoulder when times were tough. Regardless of how much it might have inconvenienced him, Erin could always be counted on. Erin's maturity and age were witnessed when he attended his 10-year high school reunion with his expecting fiancée, Michelle. Whether it is Cadence Jane, or Nicholas Maleki, Erin will be a caring father, a devoted husband, and an amazing Officer of Marines. His friends know he will do this country proud.

Andrew Lee Rutherford
Jarrettsville, MD
Aerospace Maintenance Duty Officer



Courtney Lynn Senini
Billings, MT
Surface Warfare

My roommate since I-day! So how'd you REALLY blow out your ACL (5-2 SPLASH DOWN). Steer clear of this chick's soccer skills and Sicilian temper! Don't sell yourself short Court- your heart's full of love and sincerity. Can always count on you for the blunt truth or a Raptor/Stewart impression to boost morale. Earplugs! Love ya girl- MBF. You bad@$$! I love you even though you are really the bad influence! Mardi Gras and especially Spain... unbelievable. I'm going to miss you... be good at those ladies nights (wink) on second thought I don't give f... Love, Mel. Thanks for being who you are, and teaching me a few things, too. Good luck in finding what you want. Love, Pat. "La senora" was often known to lure them in with her outrageously sexy dance moves, which, on one occasion, drew an encircling crowd, a notorious chant, and a flying shirt. So, who the hell likes Scottie dogs anyway, especially balding ones? The unlikely friendship between #1 offender and the self proclaimed "Miss Perfect" actually blossomed over three years. Off the record, though, Court, I know your shady deeds. Love always, -Meg

Derek Beeson Smith
Topanga, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

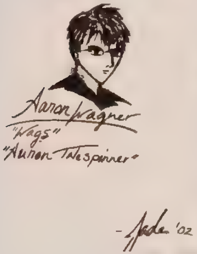
Hey Derek, we need to study physics. Ok, right after I bounce this ball a few more times [bounce, bounce, bounce]. And change your damn homepage, the Simpsons were so 1990's. C'mon Michael, let's take Astronomy, it'll be a great idea! But it's hard to describe the man with no nickname. Skeletons in the closet, for all eternity. However, the occasional lapse of common sense or bout of silliness still beats out reason. Penny fights and spray can duels, those were awesome ideas. You did HUH! On the floor? You did WHAT? In our bathroom? Attempting to drink a gallon of milk is a sure sign of greatness. Dan likes Jusbos [sp. Jumbos]. How many people put on their socks and shoes before their pants? Pregnant or married, it doesn't matter at Buffett. Just what is wrong with your brain housing group? New Orleans and Ring Dance must be a blast when "you're retaaaarded." Even with all these shortcomings and a weakness for ice cream, our perpetual 7-man will always be our role model. A trustworthy friend and devoted teammate. The voice of maturity when necessary and the soul of humor the rest of the time. Destined for success in any career and every endeavor... we band of brothers... greasers. Whooooo!

Colleen Margaret Stephens
East Islip, NY
Navy NFO

William Christopher Stephens
Myrtle Beach, SC
Surface Warfare

Michael Vlachakis Jr.
Red Bluff, CA
Navy Pilot

Welcome to VLACHAKISVILLE! Yes, Michael Michael Vlachakis Jr. The boy so nice they named him twice. Don't call me Widget, and I still don't know who this Roy guy is. I'm proud of my YP pin. Did you know that I was the plebe wrestling smoker champ? Who wants a shot at the title? What? Huh! West Point wouldn't have been the same without me. They had a bad case of the "Vlachakis." 4 yrs at USNA = only pool party in Bancroft, concerts in Margaritaville, Neil Diamond karaoke, and one wooden mug. "Living on a Prayer" can be a manly song. Hook up with my Ring Dance date and I'll get payback. Sorry George. Circus Circus in Reno... I stripped there once. I never stole Ben's wallet, Bot's TUMS, or the front seat in Dustin's car... Cantin stole that last one. Were Dustin and I really drunk at that plebe summer parade? Absolutely! Lalinuts didn't know... Bagawck! I know I'm not that drunk, cause I can still tell how beautiful you are. Fam and I are moody again. SDB Bros? I only played the harmonica! Damnit! Wintergreen: Always there in a pinch! FLY NAVY!
-MF, BC, DR, CS, GR, MO, PG, DS, SL, JR, DUD



Aaron Philip Wagner
Jacksonville, FL
Submarine Warfare

Some words on the myth that would be a man. . . We will never forget the teef! The rule of Wagner: Never ask Aaron a question if you don't want to know the answer. And yes, he is the center of a religion focused on the disbelief in his existence. Despite all this Wags is someone that can usually surprise you, despite the rather odd first impression he gives. Aaron has spent four years on the water with the 'lights and uncounted hours on the erg or in a Barnes and Noble. There are fond memories of "one time on a crew trip," Jimmy Buffett concerts, Hurricane Parties, and borrowing Vroom-Vroom from him for the weekend, but then again he never had any weekend plans until he met Rachael. They kept him smoking, but she has dragged him kicking and screaming into reality and out of the bookstore: wedding plans will follow. His company mates say they are proud of the metamorphosis that has taken a wide-eyed snaggletoothed plebe, and given us a future submarine officer.

Daren Charles Williams
Los Angeles, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

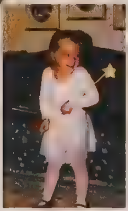
THE FOURTEENTH COMPANY

2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Allison Laura Beamer
Sagamore Hill, OH
Navy Pilot

Ally, the best friend around with the wildest laugh that "never said that". Had some great times in DTA and Rugby girls taco trips instead of homework. Everyone thought she got a nose job. Road trips to NYC for another ring dance. Halloween coyote ugly girls, raspberry cider, champagne and strawberrys. See you in Florida. love Susan

Girl, I see you Stumpy... shakin' that @$$. "Nice cleats, wanna ruck" ... keep that one in your back pocket...thong.. South of the Border goat riding... trance mix in the morning.... SUCK IT!! -SLH (Sarah)



Alli, Beams, Ally McBeamer, DAMMIT BEAMER!! This is the girl who told us we needed 8 hugs a day. Nobody ever had a problem with Lil' Alli. She always made everyone feel happy, no matter how much heat we gave her. You could always find her wearing her favorite rugby shorts in her 6th wing room, and let's not forget the Double T Diner incident. Leave my roommate alone! "What makes the grass grow, Beamer?? "sunshine and rain, sir." You never did come out to play hockey with us. Thanks for being a great friend. Best of luck in your pilot endeavors. Go Tribe/ Boston! Luv-14.

Brooke Suzanne Bell
Columbus, OH
Surface Warfare

What began as a whim for Brooke became an adventure. Plebe year brought her first trip to Texas, a friend from Rockford, and a new found love of naps. She and the Principessa survived the chase of firstie brass after youngster... what were we thinking?!? The Blarney Stone helped her lose some quietness and a summer in Spain brought a love of Sangria. So glad to have found my best friend in Japan. From Ring Dance craziness (and next door neighbors), to casts and crutches, few things turn out how she plans. A true Buckeye fan, devoted sister, a daughter of the "parents who visited the most," Brooke is an angel. (twice.) Above all, she loves Scotch and MacGregor- the tiniest dogs ever. She set out to a B.S. in History and left with a M.A. on the way from Maryland and her future MRS. with Doug Waller. What a blessing who made each day a bit more bearable (besides being the Sleep Monster!!)

Philippians 4:6-7
Colossians 3:23

Matthew Littreal Berger
Pemberton, NJ
Navy Pilot

They call him the Berserker. They should call him the computer geek. The wildest compilation of a person anyone could ever meet. Matt is like a Heinz 57 dog with part jock, part computer geek and part raver. He spent his days attaining a 3.5 in the classes the afternoons on the football field or in the wrestling room and nights in front of his computer playing Diablo or Baldur's gate or some other computer concoction. This 270-pound defensive tackle would go to a club and break out the glow sticks and mesmerize any girl down in Panama City. After almost throwing his old roommate out the window for playing the same song over and over and over again he is now happy with his new X-box playing roomy. We can't forget the time you did detail in Newport for the napters. What the hell is it with the vampires up there anyway? Up at 4 to pt and out till 2 partying and getting stepped on by that stupid horse. He worked his way up the chain of command in less than 24 hours. Spring Break I was a blast hanging at La Vela and absorbing some black and blues in the back seat....sorry...and now it is time for Spring Break II. And after that many more fun times to be had and more great memories to share. Thanks to the 4 year roommate and good luck in the future but I am sure we will be rooming again together soon in the future.

Cory Timberlake Callison
El Paso, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

It's WUGGET not BUGGET! The first day of NAPS at the Providence Airport, little did I know I met my best friend. It has been a long 5 years, but where did it go? Perhaps our trip to Aruba, up a palm tree? Watch out for the camera! Yeah this moped was like this when we got it. Wrestling practice is gonna suck when we get back. At least we beat the 0-12 Jewish College. Score the Mid, gimme that ZA! What happened to 4LC? Well, now it's just us. Drunk bowling. I hope that semi-truck driver lost his license. Drunk Bowling some more. Hey lets go to Killington. Jo copping z's in the back while we test the durability of the jeep. Choking the gorilla at WALDRUG. Picking up on the plastic girl. Mt. Rushmore. Cory, can you drive, I'm tired? Speed bumps are a bitch, try to hit the cup next time. C'mon Bagel Day dude it's healthy! The 8-pound ball. We gotta get Red Bull! Careful sliding down that pole. Week long bachelor party—that's what I'm talking bout. This was just some of our adventures. For you all, remember Cory as a skull crackin' Sprint Footballer, with mood swings from cutting weight just like wrestling in high school. He had the Black Explorer towing the Jet Ski, tearing up the Severn. He's the one with big dreams and a big heart that those close to him know. To his surf shop and our Harley Davidson dealership, your Corp, my Corp, Aruba II, III and hell, lets make it IV and more. Here's a toast to the dreams. I hope I can take you diving and you can make me puke in an F-18. We'll be there one day. Still best friends. Good luck Cory. -EHJ

Richard John Cannici
Mountain Lanke, NJ
Marine Corps Ground

The Little One, Hymen, Nipple, or any of the other eleventeen nick names that this boy has acquired over the past four years. So maybe his feet don't sweat, but at least now he knows that we had the atomic bomb during the Vietnam War and that the current President Bush is not the one from the 80's. Whether he was in Montreal interning as an Amtrack Engineer, or taking the back door to Mexico he has always found a way to make us laugh. Some of you may have seen him walking down the hall in his boxers and shower shoes after a night at the O'Club, while others may have caught him talking to Fletcher as a two year old child. I don't think he fits into his shell, he is too outgoing. Kids across America would be disappointed and horrified if they saw Big Bird as we saw him. Don't let the hat stealing tree get ya. Richard, have fun on the ground and keep em motivated. Don't ever forget the League Office. And seriously George, everybody loves the Bruins. Luv, 14.

Paul Alexander Coslick
Miami, FL
Submarine Warfare

I chose the physics major, and excelled at that subject, but my favorite part of the Academy was competing as part of the Lightweight Crew team, against the best college crews in the nation. Submarines was my choice. I spent way too much time in my room, but I don't think I missed anything. Can't go out fellas, I have work to do, I need my sleep, I am cheap, and I don't drink. Man, I suck. Awe screw it. Bo, can I get my stuff back? Ryan, stop callin me fat. Steve, are you ever gonna do homework? Colin, wait up, I'm not done changing.

"Paul is definitely going to grow up a rich man, although I don't think he'll ever get over the fear of actually spending any of that money. However, I have never met anybody else so willing to help others. Many a watch sections have been stood by him, and I've definitely appreciated all the help with homework like thermo and physics, and he's even always willing to loan out parts of his "collection," although he was quite upset when one of those was broken." - Ryan Maple

Andrew Dean Craig
Marion, OH
Navy Pilot

Is Marion, Ohio even on a map? Can I get a cornfield for a back and front yard, uhh, wait…found it!!! Ohio to Annapolis in 7 hours and 12 minutes and don't you dare short me out of one second. Momma and Poppa Zog will forever be the best parents in the world. Being that Grandma and Grandpa Zog are so busy, it is nice that you can find time to come watch me play in my tournaments. Coach, you have been an amazing friend and influence in my life; by the way, do I still owe you any money? Midshipman Lieutenant Zog, golf team Captain. Not the most beautiful swing in the world, but if you make fun of it, I'll hurt you. Shut your MOUTH!!! No one can smash a steering wheel like I can. NAR and Zog, the Dream Team. Army has nothing on us. Could NAR's shot on the 17th hole at the Army match have been any more clutch? A lot of fun tournaments and a lot good memories are on the course. Four N-Stars and a few NCAA appearances later, I think I can say we had a good run. I love you guys!!! Life on the water could never be better than on the USS Zog. How many cases do you think we can get on board? I don't know, but there is only one way to find out!!! And who could ever forget the weekly debauchery at 1105 - 202. Chuck's infinite wisdom… "Jesus Christ man, what are you doing? You can't leave your post. Someone has to stand watch. Ding Ding, shift colors (as he jumps up into bed)!!"

Brian Curtis Dembinski
Austin, TX
Navy Pilot

While at USNA Brian learned several life lessons: all people care about is what one will accomplish in the present and future (it means squat to be a "high school hero"); one must THINK before he e-mails; no matter the situation (spirit recon) it is never good to run from the state police (being a 'track star' is no match for a handgun); not everyone likes to listen to the same music, specifically the same song(s), over and over again as Cory and Matt attest; Texans are not the only people proud of their state (there are actually nice parts of Jersey) but Brian still couldn't help but count the multiples of states that would fit in his (or is he from Oklahoma? or San Diego?).

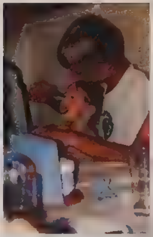
Pappy, who would've guessed that my one day in El Paso as I drove across the country in "th' Jeep" would produce the only day of rain? Jeff, we have many years left in this friendship that started before we were Mids. Steve, ditto. Jake and Doug, thanks for the dedication in Track, those multiple N-Stars were worth the work. Matt, Chris, Heather, Justin, etc., FCA was awesome! Katharine, whatever your thoughts are about me after reading this… ditto.

Ryan Kaltrider Fair
Millers, MD
Marine Corps Pilot

RK Fair, from the "Hang a …" Mountain region of Maryland as Tyrone called it, has changed a lot over the four years at USNA. From his humble beginnings during Plebe Summer when he took a certain Gunny to a "new level of pisstivity", Ryan has always been an interesting character. During Plebe year he was constantly seeking to taunt fate starting when he first made a bed for himself in his coffin. Youngster year, he wanted to escape through 6-0 windows and spent several nights sobering up in the shower. Second Class and Firstie years he went from being the King of UNSAT to getting better grades than most. We've shared memories, rooms, a destructive roommate, a blonde, a major, and a squad. You've always been one of my best friends even if I did sell you out to the plebes during Army Week, but I learned from that too. I wish you all the best. Good luck – ASW

Four years are gone already? Thanks to everybody who helped me along the way. I'll miss all the friends from 14th company, LT, and Senior Chief. All the best to my friends who started out in double deuce and finished up with the 14th company Vipers. Who knew I could ever make it this far?

Stephen Joseph Feddor
Columbia, MD
Submarine Warfare



What can I say about Steve? I have never met a more accomplished person that doesn't do anything. Steve excels in two things. The first of these is never worrying. Nothing gets to him, or at least he makes it seem like it. The second is being right. If Steve has an opinion, be sure you will hear about it. He seems to be an authority on most subjects, but this is not because he is arrogant. It is because he is a freakin genius. He will get very far in life, but I think it may be by accident, as he will probably save the human race while playing computer games, watching a movie, typing a paper, and discussing the faults in social security at the same time. – PAC

Play an episode. These three words will haunt me for the rest of my freakin life. Yet the wide variety of quotes and inside sayings will definitely be a habit hard to break. Hey Steve, cowboy up… Just make sure you beat Paul in any sub war games you should encounter each other in, he'll probably be in the wardroom watching movies anyway. -RAM

Leslie Rachel Gregory
Winston-Salem, NC
Medical Corps

Leslie survived Plebe year, despite being a sweat, bringing friends to eat her family out of house and home over Labor Day weekend, losing four roommates and being orphaned by her family. By Youngster summer she learned to play chipmunk games, swim in a pink tube and met a meathead — remember that fun is paramount! Then came wild times with Principessa, dance clubs in Jerusalem (get off that table!), karaoke with all the wrong words, sailboats, a love for Yuengling, and a few beach parties. As stripes (they gave her a Battalion! Must have been the YP684 curse) increased, so did the good times with "the twins are here" and the partner in crime ("get out of their yard!"). 1/c year taught her to stay in chem labs during drill, and that having friends is better than four stripes. Time now for road trippin' with the girls, and gearing up for the next big adventure-med school! "Hurry up and make it through med school, I get hurt way too often." God was truly graceful when He gave Leslie to the Class of 2002.

David Farrell Hills
Latham, NY
Surface Warfare

Farrell, Hillsy, Farrellton. You've got a great looking forehead. The Zale's sales rep called to thank you for your many purchases. One of the League Offices' Plank owners. 15 for 16 this year. . .not too bad bro, the NFL will be lucky to have you. Hope your dad is not to pissed about the ticket in DC. . .Sorry, Sir. The Big Labowski. Farrell: the only guy we know that has been in love his whole life. Single life isn't that bad is it? G-town was good, but USNA is a keeper. Farrell. . . Please. Thanks for always being there to listen to our problems and for being a great friend. Good luck in the fleet and with the NFL. We are proud have gone through these four years with you. Luv 14

James Daniel Huddleston
Newnan, GA
Navy Pilot

Telling girls about James Huddleston can get really confusing sometimes. The reason for this confusion is that all of his friends call him "Bo" yet, in his words: "It's James to the ladies." You can imagine being caught up in the emotion of a story and all of a sudden the listener will ask: "Who is Bo?" Naturally, the next question is: "How in the world did he get that nickname?" and that is a secret that when divulged by Bo to you is a statement of his friendship to you.

Girls and Bo go together like peanut butter and jelly, but Bo's ability to swoon the ladies is only one side of this multi-faceted individual. Bo's intellect and thirst for knowledge can best be summarized by his major, physics. One could also see the depth of his mind if they asked Bo for advice, for he would put all of his ability into providing the best possible guidance. Bo is also a natural athlete. From the basketball court to helis in the back bowls of Vail, he can do it all, and well. Last, but most importantly many people who are successful in life attribute their success to a strong sense of honor, morals, and ethics. Bo will be one of the most successful people on this planet because I have seen few people with a stronger sense of these qualities.

Helen Elizabeth Huegerich
Manchester Center, VT
Navy Pilot

Born on some long-forgotten date many, many moons ago, Helen decided to live a full life, go to college, come closer to a degree than most midshipmen will, and then give it all up to have ear-length hair and get yelled at all day. Despite constant worrying and an early stint marching tours with her dust-bunny roommate, she persevered and thrived at USNA as a prime example for all midshipmen to follow (all of the stripes, none of the guilt). Her ultimate achievement came when she conned the Navy into trusting her with a multi-million dollar aircraft. Aided (or impeded?) by a cohort of equally psychotic boyfriends, roommates, and fellow Joes, she will make it up on that podium and out of these hallowed halls… Nothing but success will come your way if you keep a smile on your face and a "banana smoothie" in your hand. Never settle for anything but the best. See you in the sky! Lotsa love, PWS,CJE,ALB

Timothy Ryan Kain Jr.
Landenberg, PA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

T.K., Slim, Wacker. Wow, where do we start? If you're looking for Tim, don't check the class room. Unforgettable post O'Club parties: soup ladle, Christmas balls, women's panties, Christmas balls again, the shower was closer than the bathroom. Did you really have to use my towel? And by the way, how did you hurt your hamstring? My guess is that it was from doing the splits in a pair of women's panties. I hope you have learned never to let Farrell hook you up with a date again. "The smell of your hair really makes me . . ." Sweet Caroline, 867-5309, droopy eyed puppy, hand spitter. "Please tell me that is not my son." Relieving yourself on the printer and the letter sweater. Explosive diarrhea + Striper Duties + Emergency Medical/Dental = All expenses paid vacation in sunny Norfolk, VA. Tim, when we feel blue you always know what to say to make us feel better. Good luck in the bowels of a carrier with your twin bed. We love you and will never forget you bro. Spoon Lickers out, 14.

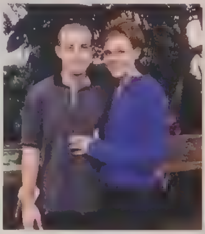
Jason Miguel Klerk
Winter Haven, FL
Marine Corps Ground

Jas, Garz, Garza, so what do we call you this year? Who can forget the forbidden forest? How could such a small guy run up a wardroom tab that high? Have you paid yet? I'm out killing pepperonis. Ridin' Slivka like a donkey. Sorry 'bout the stitches in the head. Have you seen Rhat's toothbrush lately? Check dabut. Still finding random pieces of food in the room. Late nights playing Quake. Making Day-a-wallawalla cry. Naked men on Micah's computer. Sotan/Sconian War; aka, the bloodiest battle in American History. The only guy in USNA history who played every sport the academy offered. Did you turn your restriction card back in yet? Getting lost at Chucky Cheese's. It's a good thing that little girl rescued us. Thanks for all the great memories Jas. We love you and we wish you and Lisa the best of luck. Luv, 14.

George Paul Loranger
Plymouth, MA
Navy Pilot

G-Lo, Georgicus, the Lone Ranger, George-Poon. We were all convinced that you wanted to be a marine, but NTT cured you of that. The resident gourmet chef over at the league office, you could always get a big plate of Shepard's pie or pasta when Geo was around. So which do you prefer, marinara or alfredo sauce? She may be hot, but she's still a psychotic masseuse, at least she didn't send you her high school picture. You were the best Superbowl CMOD ever! The Redsox will win eventually, well maybe if the Yankees quit. Nobody ____'s with the Jesus, especially when he can dance like you. George is the Midnight hockey league all-star, and the first team all-American intramural softball player. You are looking mighty fine today, George…(From your parade partner) Always remember St. Johns is just a short walk away…Cya in Pcola.
Luv 14

Ryan Andrew Maple
Phoenix, AZ
Marine Corps Pilot



"What to say about a carefree, funny looking white kid from the middle of nowhere (a.k.a. Phoenix Arizona)? Ryan, your time at the Academy went about as smooth as sandpaper. From the evil upper-class that you had as a plebe to the fun-filled world of academics, this place tried to kick you down and pound you into the ground. But you survived and managed to pull off Marine Pilot. Though you have some pretty weird habits - like making Taco Bell runs in the middle of the night, talking during movies, and finding the need to share your infinite supply of gas with the rest of us - you are a wonderful person and a great friend. If I ever need a ride from the airport at 0300 again, I'll let you know. Best of luck to the second best pilot I know… and stop sneaking those Dr. Pepper cans into the movie theaters." - EHLF

"Ryan is not a big man. He was once called "that leukemia looking kid." His generosity makes up for his lack of size. He has a big heart, although he hides it behind as many dirty come-backs as he can muster." – PAC

"Out studying in the Bat Cave with Mike, Pete, and Renee"

Charles Francis McNally IV
Medford, NJ
Surface Warfare

Charles Francis (a.k.a. Nutz) McNally, Who would have known, little Midshipman LT McNally would end up a graduate of this fine institution? Are you kidding me? The plebe sailor extraordinaire, who would ultimately end up permanently banned from the varsity Griffin's team spent the better part of his time at USNA searching for that perfect libation, or the perfect girl. And who can forget the fun times had by all, but mostly Shifty and Nutz and their memorable little 'altercations'? I'm sure Bo remembers, he was driving. Or how about the trip into Jack's pool? Or the one-ankle-grab-dance at Lumberjacks. How about the Berger incident Plebe Summer. Is that your reefer sitting in the 6th wing alley? "Dammit, that's twice!" It is weird to think that this is all coming to an end, all the great times we had together, all the laughs and all the curses. We're all the best of friends and I couldn't think of a better group of people to be associated with, it's been an honor. Watch out for this guy, you'll be hearing about him for a long time. You're the best, bro, and for the last time...file those damn papers. It's the nature of the beast baby.
Luv 14

Paul Minihan
New Hartford, CT
Marine Corps Pilot

Paul Minihan is better known as "Shifty Eyes" Minihan. A name born from his famed exploits during plebe summer. You should ask him about those times. Ask him about anything while you're at it. You're sure to receive a look of dumbfounded disbelief that: A) you want to talk to him. For he doesn't like people (so he says) B) You had the nerve to ask a question. Don't you know your place? Or C) A decent answer from a gentleman.

Now, those less fortunate than I, may have be most acquainted with Minihan A and B. However, I have had the distinct pleasure of knowing Minihan C for MOST of my time at USNA. He is a man who saves his apologies for when they really count. He does not mince words nor is he loose with compliments. But when he says something he means it, and if he tells you 'good job' you can be sure you've done one. He can be the most sarcastic, uncompromising, stubborn person in the world. But these are a mere ruse for what lies beneath: A man of character.

I am both happy and sad to say there is truly no one else like Shifty. Happy because the world probably couldn't handle that much 'perfection.' Sad that there are not more people like him. However, he should seriously consider whether or not he reproduces.......if and when he gets the chance.

Brandon Hardy Neighbors
Ringgold, GA
Marine Corps Pilot

Boy you sure am got a Purdy Mouf. Jack didn't turn out to be a good friend after all, did he? Hopefully next time we see you, you will still have your lower jaw. Has anyone seen AF, JC or SG? Check Purdy's room. Wait, which spine?? Can this man get any more tattoos? Is this my second liter this weekend? Running around with the stars and bars. Coolant leaking into the floor board. Driver of the Hell City bus while the cops are chasing. Why won't you hook us up with your sisters? Did the milk man have a lot of tattoos too? Sleeping with a lipper. Tobacco cessation times five. You'll get it next time. Purdy, you have definitely made us laugh and make us feel normal. Your positive attitude was contagious and you have made a lasting impression. Good luck in the Corps. Ooh Rah. Luv, 14.

Douglas James Neves
Klamath Falls, OR
Navy Pilot

Douglass, Manson, The Rev, Who could forget the never ending NASCAR toast, or better yet can you remember it? Will you please buy yourself a blanket and a pillow? Doug is our favorite little giant, but he is also the most brittle. You might as well stop trying to sell that car. $118 bar tab at Obriens courtesy of Jack Daniels. Avoid late trips to Double T with certain members of your company, especially if you're not sober. #3 Have you bottled anything up lately, you could probably sell that. Stay away from the black bean dip in Dahlgren. Drunken fight club. Taking care of your roomies when they couldn't walk. Introducing JoeT to the group. Hiding reptiles in your locker. Intergalactic Champions. $1075 aftermath. Doug you have always been there for us. Thanks for everything. We'll see you in Pcola. Luv 14.

Austin Ardell Romberger
State College, PA
Surface Warfare

If Austin Romberger has not made you hurt from laughter, you have not known him for more than five minutes. From shattering mirrors with shoes to special guest appearances on Midline, Austin's impersonations, jokes, dances, and other antics are some of the funniest I have ever seen. "So help me God, if you throw those grapes, you will feel the wrath of Satan." Although not top of the class academically, his day to day actions show his intelligence, poise, and judgment. When the chips are down and you need somebody there, you can count on Austin. Many women have chased Austin to no avail due to his rock solid faithfulness to his life long love Kristin. Austin's sense of style and debonair has rubbed off on all of those around him. Even though Austin's dream of service selecting Chief out of the Academy never came to fruition, he'll do great things in the Navy and life. I'm sure he will excel as a Surface Warfare Officer, but if all else fails, he could always become a famous tap dancing cowboy.

Ronny Thomas Rowell
Anaheim, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Ronny is going to be a great Marine because he proved himself during NTT. He was a squad leader, leading his men through the woods (and also some bamboo) of Greenbury Point. Beyond the valor he displayed during NTT, Ronny is a man of God and a great friend. Hanging out with Ronny is always fun because you always end up playing some weird game he knows like Polish Ping Pong. Ronny is also the first man I've met who feels totally secure wearing leopard sandals. When he finally decided to be nice by his youngster year he wasn't that bad of a guy. He became the worship master. Let's make for the green room, got a spare 3 hours? If he would quit cheating at ping-pong he could have been a really good player! Red wine and the Disney channel, that's all we'll need to know we're successful. You're going to be a grunt? But Ronny you hate spiders!!! Who can forget lunch lady land? Bald guy and tall guy, what a great duo! Jonathan to David we keep the blades sharp. Thanks for the encouragement in the faith! Just don't keep changing your mind every 5 minutes about your future
He's working it out!
-Jake and Chris

Jason Saglimbene
Wyckoff, NJ
Navy Pilot

Sags, Sagging Weenie. The oldest man at the Academy, with the clothes to go along with it. Check out that "old man" sweater. Are you getting more gray hair? The most qualified to lead the Brigade, with the fewest amount of stripes. First of all. Second of all, don't be so bitter. If it wasn't for flying, what would you do? Twelve cookie eating….. Twelve donuts too. Choking your fellow shipmates during Plebe Summer. "Mr. Saglimbene—HMCS" 7th Battalion Commander. Is your printer urine-proof? Apparently not. Magically turning into a 200lb dead weight after a 21st birthday night at the O-Club. Convincing your girlfriend that an engine stall is perfectly normal (in a plane)!! "Can you smell what the Rock's cooking?" Taking laxatives to make height and weight. "Next time you come, we'll work on getting you more erect." Jay, thanks for being a great friend for the last 4 years. We wish you the best of luck in your future endeavors. Luv 14

Christian Johan Simonsen
Maplewood, MN
Navy Pilot

Ceej, BGC, The Gay One, The Flossy Benz, Norwegian Thunder, CJNF, You could be retired by now if you had picked another profession…You will blow a blood vessel in your brain someday, relax. Put a shirt on, ceej don't visit any high schools in Hawaii. CJ, you were always first in the sock starching contests. One of the Founding Fathers of the League Office, Warum bist du so schwul? Haribo build a burgers, The Full Monty, when ceej grows up he's driving a jaguar. Next time, Pass In Review with your shoes on!! Ceej, bitte, don't wanna get tatered. Lower the benz like the B2600I. "It's raining men, Hallelujah!" The best damn barber to come out of USNA. Thanks for being our barber for three years. Started at NAPS in the 1-2, couldn't get enough weights, who needs to run, flossin the old Cedes, what? Nordic God? Runnin the track squad…balled out at USNA from the start…flossin in the SD BBC/SWC POC style…hooked you up in G-town. Thanks for being a great friend. We'll see you down in Pcola. Luv 14 and DC.

David Alan Tickle
Trussville, AL
Navy Pilot

Dick, Ticklenutz, "dAAvid, is dat you??" Hello? Is there anybody in there? Is there anyone home? The only guy to ever successfully combine being drunk and half naked with his grandma. Dave enjoys long runs down parking lot on starry nights, throwing 'rustic crabs', "Spill beer on your rug? I'll spill beer on your face!" Chevys and The Tide, anybody got a ping pongee ball? Dave also enjoyed exploits as "second to" last man standing in the hot body contest in Cancun, ah hem, losing out to a 350lb fat guy. #2 forever, be careful when you toast to NASCAR legends, it makes for a long night…Rusty's day will come again. Where's your YP pin? Full Monty. Super Bowl CMODs. Drunken wedding receptions we weren't invited to. Brownfield + half asleep + a hint of alcohol = 60 days. As the #1 aero major, we all know you'll make a great stick. Roll Tide, Luv, 14.

Charles Ryan Weydert
Grand Lake, CO
Navy NFO

Ryan, Weydo, Chaz, Tredyew. We couldn't have made it without Mr. Sensitivity. Its too bad he was always the victim. Remember that bathroom stall in Cancun? I'm sure the walls haven't forgotten. Don't worry Weydo, chicks over 40 are cool. Just make sure you have a way back to the League Office. Chuck almost made it to the family, Tory did. Hopefully those 12 hours of sleep a day prepared you for the fleet. "Do I really sleep that much?" Yes pigpen, you do. Thanks for always being there when we needed someone to listen. You've been a great friend and we wish you the best of luck always. Luv, 14.

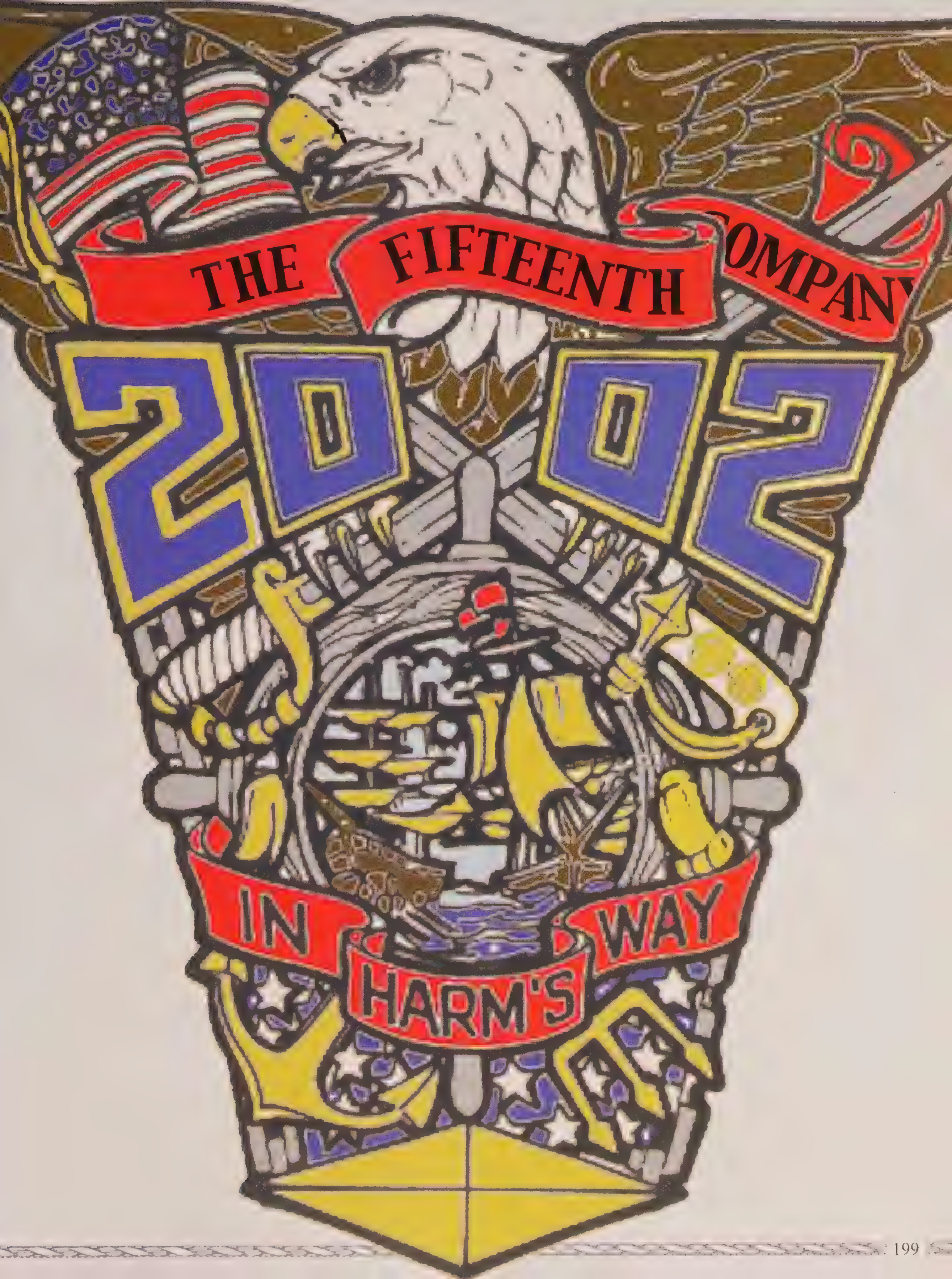
Ashley Stephen Wright
Silver Spring, MD
Submarine Warfare

It's hard to believe that it's been four years since I've heard Ashley called "Mr. Wrong" during plebe summer. Despite this initial obstacle, he overcame his reputation and settled into a solid progression of mediocrity. But it's a success story. He's going Subs, he's got a great woman, and he's got my friendship. Even though Ash dwelt in the realm of Naval Academy anonymity, I could always depend on him if I needed a favor, or just needed somebody to talk to. I even survived living with him for a year and a half. He's got his quirks, like playing any first person computer game until he's a master at it, or shy about walking around the room in the buck. But hey, don't we all? I know that he'll be great to his future wife, and I know he'll be a great Naval Officer, as long as he serves. Good luck buddy. -RK

I came in an only child and left with a huge family. I'll miss all of 14 and all the late nights in R-126 with the Narcs. Ring Dance crew- you're the best, Stacy and Brandon BAS Boats Inc. don't forget. Bobby - welcome back from Guat. RMT- I love you, you helped me get through. - ASW aka "Snake-eyes" aka "BGA" aka "Tiger"

Timothy Robert White
Sharpsburg, GA
Navy Pilot

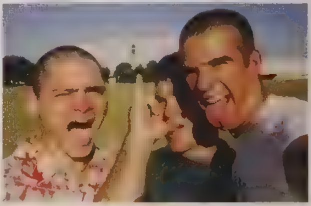
Big Timmy, Big Whighty, Big Nuts, DoDMERB Waiver. This kid is one crazy mug. Are you sure they are not tumors? "Tim, Wake up. . .That's the sink!!" You smell like pickles and you have pointy teeth. Did you quit working out? Did all of those almonds and kidney beans work? We will never forget your favorite cheer, "Kicker, Kicker, We Want Three." Never let JK hold your drink. Maintain positive control of your beverage at all times. Hey Tim, ***** Deep. Remember, Camaros will always be faster than Stangs. Mr. Male Football Cheerleader, We Salute You. You've got Pep, that must count for something. It was a pleasure having you a part of our lives for the last four years. Thanks for being my right hand man first semester. Good luck with your new life and we will see you up in the air. Luv, 14.


THE FIFTEENTH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Aaron Lee Arpi
Piedmont, CA
Navy Pilot

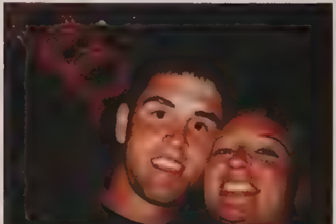
The arp-dog, eastern Europe with Ellis, Polish chicks, only guy I know that can talk ten girls in one night and have no shame of being rejected, and will keep on going, debauchery in Norfolk, could be grounds for court martial. Inviting the 93 libertarian to NAFAC. Playing Born in the USA a thousand time, Friday night skinny dipping, NAFAC women, funny slide show from West Point, chillest squad leader ever, summer time rock climbing with Jane. "What seems to be the problem?. . . . incompetence?" Back through customs without a passport, a few Cubans, Europe with Tim, Golfing with Roomie, Pilots forever. Thanks to all my friends for helping me get this far.

Javier Castro
Brownsville, TX
Submarine Warfare



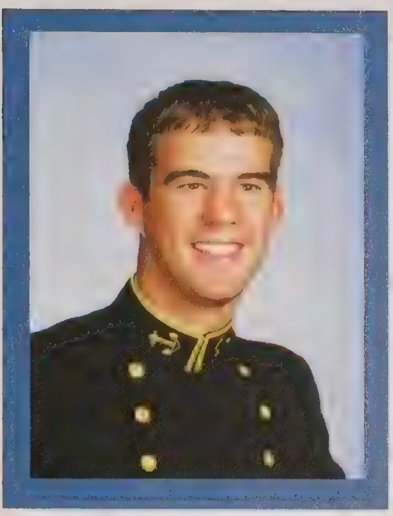
Little Mexican. Singing Spanish songs in the shower, throwing laundry out the window and having some absolut fun youngster year. Putting you to work at my house and drinking in random houses. Birthday victim, rugby game trips, rock paper scissors at A/N. Freshman girls at the Japanese Karaoke (yes bunk beds). DFL at leatherneck, the leatherneck girl, and no it's still not funny. humping 5 miles drunk sucks, body shots off the CC. Park benches in Penn State, "You're not sleeping in your truck, you're room's right upstairs." Final VB chase at the stewardess party. Philly for A/N, don't worry we got it on video, grenade magnet, but yet still unsuccessful, you still have the turtle? tequila, tamales, stay out of AA. Beer Balls King. NY over Thanksgiving and going up to see Whit. Saving your ass at bars. Late night clean-ups of your car, late night pizza in Georgetown...while sleeping on the streets. Drunk at the tailgaters before anyone gets there. The "Baseball" jinks. Little man with a big tolerance, half a shoe lace with a frayed end, what don't you keep? - the boys. Everybody get your roll on....what...what

Anthony John Chiappetta
Pittsburgh, PA
Submarine Warfare



Well dog... we come to the end of the road... but we're about to start down a new one with a little better scenery. We've come along way, roommates since July 1, '98, nobody could ask for a better or more dependable friend. Their have been a lot of hurdles we've had to cross... remember shaving El plebe summer Chia Pet... and then "BAM" Tony takes a shot to the dome... little ride in the ambulance. Endless hours watching sex ed. Videos in the swim team locker room... those were the days. Soph, and junior year the social life expanded, returning long after taps from J.H.U., nipping it during poker nights, riding shotgun and calling out orders to the helm on 97, before tantalizing strip teases on the mate's desk. Oh those DTA nights, when a whiff of beer more than did you in. But we're now at the end, you've come a long way. Who would have thought... you a nuke... you 1/C training.. most important... 2% club. So we start down the new road... take care of him Emily... we love you both. JJ and the boys. Everybody get your roll on... what... what.

Todd Rivers Cleveland
Annapolis, MD
Navy Pilot



The original mean boy, rugby all-star. Great times singing drunk in bars. Good luck flying. JC Ft. Lauderdale. Good times everywhere. No doubt the happiest, meanest drunk I know. Murder in FL! Sunrise at ring dance. BD 3 years together, time to get rid of you. Florida, enough said. Shoulda played, but stayed with rugby. Holding buckets, chugging water. Whit A-Team original, why aren't you in any Australia pictures? Crushing blow to Brit's beak. Too late to switch majors? RS The greatest GNR ever, Moonshine sucks. Orlando beeramid: suck it. Haikus, sleeping 1st period - I hate astro, Rickover bathroom wars. Homework exchange program. Never a dull moment with the Cleveland twins. RV at Army-Navy. VoyeurSAT, my lifelong dream. Living in Pensacola, it's gonna be a blast. NJ Same schedule, sport, everything. Wouldn't change it for a thing. Best 9-10 to ever play the game. True Franchise Player, saving my a** with the golden hands. Boxing, UFC class I'ma whoop yo a**. Paths are gonna split for the first time after this, hardest thing I'll ever do, you'll always be with me. Thanks for being there, you're the best friend and brother I could ever have. B

Matthew Edward Curnen
Framingham, MA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Big Curn, Big Perm, Colonel Chunks, the Minority Pair. Matt knows everything about the Naval Academy, just ask him... or you can check his web page at Curn'sOpinion.com. The biggest mystery is how this man hooks up at every party. He is the "never guess" ladies man. Matt is not T.H.E.'s biggest fan. "Matt you are so full of crap it stinks", "Matt, push away from the table", "Matt, You know you could get your catch out better if you didn't have that gut" but T.H.E. did tell Matt the origin of "Bumbledick". Matt is fully aware that Danass a.k.a. Ops thinks that certain things, "Hmmm Tastes Good" and the Bananas are in fact the best fruit. Matt had a girlfriend most of the years at the Academy; the Brothers felt the need to point it out when need be. Charlie's Angels was one such incident. "What! Matt has a girlfriend?" He continued the tradition of "What happens in Florida, stays in Florida". His roommate sometimes uses several cans of Glade to freshen the room after Mexican lunches. A proud member of "The few, the proud, the Mass-holes. "Hairy Aerioles", "Nizzy Rizzies", "HFStival ordeal" "Sc-2 Plastic Hotrod" Matt is the most out spoken Brother and will go far as an officer, "We Band of Brothers...Greasers"

Ryan Dam
Blue Jay, CA
Surface Warfare

Anger is a man's worst enemy. I have a great enemy. I can't seem to be able to fight it. I'm losing my hair because of it. I'm losing my hair because of it. I also lost my computer keyboard and other belongings. I like wearing cowboy outfits and drinking beer out of 52-ounce coffee mugs. By the way, don't talk to me; unless you want to go surfing in 50-degree water. Surf's up! What is wrong with the East Coast? Why can't it be more like the West Coast? The Best of Abba - you know what selection is implied. Half your age minus seven? What exactly are the statutes governing long weekends with a minor? Thanks for calling me out about the OB's, by the by, — that'll be fun explaining to You-Know-Who. Anyways, see you on the water. CD and CS

Christian Diaz
Caguas, PR
Submarine Warfare

Deez-nutz, Wiener-tot, our favorite islander. Oh you're from Puerto Rico, does that mean you're a foreign exchange Midn? He always went out dressed like a five year old on his first day of school, until he transformed into a social butterfly. The only person who believes it is your fault when he slams the car door on your hand. Disillusioned to the point that he believed his islander charm could seduce a Mormon ring dance date. The kind of guy who would solve complicated math problems in his head, just for laughs. You're still on parole! So, did you see your ex again? Christian, after being your roommates for all these years, never once did we have to accuse you of doing well with the ladies. Don't you wish you had Szwarc write your bio? P.S. Thanks for the Ohio cup, Nintendo, etc. Enjoy being a tuber, and we'll call you when we need the launch codes. RD, CLS

Brian Raymond Dolan
Highland's Ranch, CO
Navy Pilot

Plebe summer jogging matches. Car for room trade. National TV room. Delivered carton on YP692. Restriction cohorts. Club wha?? Ring dance car race. Endless cynical humor. Too good to get caught. Disney interns. Champagne tastes competitor. Sweet ex-girlfriend. -JE Crew boy. Bizzee stylin'. Snowboard punk, Jesuit from Colorado. Despises Texans and loves money. Will conquer mankind someday. So tell me, are we about to...? Wonderful world of the Ritz. Prince is not a heterosexual. Try not to kill too many people on your way to the top. -BS Single largest pop culture influence in anyone's life. Where'd all that money go. T-golds. Bumming off parents, sponsors. San Diego Moondoggies and PB. Getting enough exercise just pushing your luck. "You listen to Prince?" -GR Parties at your house, fixing the AC. Cute friends from Air Force. Rough times during plebe summer, good times after. -BV Nice clothes, did your mom dress you? How much have you spent on clothes? Seriously, wax your back! Common interests: girls, tequila, and Prince. -JC Plebe summer failure. Buying tequila in FL. Howl at the Moon. Murder was the case that they gave me. -TC Everybody get your roll on...what...what.

Raul Santiago Dominguez
Stockbridge, GA
Navy Pilot

My dirty little non-spanish speaking Mexican friend. Still don't know how you do it. "Hey, lets play cards!" Who plays spin the bottle? Sucio Santiago...No,no...Too sexy!Damnit Dirty you have no compassion! The little enforcer with the choke hold of death. Walk on the beach? Singin' El Mariachi on the streets of Cancun. Weapons Detail and Nelly, and who can forget our Favorite L.I. nightspot. Gentlemen.. welcome to Limelight. "If not, I'll give her more whiskey" Even though your shipwrecks land on my shore, I still love you like a brother. I'm not sure what his real name is... even the girls who know what he is up to fall for his "incredible charm," whatever that is... Dirty its 3 o'clock you just woke up? Yea, last night was awesome... almost 25

John Lawrence Ennis II
Chatham, NJ
Surface Warfare

"Do you know how much these pants cost?" Half black, half Jew, weekend off over plebe summer, PMP, 80's music, bad puns, Yp-692 shore leave, Ring Dance race, even Teflon sticks after a while, the Inquisition and capital punishment, best roommates ever, meeting at the Rack, blowing the loan on the wardrob, who wants to be a millionare anyway? AN, DTA, boozing it up, one great swarrior, shots at Platinum, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, no common sense, best thing, only good thing out of Jersey, best fashion sense ever in a straight man, charter member of the Kenneth Cole room, longest one-sided phone conversations ever, Dinosaurs, grinding with the CC, claw marks in closets, the ugliest girl in uniform ever. Everybody get your roll on...what...what.

Kevin Robert Friel
San Diego, CA
Navy Pilot

Point-4-friely-poo, Ortiz made it known, drinking with Ortiz for first time during Karate M.O., the trio (stinky, stiffy and slimy), drinking at O'Brien's, eating terrible Mexican food., NWP was worth the time due to the friends I made there, 30 days restriction, drunken female stories, armadillos and sean donlans - scene of some hanus crimes, most coordinated person ever, country dancing fool "I will start my diet tomorrow", " I am going to work out after my nap", best USNA magician, pipe smoking in DTA, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, "She is like a sister to me, I could never do that." New York strippers, YP fantail stories, Boston bachlorette party with Tim, better yet, the picture with the girls, "We will only have one beer, Tim" . . . four pitchers later. Flying the T-34 and Sh-60, Hawaii- subs with Szwarc and meeting the Army nurses, New Orleans with Szwarc and Weber, repeling out of helicopters, roomy talks, nicknames. Rough 1/C year but wanted to thank everyone especially my mom for her unconditional love and support. Without you I would not have dreamed of being a Navy Pilot. To my dad, I will see you in the sky. Love you both.

Jason Lee Jackson
San Jose, CA
Surface Warfare

I will save the stories, since as we both know, I can't tell them...but, I will do my very best, for my best friend for four years. Its funny saying that now, being that on I-Day you quickly earned the top spot on my people to kill list....from the worst roommate ever to the second worst roommate ever, "Its just all I've got....." Then the unthinkable, we were roommates for Plebe year...4/c Stupid and "4/C Ratey"....the room with the highest combined order of merit in the history of the Naval Academy...and proud of it! All of your, now infamous, summer stories began early in the fall of '99...and the rooming continued...Steerage regulars, 4 double burger challenges...250....260...270....the now infamous trip to Hopkins....the first of many "infamous trips".....handball with the "Mean Boys"..."are we here to gamble or not"...Atlantic City or BUST...one Lucky night...the Army/Navy let down...the sun rises in East but it sets in the West...going back to CALI... always No Limit. To my fellow member of the 2% Club, God Bless your marriage, and all that comes of it, Gina, God Bless you, because now it is your turn to put up with him!!! From Tony and the "Mean" Boys. Everybody get your roll on...what...what.

Elizabeth Preston Marks
Richmond, VA
Surface Warfare

Liz, Skid - the wannabe Southern Belle who is doomed to marry a Marine. Despite sleep-time Turrets Syndrome and an obsession with 40 yr old actors, the explanation for all her shortcomings is that she is blonde. Clubbing/drinking seem to always bring out the best in her: Designated Stripper in NY, mini-Marine in St. Petersburg, body shots in Canada, plebe AF bar, and getting Cele's leftovers in Boston. Gullible beyond belief, but don't expect her to be offended by anything - the next Dr. Ruth. Who was in that movie? - ask Liz. Too bad she's in the military, considering her fetishes for facial hair, British accents, and forbidden men (FRAT!!... crap, restriction). Whether sleeping through rehearsal, corrupting the harem, or IMing the civilian staff, D&B was never dull: "As the Corps turns...", Detail phrases of the day, getting the EPES worker arrested. Never seen without her Wisconsin twin: the only remaining faithful sops, you can never have too much mint or ginger ale. It's been fun, Bootch - see ya out in the Fleet. - CC, CG

Erik Nicholas Moeller
Annadale, VA
Navy Pilot

Erik, you are good friend, always there when I need a pinch, when I need advice. Good luck! ...hibita hitbita....mmm...my name is Erik....Slow down moles, I can't understand what you are sayin. I think that we may be the best looking guys in here... Navy Lax JUCO '99-keepin' it real...USS Scarncorage and mission beach in San Diego and how could you forget T.J.? Beer pong, B-more, long nights with buckets at Howl at the Moon, and you know that I call the bedroom (thumbs down!) Yo, you guys hungry for breakfast? Let's go to McDonalds. Brittany...she's lovely man...hang on to her, take care of her, love her like she deserves to be loved, and she'll never let you down! Cop car at Army-Navy 2001...what is that smell of alcohol, "oh that is me officer." Erik, you scare me when you rock back and forth like that!

Jamie Robert Nero
Red Hook, NY
Supply Corps

Jamie Nero...aka NORE to the NTF representatives. Born on June 21, 1979 and raised in Red hook, New York. New York, the best basketball state in the land (3 class of 97' in the league). An economics major who will continue the quest for wealth in the Supply Corps. A Navy Men's Basketball hooper who endured the ultimate struggle. Unfortunately a three year Halsey State representative, which was not by choice (you can retire the black and orange now). Always a Coney Island representative from 25 feet and beyond. Although I did not enjoy this place I enjoyed the NTFer's and crew. Can't leave this place without recognizing them. Demond Shepard aka Shepo, like a brother to me all the way back to the Tri-City Knick days. Jehiel Lewis aka J-Lew, part of the J&J from NAPS 98. To all the other NTFer's, Oow, Yoshi, JP, Beef, He-Man, Mitch 2G, Nate Dogg, Ferno, Rizzle, Chips, Bizzle and beyond, maintain. To all the fallen soldiers throughout my tenure here, B-Nett, Rapheal aka ghetto, Shak, Bass and my main man Dre, hang in there and good luck. We won't forget you. For those others involved, what goes around comes around. Well, I'm finally out of here. I made the mistake of first coming here so I won't make the mistake of coming back. You can catch me in the Corps, supply that is. "I might crack a smile but ain't a damn thing funny."

Colleen Mary Omalley
Delanson, NY
Surface Warfare

"O" you are one of those persons that everyone likes and remembers, even "Hoop-dawg" and how she sent you her personal photo collection. Spring Break plebe year and crashing at my house in sunny Cali...Disneyland, Hollywood. Youngster year...Spring Break at the Caymans, "Let's go look at the fish.". But who can forget Ring Dance and how you looked like a princess. A true friend, a life friend. Now, a true SWO. You rock girl. -P, KT. A kind and gentle person and friend to all, especially squirrels. You made it through the good times and the bad with determination and strength. Hard work carried you to the top. From a lowly plebe to company commander. From your first semester to the top of the class and graduate school. The sea and all its life was not your work, but your passion. You can certainly look back on these four years and remember us and all the good memories, because we will never forget you. From New Orleans to New York, freezing in Alaska to swimming with dolphins in San Diego, The Holy Land and back, Baseball games, Billy Joel, and Survivor, Nights at the Library laughing together and Disney World. I love you with all my heart, thank you for being in my life.-JEL

Christine Margaret Piringer
Potomac, MD
Surface Warfare

"P"... You've been more than a friend, a sister. Oh the great times we've shared...so many of them. Plebe summer: your squad leader KS & a Xmas wish "I wish KS would flame on me naked!" Rugby and Lacrosstitute...all part of the memories. Walking to chem together and slipping on the ice. Spring Break plebe year...sunny Cali with us ...your first taste of the Great American Western Bacon Cheeseburger. YP cruise...destroy the evidence...DK (ring a bell?) And Danny...good old DG in New Orleans. Youngster year..roommates. The Marine Corps Marathon...you stud. KP's bball games at WC. And...the romance begins. (shh!) Hawaii...spring break '01. Neptune...I mean Venus. A piercing to remind us always of the great times. Ring Dance, baby...The Swann House...the mirror on the wall. You and Brad...now it's all in the open. The Big Wedding...how's your new bro by the way? Brad's surprise visit. opinfo...France..(is that the way it works...for P it does!) Service selection/assignment... "Why can't I just get NPQ'd?" "All I want .. 8 kids & an Expedition." SWO is calling your name. You know what matters in life...friends and family. Stay focused, you'll be out soon. From brunette to blond, life long changes to learn and grow from. 5 and dive baby! You're the kind of friend that you never want to say goodbye to, best of luck in the future, kiss Brad and remember we all love you, Thanks for the memories!!! -Chinese chicken & O

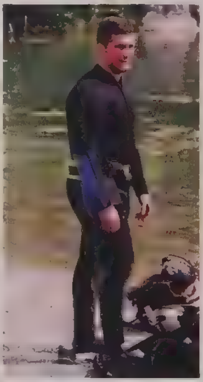
Gary Joe Roznovsky
Corpus Christi, TX
Navy NFO

Roz - four-year roommate. Soft-spoken Marlboro man/ George Strait wannabe/ unrelenting and laden engineer from TX (where everything's bigger and better) who supplied incessant musical score for the room, and "doesn't drink." Dr. Pepper, YP's, post-it notes, peacemaking, loving sisters, and "healthy" ladies, that time you knocked me out and left me for dead on the floor. Thanks for the good times and memories, see you in the air. -BDS. My mom's favorite MID, probably due to early sobriety in academy career. Best national anthem ever! S-10 in SD and Moondoggies! E.S. on USS Duluth. Hey, I've never made out w/ a Rhodes Scholar! First sea command on YP-692. Good times. Bona Fortuna, fellow FO! -BD. Well done, NAV. 6 out of 7 in NYC. Turtle Floatie. Orlando and the trunk. Humming through my all too personal phonecalls. Good times, G-spot! -JE. Few exceptions to usual level-headedness: Mike and Kat's at Dolan's 21 (and the mirror), "pick-up move" and "skit" at ring dance. -BW. Meeting in chem instead of glee club. Rome! What were the odds. -JK "What's that in your mouth? Oh...that's disgusting" "Don't mess with TX! Nuff Said!" Talley's Heroes! To Mom, Dad, Mark, and Dave: I love y'all and couldn't have made it without you! Everybody get your roll on...what...what

Daniel Sears
Happy Jack, AZ
Navy NFO

A fine upstanding young man. A recognized leader among his peers. Always motivated never cynical. A man after the man's own heart. Like a god on the drill field. The most humble guy I know. Would trade places with him in a heartbeat if I could. The legend had it coming. Fair winds and following seas. -BGB

Kent Ryan Simodynes
Arnold, MD
Civil Engineer Corps



AKA Semi, Simo. In a word: attitude, he's definitely got one. Studying, lifting, relaxing - always the best. Mr. Polite, clean, correct, courteous, punctual, and any other golden boy characteristic. Yogurt, cottage cheese, let's eat. I'm starving. How many carbs does that have? Tired - not enough sleep! "Why don't you wash your own car?" Joy, happiness, and love, these things are sought by Kent. Lucky man, parents always there for you, plus you could go home whenever, convenient. Stronger person for being here. Found what lacked (thank you, God) and worked for what wanted - discipline, friendships, never forget. Backpacking the summers by yourself, across Europe, Med., No.Africa, & diving the Red Sea; gutsy - the stories, pictures- to no end. Got a date for the Ring Dance? How long will it last? It's break, let's go skiing, can't wait. Ready, set, go!

Brandon Dwight Smith
Sperry, OK
Navy Pilot

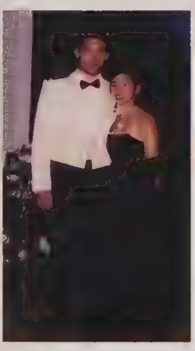
Smitty, what other nicknames do you have? From dried pineapple on the 44's to a keg at the grad party. Jibing! (klunk, spash). Best prank ever pulled on me. Gatorade vs. Lemonade. Boomer Sooner. Orlando - "you called her already?" Good ring dance party.... Where's Brandon? No matter what, it was always you and me. Flight school's next! -GJR. Good times, good times.. My mom couldn't believe that YOU smoke and drink! U of M girls/servants, bombing around in the Taurus plebe and youngster year, getting pulled over on Wisconsin. The Annapolitan divorcees, moving on up to 7343. Conduct scandal, Ocean City, Orlando. Yokel! -BD. The original restrictee, making your roommates envious. Personality similarities. I know it was hard trying to adjust to life on the East coast, you didn't do too badYou arm mysteriously on her shoulder in every Florida picture. I'm gonna go pick up my "truck ," the "roommate" dinner over parent's weekend., and CJ. -JE. My first roommate, and downhill from there. KING OF YORN, web cam Van Damme. Not bad for a boy from OK w/ a toy truck. Who knew he could ski? My twin over plebe summer. -BV

Christopher Lee Swisher
S. Jordan, UT
Surface Warfare

The wonder boy from Utah. My only goal in life is to move out of the East Coast as soon as possible. Then I will fell better wearing my cowboy hat and boots. A man's best friend is an '87 Ford Thunderbird. You haven't lived until you have owned one. My goal in life is to watch every Steven Seagal movie at least 10 times. "Say Thag, wall of ice closer today?" Spent many hours chewing at the council fire with his West Coast brother. Enjoying making fun of Diaz's islander game, and telling Vogel his true feelings about the corps. Had a few midnight rendezvous' with "oscar bravos." Has first hand knowledge regarding the interior of an RV. Dated Loralee, broke up with Loralee, dated Loralee, etc. Completed the 7441 trio f scandals. Why surface? They got the death stars! Always a good time. "That's a great idea, that I had, that you just stole from me." We'll meet again, when we dismantle the corps...
CD, RD

Douglas Walter Szwarc
Landrum, SC
Submarine Warfare

"I know Randy," Penn State, you lost CC to who? Afraid to talk to girls drunk, man hands and thunder thighs. "Where's Doug? "Oh, it's finals week," 12 inches around, think about it, blackouts, I've never seen that done under an O-Club table before. Band room evacuations, We warned you about MR, not about the twin. He doesn't like meatballs, he's Jewish. RVing to Philly, getting IM names in PSU. Polar bear club (drinking + naked + river = cold), victim of a dream in Ft. Lauderdale. McCabe's boy toy. "Doug, don't jump" - Dahlgren ice skating at 3 am. Javi's infamous music, I feel like I'm at Chevy's. Get the boy drunk and he'll do anything, almost, just try to pry him from his books any time before a test though. How many ounces are in a 40? The fiasco at Dolamites. "Here talk to my friend...uh oh." Stribling walk cover Frisbee. Okay USA - man, that is whack. You call that dancing? We're caving...I'll wait in the car. Always stuck with the red-head on cruise. The tuber we knew you would be...see you under the sea. Everybody get your roll on...what...what.



Robert Allen Tabinga
Spring Valley, CA
Surface Warfare

Tab, Binga, Binger, RT, T... "I have a first name you know." You have a what? What did you say? Don't nobody understand the words coming out of your mouth! Try to stop smiling and then speak. Shady Tabinga, Plebe Summer Fitrep: "Could easily be the best performer, but he makes it a goal to get away with things." Sorry you couldn't slide through all 4 years using varsity wrestling as an excuse. But then again, Mr. Judo All Star. Jet Li and Gracie have nothing on you. Just quit asking me to fight, I don't want to have to knock you the F out. Dayamn... 4 years, so when's the wedding? Early congrats. 2% club? What is that, the % of girls that don't want you... Don't let Bren see that one! Room 7448: Best wardroom, or better yet, Crown Theatres... on the real! Bimmer!!??!! What are you dealing to afford that? You deserve it, just hook me up with a ride if they accept people w/ your ranking (what is it, 8 something?) in Cali. Just don't hate when you're stationed on your piece of crap ship. Lat to Spec War? Your lazy A..? Good luck... At least you'll be outta here!

Nathaniel Bennett Thompson
Centreville, MD
Special Warfare

I think this kid's from Baton Rouge...hey, how 'bout the Turtle tonight?...Camden Yards...Chapel Hill or bust...Strong I or bust...BAAAAM!...lead with the dome...any way you want it...the road goes on forever, and the party never ends...and ours is just starting...two boys came, two brothers left. -RCH. You coined the term "Team Me" but there was nothing further from the truth. In the early years there were Farragut sessions. "The Truck" served us well over these years but never was it better than on the trip to the beach. "Which way do I go?" Last fall we gave up the drink and picked up the log. I could only last till Skynyrd, but not you. Always competing, you went those extra few weeks just to say you did. When spring hit you decided you loved no girl as much as yourself, so you found someone else's date. Always remembered as bittersweet, we'll remember that weekend as Rob's last. Now, my friend, we're parting. This is not what either of us wanted, but rather how things pan out. But there is no doubt that "Team Us" will run the show again. -CJB. "You've got everything goin' for you, son. You're on a gravy train with biscuit wheels." -Big Ern

Kristi Mae Tjoa
Fountain Valley, CA
Surface Warfare

Chinese Chicken, K, and To-Jo ... so many names for such a great friend. From plebe summer and barking with ort-dawg, and into the Ac Year when we were scared to go to the bathroom alone, but kept busy by a spicy statement hoop-dawg wrote ...you introduced us to your Cali ways, and Carl's Jr. What did you do at Rudi's on your YP cruise? ... I thought we had trained you better than that. But we made a drinker out of you yet... until your 21st that is. You and O were the roommates I always wanted. Who else at this school knows every 9er episode by heart. Maybe it was all of those Medouri Sours. And to think they almost didn't make it to the ship..But let us not forget Dennis Klampitt, or Roman. "P, I didn't think you were coming home tonight" -you should have kept me away from those toga boys. Weapons with CL, and yes, there is something wrong with those ears. Finally, Spring break came ... did you grab the cd's from the plane? And the crazy night your sandal broke .... The Wave, and the Venus/Neptune. What a spicy trip. Nothing but good times after that, with Ring dance and finally our firstie summer, and who would believe our firstie year. Just remember, if your allergies act up, take out your nose ring. We've been through so much; I know we couldn't have made it without you here. You are a great person, strong in your mind and your heart. Thanks for everything K. We couldn't have asked for a better friend. - P & O

Philip Jason Uranga
Bayshore, NY
Surface Warfare

Phil- A man of many faces... Lover- "starts with a B ends with a ..." whoops. Playa- "Dirty... I think... I think I'm in Disney" Mad Scientist- "Oh God what have I done... I've unleashed Dirty" Hungry Man- "Phil ate.... Like he hasn't eaten in months" Party Animal- Cancun, TJ, Orlando, NYC, Café Royal, and of course the condo. Best Friend- Many memories, and lots of nights we don't remember. You may sometimes be a nagging conscience, but you are always a great friend. Always looking out for everyone else, even during the most trying times. So, you oh so white Latino, "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, For Tomorrow We Die" Welcome to the mysterious place.... Phil you can't think words to me... its John, no its Phil, no its John, no its Phil... the only one who can rival Cobb for weird points... the most selfless person I know.

Brian Joseph Vogel
Witchita, KS
Marine Corps Pilot

Super stud, genius, taking lessons in fat girl baton twirling, always remains a deviant. If my wife has a chest like yours, I'll be a happy man. Representing Kansas, true red neck style. Living with the two closet boys. Most unpolitically correct. See you on CNN in 20 years. NO NO NO, she's still in middle school. She's a good deuce, deuce and a half. Is there anything you won't pee on? Plebe summer twins. Blast on roadtrips and at the bars. Could talk to a wall for hours. You'll do the Corps some good, they need a personality. Probably have a tough time at grad school, yeah right. For the love of God, put your damn shirt on. No shame with girls! Puking on Dolan's AC. I CAN'T STOP! Sorry about the UM girls. Probably have a building on the Yard named after him. Only man with bigger chest than most of the women he meets. Great wing man, not afraid of the uglies. Squat dance performed weekly. Clothes come in bigger sizes than XS you know. Psycho chick calls, you'd better make the road trip. Everybody get your roll on...what...what.

Travis Suren Weber
Surf City, NJ
Navy Pilot

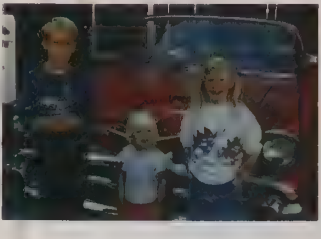
After I met Travis youngster year, our accountability relationship grew tremendously throughout our time here and Travis became one of my best friends. He loved surfing; always had a nonchalant, laid back take on life. Travis, God is doing an awesome work in your life. Thanks for the accountability and friendship.

God Bless you! - Your brother, Doug. Room surfing, 3-2-1 out; arguing over the overplayed songs, random brawls and random prayer. I can't wait to see how God has used your life. -CW, BW. Tweb, always smiling no matter what, brother of Sweb; the season-end polar bear plunge, the team Armenian, N.A.D.S team captain, and the All-American. Taught people how to sail like it's their job, and yet have a good time; illin in Stratton glades. Who else has slept on a 44 in the Santee? Man alive, it's Whitbread out there; win or swim for these boys. Few people can sail V-15's in North Sea conditions like a weathered norseman....but only one can do it and win it every time. ~GO N.A.D.S. The only person I truly spent four years with. I will always be contemplating how the heck you managed to urinate all over yourself in the van, or for that matter, how you manage to urinate at any time. Love ya Suren. ~CINCCrewNADS

Brian R. Whitten
Fallbrook, CA
Navy Pilot

3 years in the same room is a LONG time! We dealt with the thief and the joe and picked up a Mexican in the process. Never forget Florida, peeling out in Maryland, murder in FtL, sleeping under cars, sparring Rocky, your hamstring holding you down, along with your vocabulary. DUB is NOT a word! -tc. He's a four year old trapped in a 22 year old's body wearing a fur coat with the IQ of a banana. Probably one of the messiest, funnest people I know. great times partying, heckling at your games, and road trips- working on plans to get your home. and at least your socks were still on. Your +1 yr drought, then the flood - just stay away from casinos, -jc. "I can too talk good English" sums up everything. Fast swimmers on yourself and me. At M-K's using Penny as a beer rag, disappearing in the bushes, polar bear club, and the infamous lone kayaker. "Finger-lickin'" food at Denny's. Basement decorator. Caving. I know Mike. Big head, little window = messy limo. Band room drunkards. Sliding on the Ice, and I didn't jump b/c you told me to. -dws . Everybody get your roll on...what...what

Christopher Michael Whyte
Upland, CA
Surface Warfare



Christopher Michael Whyte was a man who loved people. Frequently trekking across the Yard late at night to pray or meet with a friend, he demonstrated that his first priority was to love. He could quote any movie, sometimes from start to finish. He was fond of his family and bragged about them when he could. He was funny and had a stage presence, even with an audience of one. Chris was a man who longed for God. He'd regularly go to pray with Graham, Travis, Barry, Doug, or Dave, or to random bible studies. Spent most of his time at his second home in Delaware or with Barry at the Bradleys, usually watching the kids. Rooming with Travis was a trip: the Christmas "stump", playing punk music at odd times of the night, and not doing much homework. Chris was a man who was all heart and all mind. His worship often seemed like a paradox. However, the gold he carried was rapidly purified by the fires of vulnerability and rigorous accountability. As an officer, he will be humble, discerning and spiritually in tune. He will be appreciated by the men who he leads because he will listen to them and he will serve them. ~ GP, BW, TW

Fifteenth Company

THE SIXTEENTH COMPANY

2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Lucas Rockford Argobright
Westerville, OH
Navy Pilot

The ROCK. Youngster year Notre Dame—fourth and ten, never leave your wing man, Even the Battalion CDR couldn't find pleber Rock asleep in his closet. The elusive QB of two regimental championship flag-football teams. Just a plebe enjoying a cigar on top of the rotunda. "Dude, Ohio isn't the heartland of America." Contributing member of the intercompany recon brawl. Commissioning week youngster year- man, what a week. Dude, where the hell is all of Rock's stuff?!?!? Rock and the Baskin brothers- tearing it up at the annual Turkey Bowl. An intramural superstar. Lucas Rockford Argobright- a constant threat to the girls of St. Mary's College. Creator of the NCAA tournament bracket board in company area. Thank God for Rock's Mom's regular care packages that supplied the room. Rock, quit snoring! Basketball road trips. Dollar Mai Tai's in Hawaii. "Ohio IS the heartland of America." Dude, how the hell did you do detail AND get three stripes?!?! Remember the high school girl at Piezanno's??? A Buckeye at heart. It's been fun, dude. JB, QB, SP

Timothy Joseph Barry
Jacksonville, FL
Surface Warfare

"We drill... to kill, Ma'am" Inspired words from a future SEAL, I mean SWO. But the Anti fury little gigilo inspired a lot of people, especially on the fieldball team (27-6). He smackalatized people better than anyone and was always the first person off the bench to stick up for a teammate. When he wanted blood, he got it - except from his own eyebrow, sorry about that. He earned his dive pin and jump wings in a single summer, "He's really tired sir." We had a lot of good times, playing Jeopardy in Markham's squad "We all thought is was more like ten or eleven but you seem to be pretty sure.", throwing water balloons from the cave, slashing and burning sponsors, screwing around during tours - a bunch of times, and you showing off two mohawks at once during Halloween. Thanks for helping me stay on the Christian path and always being inflexible when you knew that something was right. My grades would have been better if it weren't for you but my character is better for it. Try not to boo any yahs on your way to the parking lot.

Roy Quinn Baskin
Waxahacie, TX
Navy Pilot

Geeker Friday, Navy's biggest sports fan. "I wouldn't mind if she seduced me." Dazed and Confused tradition. I quit drinking last weekend. "I LOVE my body." Quinn's abs of steel! A founding member of the Quinn and Cliff club. Pimpin' ain't easy. "Hell yeah, let's get naked in the waterfall!" Shhh… Quinn is sleeping. He successfully kept up foreign relations at the I-ball. Duke Basketball-yea baby!! "She wants me." 4023- Christmas cheer found here. Philosophy of Religion final? Always have a plan. Army-Navy 2000- when Jack came thru with the getaway car. What an amazing gastronomical phenomena, he never stops!- "come in." Tailgating all night long and being the last to leave the parking lot. One of the physics brethren-a life member. Quinn, you been working out? One of the most successful intramural players to never win a championship. "Sir, I'll never do it again." Originator of the annual Christmas Vacation viewing. The poster boy for the Navy. Remember Richard, the snow "sculpture?" The open road. Who's throwing the football in the hall at one in the morning? That'd be Quinn and Sean. Are you taking notes? No, we are making up flag-football plays. Owner of the Mardi Gras recruiting video. Quinn, do we have physics hw due tomorrow?? Yeah. You started? Nope. Sweet. RA, SP, JB

Guy Maurice Batchelder
Vernon, CT
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Road races w/ JJ+GB Good times w/ JJ- bowling, mini-golf, movies, super sundaes "Who can we call?" "What are you wearing?" "She got any cute friends?" Amazing times w/KH sleep-overs at MB's Good times with Duff, LD Spring break 2000 Annapolis, MD! MD- thanks for being such a great friend and laughing at all my jokes What's up? Glad you're a SWO, see you out there. RMM "Nobody can touch our room. No more hot tubs!"-J.E.B. Thanks for everything Mom+Dad. Greg- I am proud of you, "To give anything less than your best is to sacrifice the gift"-Pre LWT crew- one more shot "Aww yeah, where can you start with this holmes? Plebe summer room 7134, "no door no brain, sir" worst room in the regiment, to firstie year, has anything really changed? Waking up every morning to that familiar phrase. Sleeping through Sat. AM training. 2 months of all-calls, not phased at all. Oceanography, 25% for that Don Ho if you hand it in today. Always count on this holmes to say what everyone is thinking. Goin' nuke baby, we did it, who'd have thought it? From training day one to graduation, let the good times roll man...cheers." -Stew

Peter Bissonnette
Vero Beach, FL
Navy NFO

Petey Bushka, the Russian Spy, "Cat," the Feminine Heterosexual, 16th Co. Commander, Checkered Flannel, "Tom." Late nights reading, Romance Novels, the Tao of Pooh. You spent half your Halloweens here trying to be Maverick but ended up as Goose. Hey what are you going to do with those scissors, STOP THAT. Second child of 13 …maybe 15 who knows…a lot. The best looking one in the family….besides Alissa. The 'doctor of style' sporting BC's and tight white T-shirts. Hoorah, Leatherneck……maybe not… Say again, You *want* NFO? Memorable moments, Rock and Bowl, beautiful balls, squad outing to the renaissance festival, plays, almost killing me…you know, teary eyed stuff.

Seriously, you've been an inspiration; very few people would sacrifice themselves and their time for others the way that you have, consistently, for the last four years. I won't say that you're *going* to be a great leader, because you already *are* a great leader. You've taken the "4 years by the Bay" for all that they're worth, and it's been a pleasure watching as you've developed into someone that I'm proud to call a fellow Naval Officer.

Travis Zerlan Bode
Paradise Valley, AZ
Surface Warfare

Thanks a lot Marty. I had no idea what I was getting myself into. Who knew a tennis player could be so much trouble? Despite some apprehension (after all, you were dating another mid, who does that?) we quickly became friends. Or enemies. I can't remember. I don't think anyone else on this planet is nearly as stubborn, irrational, or thick headed as the two of us are. Maybe that's why it works so well. Countless loud arguments till 1 AM. Naked jumping jacks. Drunk bowling with 150 proof paint thinner. Detailers called up from the reserves: Mungheads made us sicker than dogs Drunk wrestling outside the room Spring Break at the Hacienda: I'm still high off of second hand smoke a year later "Alto!" Acme adventures: Puke and Rally! Puke and…get in the hotel van. Ring Dance: Holding Jenn and Les up as Jenn punches through the ceiling, Breast exams, wet walks to the hotel. Late night battles against the Russians: For the Union! Honor Detail: Spies Like Us: eye patch. The 23 crew: battling the Covenant in 5 hour blocks. 6 TVs, 25 Lamps. "You know, I'm an Econ major, but I know NOTHING about Economics. Does that seem strange?" Good luck to you in the fleet. You're going to do fine as long as you stick to the Schwab 8-hour plan. Be sure to give me a shout out when you're the four star giving briefs at the Pentagon to CNN. Thanks for being there through it all.

J.E.B. Bolen
Houston, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

Begin bio . . . I made it 2.5 years before falling from grace, and what a fall it was. But then, who really wants Company Commander anyhow? Karate team: a Texan, Redneck and a Trinidadian, black belt, team captain, then fired . . . oops. Don't fire a water balloon launcher indoors, I have proof. And hot sauce will work for mace, you just need Da Bomb. Rock, sorry about your first sponsor, it was all Jeff. Joe, there are aliens, and one day you will be abducted. Close Combat Instructor, that's why you don't pick fights with strangers in New York. Note to self, don't make fake IDs. The debutante ball-where do I begin? Hendo, how do these doors get broken around here? 3 years with Batch. . .what a room, just don't make us mad. From nuke to USMC . . . oorah!! Nick, who puts trash in a laundry bag for CAP? England: Huck, das is vas guten, ya? Jeff, what are you doing in lingerie? It's not even yours. Fieldball is the greatest sport in the world. Good thing I didn't quit after plebe summer . . . end bio.

Jeremy James Braud
Slidell, LA
Navy NFO

Bobby boucher, the b-field, brodaddy, x0 bro, Frosty the fieldball supervisor! **HEINEKEN**. Jeremy, don't touch the edge dressing, keep that closet closed and put those socks away, homework homework homework, sleeptalking, **COORS LIGHT.**. Remember when he half woke up and threatened to beat us all down? Jeremy, you must embrace the Tao, let if ebb and flow within you. "I don't smell, my socks smell." You best not talk to him when he's cutting weight. **YEUNGLING**. How can he sleep like that?!? Watched every televised LSU football game, you dropped your license—3 times! Hey Braud, wanna run the E-course? Jeremy, FIDO ate your food again. **KILLIAN'S IRISH RED** "A mouse! Where!?!?" NYC during YP's and the subway ride from hell, you date that girl from the mid store? " I just want a beer! Is that too much to ask!?!?" **BUDWEISER** He's Louisianan to the core and proud of it. "Geaux is the French word for go." He's got the best damn golf swing I've ever seen… The Indiana road trip, chumangas, living with a crack-head, slept thru every lecture and brief, loves to run on the beach with shaved, tan legs, our favorite company running guide, **NATTY LIGHT**! RA, QB, JB

Melane Anne Byrd
Plant City, FL
Navy Pilot

We've made it through the squalls of CSTS, youngster boxing(I have to wear what!?),puking in the shower, applejuiceorangejuiceassortedcerealfreshfruit, company commander drama, wild times in Key West, ring dance(the $100 beehive), and 6th wing ghetto. Never will forget the 40 year beer run, HATCHBACK, "are you using hair color Miss Kranz?)—(day of the week underwear anyone?) All-nighters, caffeine addictions, clean the bildge WENCH!, Pearl Jammin, live a lie, the parking lot war, Belinda in her nest, Pinker and Spoon, Blister in the sun…, I can wire the radio to the circuitry of the vessel….Sir?, I fly the H-2…isn't that the SeaSPRITE?, seriously you guys seriously, those guys iron their t-shirts!, the beer monkey, BK dancing on the wardroom couches wasted, you guys are dangerous…and that makes you dangerous, 007 Sean Conery marathons, well look at that tall glass of water, I-ball with '01 guys, professionalitude, jazz nights, Laurie our favorite youngster, and mikey-mer. Thanks to Mom, Dad, Sherer, Amanda, and Bryars and all my family and friends for their love and support. I wouldn't have made it without you all.

John Gibson Culpepper
Raymond, MS
Surface Warfare

"Dude, where are my pants?" That was John's theme during plebe year and our D-lightful youngster year. The Bowtie Killer was accomplished in snow sculpture, golf cart racing at the BSU retreat, and Keegapotomus watching. He was truly at home in the fire swamp and never flinched in the face of an Owens Wednesday. Unlike Cliff and his unforgiving alarm clock, Johnny G was easily roused from the rack with a basketball to the head. His Mississippi pride shined brightly on his screensaver, above his rack, and in his Halloween costume. Culpeppy never stepped back from a fight, and eagerly demonstrated his scrappy personality to Marty and Krak-house. He always stood true to his friends despite repeated instances of ice water being dumped in the shower. He grew up slow for this place but fast for the rest of society, outran many DoD's, struggled through bad leaders, and survived dozens of engineering classes by the skin of his teeth. John had his fair share of hardship at this place and it makes him all the better prepared to lead his men. His boundless moral courage will strengthen and inspire his people and will never cease to amaze me. So, good luck, my friend. Bag ya one of them deer and watch out for you corn hole, man. Booyah.

William Daniel Curran Jr.
Annapolis, MD
Navy NFO

Its been five long years getting through NAPS and then trying to pass my Mech. E. classes but its finally over. I couldn't have made it this far if it wasn't for my family and friends. There has been a lot of good times hanging in the room watching movies and drinking at F with the boys. We have had some good times, luckily we got most of them on tape so we will have to all get together again and watch them. Nate we spent many nights without sleep trying to finish those labs and it finally payed off. Tom and Tre its been a great last year drinking with you guys and heading to acme. Tre you will always be the pimp of the summer but Tom you pulled it out for the whole year. Raph you will always be my boy, I hope to see you in the fleet some day. Dustin and Brye its been a great time hanging at the house, you know you are always welcome there. My friends from Annapolis we've had some great times and I hope we have many more, you guys have helped me more than you'll ever know. Well spring break crew, I don't know where my SWO adventures will take me but we all have to get together again and rent an RV.

Benjamin Abraham Drew
Scottsdale, AZ
Submarine Warfare

World renowned from the local bars in Eastern Europe to the Hashamite Kingdom of Jordan, Ben was recruited as a 123 lb. coxswain. Following $30,000 worth of damage, enduring countless incidents with hypothermia, losing by .5 second to G'town in the 1F, and gaining 30 lbs. of muscle, Ben finally got a spring break. Ben was the best and worst thing to happen to the plebes. He had the highest standards, understood "the switch", and never accepted no for an answer. During his semester at a civilian college, Ben realized that it was accepted to stay out overnight during the week or weekend. Mandatory for cadets? Well, he was a midshipman. FREEFALL. Smoking cubanos, talking late, wrestling, and drinking - Ben never had a shortage of people around him. 4BC, NAFAC (briefly), JMC, Trident, 0/4. See Tim...Lori isn't in love with me. Little fender bender in D.C. Opera, Coyote Ugly, Sedona, and BB. "I love you, I love you". God Speed.

Michael Francis Duez
Pana, IL
Navy Pilot

Mikey, Johnny Bravo, Baby Huey, you got your service selection – congratulations. That's pretty good, considering that you insulted 2 out of 3 officers on your service selections board. Try to tone down the fun and study a little when you get to flight school. I don't think you can afford another set of sheets after you yakked on the first two. Is your ID picture looking good? If it's not, I know this Jewish guy who can make a new one for you really quick. It's all legal stuff – honest. We're glad that we survived being your roommates, especially considering that most of previous guys opted for civilian corps. Ragsdale went on to become a skydiver, by the way (he says hi).

Okay, we're done making fun of you – for now. Here's to hoping you do the very best at flight school and find the perfect, virtuous woman of your dreams. She does exist – wait for it! God bless and Godspeed, Mike.

-Mikey "Angel" Farias
-Pete "Go Away" Bissonnette
-John "Stinky" White

Michael Angelo Farias
Fresno, CA
Navy Pilot

Mikey, Mike the Mexican, Slug-Boy, El Guapo, Angel it's been great living with you for the last three years. We could hear you eating from all the way down the hall. Speaking of listening, how's "Brown-Eyed Girl" coming along (John wants to know)? Here's to hoping you find the love of your life. With all the time you spend clubbing and going out to bars, you won't have trouble finding her. Hopefully she won't "look like she has a boyfriend". We have confidence though, because "us pilots" always get the girls. Jason Yoder wanted us to ask you what brand of shaving cream you use. Also, he said your clothes look kind of dilapidated.
Seriously, Mike, we wish you the very best of luck in flight school and all the years to come. Keep staying up all night – you'll either kill yourself or finish first in your flight class as you cruise along with "cool wind in your hair". Even if you fall asleep in your plane and crash you probably still won't wake up. Mikey, God Bless and Godspeed. If you ever need anything, give us a call and we'll be there.
-Johnny "MF" White -Pete "The Russian Spy" Bissonnette -Mike "Johnny Bravo" Duez

Peter Foradori Jr.
West Salem, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

Pete, Mr. "I shoot tens," The Prez, Petepete. Was there any doubt that the most uptight and high strung plebe in the history of the Academy would become a Marine? Really, though, who almost gets in a fistfight over a clock radio? Sorry, I forgot…it was against the regs. Heaven forbid. Summer with Mitch and Cynthia: "I like this place, I think I want to buy it." You accomplished so much, though . . . how many times were you All-American? International Pistol Team: long trips, little or no sleep, and still you beat them all. Too many records to count. Pistol Company Commander, and an unheard of high qualification rate . . . you had to be the best. Road trips to FT Benning for CISM tryouts, and to ME/OH on the breaks. Deb ball: drunk kung-fu and the carrier battle group. Nice stitches. Shut that game off, you have work to do. The boys are headed to town for just one. . . never seemed to work out that way, though. Now you're headed to Quantico. . . feel bad for the other team. Ours is in good hands. Utterly reliable, unwavering friendship. JMM, JW, JEH.

Nicholas Monroe Green

Virginia Beach, VA
Navy Pilot

Known to my dearest friends as Greener, Front Row Nick, Nickoliavich, VerdeNMG, and Milkshake. I began plebe year with a treacherous journey on the floor of King Hall only to end up soaked in chocolate sauce, wondering where this place would lead. For Joe and J.E.B. I am sorry for getting our room hit on a Bravo inspection. And Joe, remember they are my sponsor family! Nancy and Bruce you are simply incredible. Hey Ben you can barrow my stuff anytime. Guy, no matter how much you talk history doesn't change…the flying leap from the top rack is effective (hehe). Remembering the most beautiful Ring Dance memories. Quinn thanks for all of the late nights up with physics. If any of you are stationed anywhere near me know that the pantry will always be open for you. Together by the bay with Joe, Kurt and Ben. Thank you Patricia for 4 years of your enduring love and support. Mom and Dad you are the best—I love you. "Non est ad asta mollis e terris via- *There is no easy way from earth to the stars"* —Seneca

Andreas Rasmus Helchinger

Stockton, CA
Navy Pilot

Charlie Brown, later Hans (mmm. . .Beefy), could fall asleep anywhere; including up against a bulkhead plebe summer. Friday pizza and movie night in the locker room and Saturday Morning what? The VLS (Vertical Launch Sink) at Petro's. What you think you doing, Doh-Boy?!? D-lightful youngster year. Who's playing that music so loud . . .oh, its Andy. Riordan's East 5149, 6026, and the Mexicans in the closet. USA's, you gotta love those Davis girls. The smallest 2/c room ever with the fire swamp. Gay as a gymnast on shore leave in "these hallowed halls." We can always go to Outback. . .seriously Dude, whatever. Ric Flare! WHOOO! Someday I may "be flyin' Aquanet out of Hong Kong!" Hard days then gym and I found the best friends I'll ever have. I wish everyone the best. peace CCSDLMJGCTJB

Jared Eliot Henderson

Hallowell, ME
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Baldy/Hendo. It's been an interesting ride, hasn't it? What haven't you bailed on? Physics with Tracey. Holidays in ME/AZ. I don't think I've ever eaten so much. Racquetball…you still owe me a shot to the head. Pete will always be better than you. Are you ever going to lose that tire… you used to be buff supposedly. Where is the love rope? No, you look better with hair. FRC: one more pitcher (each) and we'll go, Tia/DemenTia, future president of NRA if the Commandant of Midshipman thing falls through. Wet and drippy. Who needs a sandbox? Oh, you know those new shoes you got…those are RUNNING shoes. Hey, subsquad is cool. Coffee and SWO-nuts. At least you get to be with Bren. Say "Hi" to the Admiral for me. "Ma'am, nooooooo ma'am." You look so sexy in your little kilt. Dance a jig for me. Seriously, you are as faithful a friend as anyone could want. Through the bad times and the good, we'll be there for you like you have been there for us. Fair winds and following seas. PF, DP.

Kurtis Wright Johnson
Albuquerque, NM
Navy NFO

Plebe Year: The class of '99, Worst room in the brigade, No door no brain, "Hey Yoder", Saturday morning training, Conan and the shower. Youngster Year: The "Stone", "She gave me on of these" – Schwab, Parsons makes his first strike. Second Class Year: Parsons strikes again, "I think something bit me when I walked in the room", Gay Pat, 1000 pound game, Mardi Gras recruiting video 2001, Firstie Year: Plebe detail (yeah right), "It's not like we're on the sun", Parsons final "stand", B. Hamilton, Navy Air, "Ladies and gentlemen Kurt Johnson".

Martin Peter Keogh
Newark, DE
Marine Corps Ground

My favorite Irishman in the world. I admit I doubted you at first because you were white but you proved you had skills. Martdogg, you are one of my closest friends and without your support during these last few years I wouldn't have made it through. Though you are one of my closest friends you are one of my dirtiest friends as well. GOD Bless, -Big Al

Marty. The single toughest golfer I know. A.k.a. the Delaware Destroyer, the Gravel Monster, and the Irish Dream. We brawled back-to-back in the middle of an intersection in Newark, DE. We're both sons of the Turnpike. Your hard work paid off. Never lose the immigrant work ethic, give me a call and I'll fly out from Coronado. —NBT

I want to thank God and my parents and Kate for pointing me in the right direction. To Big Al and Tom, you understand the horrors of living with me, thank you. Thanks to all my brothers from school. To my boys from the Mother State, the First State, Delaware, thanks for making me keep it real.

Belinda Lorraine King
Picayune, MS
Marine Corps Ground

Katherine Elizabeth Kranz
Leawood, KS
Navy NFO

Katherine, Kate, Kakalina…veteran "mythical creature of surpassing beauty, enticing charm, and mystical musical talent," CIC and "head Harpie" Thanks 2000 MGC…barbershop men –No Chance, No Way! (yeah right) You got "Carried Away"...roses, cigars, sopranos, wine, fake accents, redheads, underwear models, black dresses, "All that Jazz," we've been to the ends of the Earth! Rehearsals for Sirens (Quit singing my note!), sanctuary on 5-1, firstie "brass," RENT "meow!" Hawaii, New York, New Orleans, "Malibu", Watch that chair! Baal! Three mouseketeers pondering life, enriching our lungs. Through ups and downs friendship was constant. No matter what, "Ya Got Me Baby!" BMH JEH We lost you to Ricketts, bebe! "Let me go on like a blister in the sun…" You girls are dangerous. Best roomies ever. MAB BLK

Who colors their hair over plebe summer! "Hard-core" squads with plenty of room to laugh, bicker, pinch, slug, yell, and cry. A great listener, giver of hugs ("hands above the waist!") a true friend through thick and thin. Keep to the cute boys, don't fret, they'll wise up and realize what a wonderful catch you are. Keep smiling, keep singing, and keep flying through life. Lookout Broadway, Lookout Pensacola, Lookout World, here she comes! Remember the little guys…We can't help but remember you. JRS

Thomas Walter Luft
Ambler, PA
Navy Pilot

Memories…car rides home from Loyola or UMBC plebe year that seemed like they wouldn't end until my bladder exploded….the summer I opened up my house to "the criminal", Raph….snoring competitions with "Big" Al….The University of Delaware Era sponsored by Marty….the adventures of the Air Force Academy exchange program with Wes, Eric and Ben—library chick….Daytona in the RV with Tre, Danny, Nate, Raph, and Dave….some additional programming at the Watergate—"Room 504, _u_k the w_or_e, and dip some more!"….the A.P.T and its amazing revolving door—"ladies came, ladies went through our revolving door, some ladies didn't come back, most came back for more"—the next door neighbor…."Mutt-of-Senior-Summer" award winner Tre….the countless hours of debauchery immortalized on film….the "pull the trigger" obsession started by Dave…our short careers as hired muscle at the local watering hole and the many nights of fun there….sloppy mimosa brunches on Sundays….dirty Shane, the Admiral's son….Natedogg always had a knack for confusing himself and anyone within earshot of his ramblings….I'm glad we were able to turn Danny's thug life around…..clueless Bobby, what do you think about this?….here's to many more adventures fellas….a few words of advice: "OK, watch yo' back"….

Hannah Elizabeth Martin
Klamath Falls, OR
Surface Warfare

What would you expect from someone whose hotmail account name is devilbtch? Well obviously the first things that come to mind would be Saturday morning rituals of going out to get fresh squeezed orange juice and scones, quilting a baby blanket for an old friend's "new addition," and of course taking care of the cast of "The Torchbearers" so much that they began to instinctively call her "Mom." Hannah is a person from who you can count on a deep sense of commitment, an incredible work ethic, and a true interest in others well being. If you are lucky over the past four years you have been able to count Hannah as one of your friends, if not there is still time when we meet again in the fleet; I suggest taking advantage of that opportunity.

David Laurence Masterson Jr.
Northville, MI
Navy NFO

“I take no responsibility for my actions.” 5105, Riordan’s East 5149, 6026, 2103 Queer Dave and his trumpet, jazzercising. Driving to moe.down with Team Focko. Snowboarding...hurting yourself...Snowboarding. “That guy, he’s a strange holmes.” Jeep alarm, dude, the keys are in the car. Shady up at UMD. Floyd and Oz. Still waiting for Dave in the beer club. 12/09/00 Don’t you play the bass? Speculator, NY Ear flicking—Does this bother you? Fieldball. The Johnnies. Good times with MoCheeks. Always on all calls. Keep it on the DL Masterson. N.Y.C. Midnight Tailgaters. The BSU Retreat. Too hippy for the mids, too violent for the johnnies. The first night of the academic year as a plebe, at the library, “Dude, we’re gonna come here every night and study. We’re gonna get good grades!” USNA will be one of the many phases of his life where he looks back and says, ”That was a hell of a thing.” He’s got mental problems. Gotta love him though, he’s part of the sideshow. Took so much crap with a smile, how did you put up with us man? The one out of the group to escape swo, congrats man, you’ll be missed. 8 hours at armadillo’s, for 70 bucks. One musical holmes. Fellow moe.ron NFO, the corps will miss you man. Keep it real sideshow dave, best of luck...cheers. CS MS JGC

Joseph Douglas Parsons
Dryden, NY
Navy NFO

An unbeatable start to plebe year as AB-9, intramural soccer champs, and color company….brought to a screeching halt with a bayonet in the eye, a stolen appendix, and two semesters of Corcoran….at least we had Quake II. Nick, you can come over to my sponsors’ anytime you want. Youngster year in six words: Stewart and Parsons on long weekend. Pep rallies in T-Court rule….they make a great target for a 3-man water balloon launcher on top of second wing. Is that a pile of clothes or Gunny Grimes in disguise? Biggest compliment ever received from a senior enlisted advisor: “Are you a midshipman?!” Who knew hitting Ben in the head with a loaf of bread would make him mad…. Before: “Sure Jeff, we’ll train for the marathon.” After: “Joe, I can’t walk.” Spring break: sake bombing, hacienda 2k1, exploding stoves, grinding sand….ALTO! Cox Fund 2001: the hardest training block ever. Hey guys, this minivan’s on Cubby’s credit card…how fast do you think I can make it go? Bocaccini! Comment va ton père? Oh Brad, poor vous. Eeeeh-urrrrh. Host! There’s not much I’ll miss when we’re gone…not the food, not the politics, and not the endless hours I spent studying every night (yeah, I can’t back that up)…..but I will miss two things: the friends and the fieldball.

Jerome Sean Petron
Blaine, MN
Submarine Warfare

The hair, Kraemer, Jerome! big H, absented minded professor, Minnesota Phats. Who IS that weirdo with the big hair and no tooth? “We have homework due tomorrow?” His scams—the class ring, the cd making business, and his class schedule. Known for his cooking, his wardrobe, and his love of fine wine and culture. “We will compare French and California wines tonight.” Loved the youngster-plebe football on Friday nights. The #1 option in flag football- a true intramural warrior. “That waterfall is freezing! I’m not getting in there. Naked? Sure, why not?” His motorcycle—that never worked. “Has anybody seen my…” Summer intramural soccer champions. Push-ups in the bar at Old Town. “Julie, I… I’m drunk.” “You gotta love this King Hall cookin’. ”The Christmas spirit is alive and well in room 4023. Army navy 2001- All the hurls on the Pennsylvania turnpike. Dude, you shouldn’t have drunk a whole bottle of wine by yourself. Wrestlemania in room 5159. “Where ARE we?” “My area is a s***hole!” Kool-Aid night in exam week. “It ain’t easy being skinny.” The MAPR from FID-bring it. What up, dawg?! Word, what what! back up off me!, don’t bother me none, siiiit dawg! RA, JB, QB

Nathan Phillip Sayer
San Clemente, CA
Navy NFO

When I glance back at the past four years I can only be thankful that its over, but in looking back with binoculars I'll be disappointed to say goodbye to the laughter and good times our tribe of friends created. Vic, lets skip the hidden valley hike and just go hunting next time. Danny, get off the east coast and move to SD someday. Marty , you're the coolest easty I'll ever know. Tom as an e'err I promise to do my best to make a vaccine for beer. Tre, my longest roommate, you always know where to find me if you need a place to stay or a face to stare at to launch bugers on people. Dave, thanks for always livin it up when there wasn't much to live for. Ryan, I know you'll always be there for me whether I'm climming a tree, sleeping in the DC tulips, or making sure bed comforters don't get put in the pantry. Lets haul buddy. Brett, thanks for letting me use your futon. PSF lives on. Squints out.

Jeffrey Richard Schwab
Clifton, VA
Navy Pilot

"Sean Donlon's, Mike Wazowski, Driving Mrs. Daisy, Hawaiian baby, rendez vous a noir, who says that?, oh my!, Let's go to Atlantic City and play the slot machines..., striper duties, Enrique's Hero, MG2001, long letters from Nice, les Miserables, AN2001, butt cake, Orlando 2001, chocolate covered strawberries, if we open the wine we have to finish it!" –**LAE** "There aren't many people, male or female, that can resist me." His soft spot for machines like BMWs and the XBOX is tempered only by a soft spot for a particular woman in uniform. A truly great friend will be a great officer. Fly Navy!" -**RBDIII** "Is it cool if the new kid lives w/ you?" Debauchery begins. Chaplain swearing. 21st - getting intimate with the trash can. Did they actually let us graduate? Best friend a guy could ever ask for." -**TZB** "You're good, you. First rounds. Missing our stops, asking cops. Evolution prerequisite. Spiderman pajamas?" -**JTS** "Kept me laughing. You were there when I needed a shoulder to cry on, the one who believed in me, my biggest fan the best friend a girl could ask for." -**KEK** "Residence Descartes. Venice debauchery. Myrtle and Lois's "balls". Cubby and A/N 2K" –**BDH** "Magic belt. Longest Metro ride ever. Marathon training?" -**JDP** "Official Thanksgiving countdown/salute, top ten lists, closet sleeping"-**RQB**

Clifford Charles Seran Jr.
Sewell, NJ
Surface Warfare

How did we ever make it? MECHE—>GENE. 5149 Riordans East, reform pyramid. 6026 smallest room ever. Youngster angst, Mo always helped us out. Dead Head on the wall, courtesy of MLM. Dude, turn off your damn clock!!! Skiing hungover, I'll drive if you are tired. "Oh, I've had a headache all day." JMU, "yeah, he went down there again." Moedown was a trip, team focko. Friday night, see you at Dillo's. IHTFP Recon. Jumping the wall, the sprint, D'oh, didnt see that string. The bartender from Ramshead. The infamous snow wanker. Midnight tailgaters. "I'm going to take a little five minute nap." Monday Night Football with the Q&C club, Study juice, its what kept us going. Its been a blast living with you, have fun in swos, get out and see the world like you've always wanted to. Peace. DM. awww man, this guy, where can you start? strangest holmes ever, gotta love him though. always out for a good time. go eagles. keep that philly pride man. the one guy always ready to go downtown no matter what. the clifftoris, always talking trash. can't help but smile around the clifftoris, a true POC natural born swo, let the good times roll in newport and i'll meet up with you in 5 years for our bar tour across the US...cheers. MS

Matthew Benjamin Stewart
Downingtown, PA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

"Its like Howzitgoin?" From a skinny teenager who bragged about Pennsylvania to the POC Friday nights DTA, sure to see BOB...how did you ever hold on to your beer? Pull yourself together! Have you ever had a beer? 16th CO ADEO...riiiight. We had some good times on the way to moedown, team focko in effect. Watch out for the tostitos. tell those bon jovi people to shut up. Drivin back from umd, good tunes always take care of that hangover. Smithtoris. MOE. IT DOESNT MATTER. Joe and you and I out in the shotput cage on HP. NUKE baby...drinks on me, see you at dillos. Tailgaters with poppastew on the grill, watch for stew on "Lookin out my backdoor", but make sure its in the first set. Karaoke with Sita. This guy taught us all a new language. Its too cold man, why cant it always be summer? SWOS roomates, cant get enough of Pat's Cheesesteaks. Chillin to the Dead. Have a great time in the fleet, watch out for nuc school. Ups and downs, strikes and gutterballs, the dude abides. This guy will teach you the meaning of the word boys. Keep taking it easy for the rest of us man POC style. Good luck, peace. DM CS

Alan Lawrence Hardy Thompson
Ft. Washington, MD
Surface Warfare

Big Al is what everyone calls and I guess the name fits. Thank You Heavenly Father because I know it was you helping me through this place. To my Parents and Brother, I love you guys so much for support being close to home made a big difference in seeing your faces. I leave the rest up to my friends to talk about me; Through thick and thin(you'll never be thin) we've been through hell and back and come out #1. –Spence; A strong spiritual, young man that loves to enjoy life that's how I would start to describe you. Much love soldier.-Duce; glad you stayed though because now we sip on Apple Martinis and drink Krystal at J.I.'s sponsors, there are many more martinis to come you bama from oxon hill. –T; The guy who almost drowned during Plebe Summer. A guy who can wear snake skin like nobody can.-Cass; God bless you and yours always, and I am serious about being my kids' godfather. Holla! -Dave

Anthony Christopher Triviso
Rivesville, WV
Marine Corps Ground

Well boys, it's been a long one and now we're finally the hell out of here! Tom thanks for all the good nights and peer pressure to "have another." Chic magnets we were. Maybe someday we'll settle with the playboy models that secretly wanted to be with us. Nater, want to go snowboarding after 18 hours of being awake, 6 hours of ACME, and only 3 hours of sleep? ANSWER…sure dude. Love ya man! Big-D let me know when you and your mom get back from the movies so we can call up some females and do it up at F. I'll never forget ya man. Mart-dog I'll never forget all the great nights we had at the "WEAR," and accidentally walking into wrong peoples houses. See ya at TBS bro. Dave got a lipper for me? You give North Dakota a good name. Cass you'll always be family. Late night sneaking of the crackers at NAPS cause they didn't feed us a damn thing during indoc. Raph you'll always have a couch at my place if you pay the cable bill. Spring break crew…no one does it like we do. We'll have to get together someday and watch those videos.

John Farrell White
Wenonah, NJ
Navy Pilot

Plebe John, Big Dog? Greaser? They say the kids from New Jersey are vulgar, dirty, obnoxious, foul mouthed and BC, John was no exception. We all remember, "I am going to fizzup Jack Dietz". Plebe year wore a high and tight. Going Marines Corps John?.. Not after Leatherneck. An "interesting" dresser: wardrobe consists of velvet and plastic pants, velvet and foil shirts, and assortment of shiny foil boxers. "I like my shirt to match my boxers". Whatever you do, don't feed this man milk. He knows lots of girls (including everyone's moms) - Bryn Mawr connection, Deb Ball times 3, and Charlie's Angels Winner. Firstie year, managed 56 phone numbers, but no girlfriend. Greets friends with the MS (we will not spell out MS to keep from being BC). Kept the tradition of "What happens in Florida, stays in Florida: "Level 4 $2.50". Turned into one of T.H.E.s favorites to one of his most hated. "I don't care what John White pulls, he is staying in the 3-V" A proud member of MEMA (Mech E Moron Association) Aug 7th in Vegas was the longest night ever. Cofounder of the "Prickyers" The snappiest dresser on the crew team, "We Band of Brothers..Greasers"

THE SEVENTEENTH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Alexander Phillip Armatas
Syracuse, NY
Navy Pilot

Alex started his Academy career the right way; he tried to leave three times. It turns out that his roommates would be the ones to go. Those of us in the Alex's-Roommates-That-Made-It-Through-The-Academy Club are glad that he did stay. We could never really tell if Alex was a smart guy acting dumb, or a dumb guy acting smart. To Bob's disadvantage, Alex commanded a quick wit. If he ever tells you that he was in "'Nam," just smile and nod. We never had the heart to break it to him that he wasn't. We were very sad the day he disappeared. Mysteriously, he has not been seen since the day after his girlfriend moved to Annapolis during 2/C year. If we ever do see him again, we will say that it was great to be his roommate. We know you will make a great pilot. Fly high. - Chris - Ian - Bob - We all love and miss you, Steve. And J.C, hurry back.

Thanks to Mom, Bill, Dad, Gabe, Chris, Lia, Ann, Tom, Emily, Sarah, Liz and the many others that have been there for me from the start. I love you all

Sharon Harris Blankenship
Poolesville, MD
Surface Warfare

Share, Sharebear, Sharenon, B-ship... put the stupid magazines away - they'll just make you feel fat! Our BFL attempt was a success - our boyfriends seem to like it. Your talents are diverse and you shine, Share. From sewing and cooking to lacrosse and ballet, your good habits with studying and your time for friends... you are stunningly

Beautiful, you taught me about "enhancing" features rather than creating them! For the wine, the workouts, the advice, the debates, the listening ear, believing in me when I didn't, being my teacher, my study-buddy, my vato battle dress counterpart, and one of my truest, closest friends... thank you. -Robin From P. Science to real science. What were we thinking? Aroksdot(encoded). Thanks for the study help. I knew someone had theanswers..."Katina, he's . . ." Words of wisdom from the youngster down

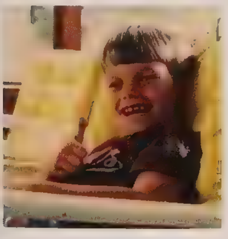
the hall...Coronas and Assateague, and they thought we couldn't handle it! Airport fiascos, "Oh my @$%&! I forgot Sharon!" At least they refund...One word: K-mart. We're the only two people with everything except the house! Your

impersonations...I hope they're as funny over the phone! Don't put Martha Stewart out of business, I'll see you in San Diego someday! KMTI

Fred Parker Burke Jr.
Atlanta, GA
Marine Corps Ground

Who is Parker Burke??? Yeah, he had that whole bed-wetting problem, but let's leave that aside (it's never been proven, anyway)... And, yeah, the Parker Burke Band didn't quite live up to the hype (although, very impressive to the Georgetown crew). Yes, yes, he was the naked guy on the Pensacola beach. Sloot, you say??? "Uhh... I'll call you later?" And, so the affair ended. However, you have to take the good with the bad sometimes... Future roommates of Parker, don't show him pictures of your sister. And, as a confessed back-to-fronter, make sure he washes his hands extra well. It's definitely too much to put on paper, but in all, Parker's been a great friend to us all; a friend that will be around for the longest of times, through the toughest of stretches. Just make sure he takes it easy on the milk.

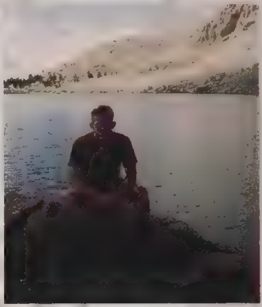
Thank you Mom, Dad, Bubs, and Sis. Without you, I would not be where I am today. I love ya'll very much. "Commitment...Having the opportunity to expend sweat and tears for something other than material gain""You have chosen a life that requires you to run up the stairs" -Dr. John Hamre



Christopher Lee Carrizales
Pasadena, TX
Surface Warfare

Right out of plebe summer, Chris was winning awards like the Marine Corps Ingenuity Award for trying to kill his roommate with a mop. His expert navigational skills where displayed when we were searching for the Mexican border. However, Chris's interest in Mexico dwindled when he found out that it isn't a non-extradition country, as he spent most of his Youngster year planning his escape from the Navy. He is, without question, a people person. He was always offering a friendly smile and encouraging words like "I don't like you, go away." and "It's none of your business; you're not invited." He was always nice to his girl, but then again, he had to be since he spent 16 hours a day on the phone with her. Guess you can do that when you don't have classes. Despite the fact you hate all of us and don't even like the Navy, we're going to miss your shiny head and your ever-present sense of humor. Good luck in the fleet. We know you'll serve well. Alex - Bob - Ian. JC, hurry back to the Academy. Steve, we miss you. Mom, Rodney, Dad, Laurie, Kandis, Alison, and Larry thanks for the support over the years. I love you guys.
ClC

Charles Ray Clark
Hampton, VA
Navy Pilot



Not only can he recite the entire Top Gun movie and soundtrack verbatim at nausea, Chuck can drive away the best of roommates with his selection of country music. Coming here to fly, Chuck is one of the more excitable guys at the academy and the only person who could undoubtedly substantiate the rumors that Comp Sci majors do nothing. Whether EQ or climbing, he always seemed to drag Matt into it. Remember when you got to pin our first sergeant? Deviating from his routine of rack, computer, formation, class, and rack, He managed to climb 10 peaks over 14,000 feet during a two week trip and spent some time on the A. T. How could you read in class? When it comes down to it, Chuck is a man of ambition, so what's after Everest? And a little hint since your flying and we're floating or walking... Aim for the stars.

Thanks Mom, Dad, Greg, Keri, Tobin, Melanie, and Woody. Without you guys, this wouldn't have been bearable, let alone possible.

Michael John Cregge Jr.
Alexandria, VA
Submarine Warfare

Let's start at the beginning. "Squad. Bite!" "Thanks Cregge!" Long summer days ended with late night sandwiches with J.C. and Derek. Plebe year was a funny time. "Cregge, I'll give you carry-on tomorrow morning if you eat all those eclairs!" "(10 eclairs into it) "Hey Cregge, tomorrow morning is buffet. Hahaha." Youngster year with the 'Cocks. George, thanks for showing me some great music, but I'll pass on the hippy lifestyle. Overnight caffeinated papers with Paul. 2 for 7... If you heard anything, it's a rumor. 4 packrats in a 2-man, 6th wing room. Spirit button fights, 4 power surges in series, power tools, and Marv in the hole. That was living! Pat and Trey, it wasn't such a bad deal living with you guys after all. Bob and Linda, and the Campus Crusaders, thanks for helping to direct my life's focus back into God's saving grace. Pistol Team, thanks for laughing at me! I'll miss you all, especially Senior Chief Callahan, to whom we owe our success. Paul, true roommate, it took you long enough! Mom and Dad, thank you for your unconditional love and encouragement.
Mark 10:48 "For even the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many."

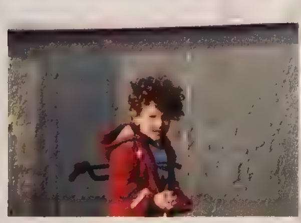
Derek Bruhn DeBoer
Jamesburg, NJ
Navy Pilot

Schwa, the dirty Jersey boy who found out one week before I-day he would a midshipman. Ah crap. The man who's blood is 60% alcohol by volume. He has given us so much to laugh about; Glee club um I mean... Glee Club, Radisson, something about firstie brass, ah crap, and please please turn that stupid fan off. Remember that girl Jen, or Jenn, or the other Jen... I lost track, ah crap. Derek's idea of a romantic evening is watching the Simpson's with a bottle of wine by himself. Where are you from again?? Oh yeah, exit 8A, that's all that matters. You were a maniac on the field and how many shipmates took a trip to the hospital because of you? No Derek, you'll have to find a babysitter before you can take her out. Ah crap. Hey guys, I'm gonna be a Marine, no I'm gonna be a pilot, no I'm gonna be a SWO, no I'm gonna be a MARINE pilot, ah crap. We have one brain. We've had four of the greatest years with you. I'll see you in flight school. You will forever be one of our boyz. BWS, JAH

Joseph Matthew Denman
Delphos, OH
Marine Corps Ground

The Joe Denman Story: After figuring out gene-splicing at age 8, Joe hit his main break-through at school, with the now famous "Moments of Weak Gravity" thesis. Although, after solving time travel, even his most devoted disciples were baffled by the "I'm more smarter than a monkey" acceptance speech. From there, it was downhill for poor Joe, when his agricultural studies hit rock bottom... Seedless bananas??? Rotting pumpkins??? Joe's forays into society followed a similar pattern: "Joe Denman got drunk???" Yeah, that happened once... Remember that part in Swingers, Joe?? Fast-forward a few years... "Wait, Joe already went out to eat???" "Yeah, I saw him walking through the gate with someone..." "NO WAY!!! That bastard." POP. However, once his work lost mainstream acceptance by the minute, Joe's brain had enough. The ceiling came crumbling down... literally. But, even when he's not solving the world's most useless problems, Joe is still the most dependable guy you know, the perfect PRT stud who has an even stronger moral compass. Evermore, a great roommate and an even better friend.

PS. Stay off my towel rack!!!



Bryan Joseph Gelnett
Pocasset, MA
Submarine Warfare

Bry, BG, Finbar, Bean. Hailing proudly from the shores of Cape Cod, Bean, in a mellow way, delivers a witty, sarcastic humor to the masses (without the letter R). "I don't even give a care." Though he tries to be tough, at heart he is passionate and true, a loyal friend. Difficult times create a stronger man. From Exeter to Annapolis, we are boys forever. From lobsters on YP 700 to riding/crashing Mt. Hood, we are brothers forever. Bean in his element: guitar, crosswords, Bob Marley. "I'm just going to chill." On the topic of girls: "Oh her, we're just friends." Non-committal. One thing to know about Bryan: family is always first. Wait a sec...Where is Bean? Is he still a mid? Did he escape to some Greek Island again? Watch? Summer cruise? Taps? The legacy will live on with his protégé, Urb, still learning to "do your own thing." Independence. "My sister taught me." And though not one for material things, Bean cherishes his Sox hat ("Hey, you from Boston?"), his three hubcaps, and of course, his guitar. "My brother taught me." Happy trails. - WS, CB, JF, NS, SW, DD

Susan Catherine Gormley
Southampton, PA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Susan, aka "Leroy Brown," the Summer Seminar Iron Woman, was a philosophical Political Science major by day and a fun-loving party girl by night. After maneuvering the crew team through the waters of Miami, she played lacrosse or maybe it was sailing. The jazz loving country music convert...we knew that we would win her over... loved an adventure. Meandering the banks of the Rhine, pelting rain at the Cliffs of Moher, dancing in Dublin on the Eve of St. Patrick, Oh the luck of the Irish! Whitewater rafting in Borneo, High Tea and Singapore Slings at the Raffles Longbar, the umbrellas of Cherbourg, beaches of Normandy, valleys of Luxembourg, raspberry wine in Belgium, eating pastries to make change for the trains! Audrey Hepburn classic movie nights, scuba diving in the Red Sea, wandering passages of Old Jerusalem, navigating canals of Amsterdam with James Bond, the Red Light District! The warm breeze of the Mediterranean, fountains, violins and Spanish castles. Alleluia for the Euro! Thai fishing villages, sunburn in St. Thomas, the Naked Sorority. Memories of Bellauwood, Miles Davis, and Sinatra. Susan radiates a room, always has a smile to give, an ear to listen, and a boxing punch that will knock you out!TL MS Thanks Mom, Dad & Jim for the "roots and wings." The purpose of life is to appreciate its mysteries...

Charles Alphanzo Harris II
Kailua, HI
Surface Warfare

Joshua Alan Hellwig
Brooklyn, WI
Marine Corps Ground

Starting off his career with great quotes like, "I'm in the Navy, sir," and "Aught 2 Sir" plastered on his chest right along with "even when they're 40 they still look like they're 12." Joshua Alan Hellwig, the cheese head from Wisconsin, as fate would have it, decided to spend his life with a girl from Jersey. First one to fall, but we still love you. You're a great friend and fabulous roommate even though you decided to abandon us for the whoops and an armful of stripes. Never forget memories like "Radisson," and "The completion of a circle." Boy, great minds really do think alike. Great student, never too humble to sport the gold stars on his SDB's, but truly an academic genius. One of the most honest, sincere, and down to earth individuals we've met. Always keeping us in check and stopping our stupidity before it REALLY become stupidity. Most docile person when partaking of the fermented beverage but still clever enough to learn the entire alphabet in sign language over the course of one druken evening. Make us proud in the Corps. It's been a privilege to be your shipmate, classmate, roommate, but most importantly, your friend. DBD, BWS

Zachary Nathaniel Henry
Chicago, IL
Marine Corps Ground

DING! DING!   DING! DING!   Second Regiment arriving. The only mid in history who's first choice was to Service Select Gunny. Now you know you can't dag gone be a Gunny, OOH-RAH! With Zack in company, we never had to worry about being corrected on the drill field; the Gunnies never wanted to compete with his voice. And this voice was known both on and off the parade deck. One of the most personable guys I know, Zack knew everyone in the brigade by name and face. He's the type of guy who will yell your name out from across Stribling to say hi or to call out a "ratey" plebe. Zack "could build a castle out of a single grain of sand," and chose to do so in the "non-striper" position of Reg Commander. It was here he was discovered as the new star and introduction at pep rallies. Consistently, a best friend for all 4 years and the whole time trying to keep others on the straight and narrow: he gets an A for effort in that department. You couldn't ask for a better friend or candidate for the Corps. All the best with TBS and the Corps-you were made for this stuff. Truly God did it!!!

David Bintliff Johnson, Jr.
Houston, TX
Surface Warfare

MY BIG FAT BUDDY with the BIGHEAD!!!! Ahhh.....what can we say? There's just too much that's happened over the 4 years — from the many days of wrestling, fighting, and YOUR busted lips/forehead to the late nights of hysteria and laughing like "little school girls" in a state of disillusionment. I'd have to say that B's the biggest complainer and had the most problems of anyone, especially when it comes to vixens of too much YOUTH and those that are much too SAGGY!!! To be as dirty as they come, weak, and to have the capacity of a five year old is not the way to go through life. Yet, all things are forgotten in light of loyalty to brothers (always remember the banana fight!). Your childish antics are never forgotten but often overlooked because you don't know better. Although we must admit that beating a screaming elephant eared, mighty-mouse midget with foam swords was priceless. God bless and live as if today is the last!! Oh and you think it ends hear? Knowing our plight in life, we'll grow old together as well. "HEY, what's that bum doing in the middle of the highway?" ("HE WASN'T!") "BROTHERS FOREVER?...Doo-doo-doo-doo-DOOOO!!" The "FRUIT STAND" must move on!!!

Ian John Kirschke
Tustin, CA
Navy Pilot

We are gathered here today to mourn the death of a Marine, and the birth of a Navy pilot. But that is okay, because Ian may be the only midshipman in history to pray that he gets his second choice for service selection. On the computer he was a steely-eyed killer, and an avid conqueror. Somehow he managed to get good grades after everyone else went to bed. Nobody would mess with him after he got All-American Pistol Honors. Granted, it took 15 minutes to take a shot, but rest assured, it would be a good shot. Ian could always ruin a good argument by intervening with annoying things like reason and logic. He was the quiet one that seemed to get along with everyone. Spring break taught him that muddy ditches and fence posts do not mix well with Dodge Neons, and that water does a body good. Ian is a great guy and should be an excellent officer. We can all only hope to match his honesty, integrity and commitment. Fly fast and keep the pointy end in the wind. Alex - Chris - Bob

To my entire family, to the Canedos and the Gatewoods, thank you all for the love and support that made this all bearable.

Casandra Lee Koistinen
Watertown, SD
Surface Warfare

CK, we first met while I was high on coffee. ROCKET! Who needs to study, let's go play pool. I'll drive to DC this time. There goes East Capitol... who puts a red light in the middle of a median? I've got out of state tags, it's okay. Too many one way streets. There's the Iwo Jima memorial... again. X and O's, COSI, cherries in the snow. Colorado, "HEY—where'd you get that snow?" So you want me to strip the... car? Biker, biker, biker... curb, curb, curb. When we get out of the Navy, our career in movie voiceovers is secured. Be safe, thank you for all the good times... Tepo. CK-AKA Cracky. Wow the wild times we had in DnB. Florida, yeah you were the best puker out of all of us, even if we never got to karaoke. As for my cream puff, always there in summer school waiting for me to fall asleep and never doing our work like we were suppose to. But at least we learned how to pass a wizquizz. We tired to make a project child but she ran away as fast as possible as she should have. Oh yes and acoustics and analysis. Yeah like we really needed those classes. It has been fun taking you on shot for shot and almost being challenged, lord help the fleet when you and I get out of SWOS...that means you will get a microphone...and we both know what that means. ~CG G-SCI!!

William Charles Lane
Bradenton, FL
Surface Warfare

What comes to mind when you think of Liam... Griffins? Prison? 2 for 7? ("You all were so drunk you THOUGHT I was naked") Spitting on Barcley? What in the spinal cord? Touring the Annapolis ghetto at 2 AM? 11 inches? Around? Booting on his chokers? Picking fights with Dahlgren? Cruising down the highway at 100 mph dodging reflectors? Maybe his service selection can capture it all... How did he decide again? "I'm going pilot... No, I'm leaving. No wait, that sub stuff was cool... No, I'm leaving... Well, that fly-by was the most awesome thing I have ever seen, I am definitely going pilot... No, I'm leaving! Wow, the Marines have 2 kegs??? Well, I have to go Marine ground then. BUT, the SWOs have open bar at ship selection, definitely going SWO now." In all, we know he made the right choice and, through all the UF applications and fudge and peanut butter, he'll be the first guy to head out to grab a beer with you, even though you'll probably end up leaving before he does.

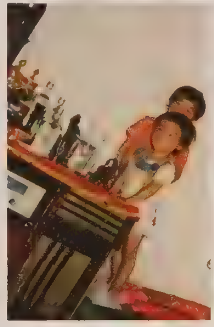
Thanks Mom, Dad, Morgan, Joanie, and Maggie for your support these four years. It meant everything to me. I love you!

Robert Earl Lee
Freer, TX
Navy NFO

Mom says, Bobby, or The General as he was known, was the best son ever, and we heard all about it. Although we could never prove that Bob worked for the Freer Tourist Bureau, we were always kept up to date on the hometown news; most of the time against our will. Computers, cars, scanners, Bobby was always the man with all the gadgets, but don't try to borrow anything, because none of it ever worked. It was great that he never had any homework so that he could spend all that time trying to fix all of his broken stuff. He may be the only computer science major that no one trusts near their computers. Even with no homework, and all the broken stuff Bobby was still interested enough to stay at the academy, and it only took a 2001 Chrysler Sebring. Despite the wooly exterior, slap a kilt on him, and "Sweaty Bobby" was a sexy man. If he can see the radar screen, we know he will make a great back-seat buddy for some lucky pilot. Good luck. Ian - Chris - Alex. Thanks Mom, Dad, Samantha, Ga, Lisa, Chaplain Diana Meehan, and Jared for supporting me through all the rough times.

Sean Benjamin Marvin
Chrisman, IL
Surface Warfare

O master of randomness in general,
Proud clamant that you too had Tractor Day at your school, difference being that you took the half hour to drive in your tractor in the bitter cold of Illinois winter then paraded around town after school to the great fear of all pedestrian kind. Mighty fine hood ornament you had on that white Ford 150... just why exactly did it have to join me in the shower that summer eh. Who else would feel it was a good idea to off road in your mothers Escort, too bad the stream was deeper than your air intake eh! You did impart a degree of culture to me I do have to admit, who else would have thought it proper to introduce to me the finer point of the rock group ACDC, Hair of the Dog, and the chain saw as a musical instrument (a-la Jackal). In addition you felt it your duty to enlighten me on the finer points of EVERQUEST (I have to admit I miss the point of a Game who's name even tells you can't win, kinda like DRILL it goes on and on), good luck killin that thingy and getting that gear and killin that thingy and...Good luck with the girls, games and the SWO, hope to be seeing lots of you in the future.... So stop with the breakin vehicles "in a big way" thing-Peaces JJ



Patrick David McGinley
Philadelphia, PA
Surface Warfare

Dear Mom and Dad,
This will be a humble attempt to express the love, gratitude and appreciation that I have for two of the most amazing and influential people in my life. There is nothing I can ever do or say that could possibly equal the praise and stature you two deserve. Never does a day go by when I don't thank God for blessing me with such loving parents. My Father, a man I admire and strive to be like. You have taught me so much. I have become a painter, a carpenter, a mover and a strong boy. "It's not the end of the world." I admire your strength, courage, and kind heart. My mother, what can her baby boy say to his mom? You are the most loving and dedicated person I have ever known. You are the keystone of our family. Thank you both so much, I am so proud to be your son.
Nancy, Bonnie, Chris, David, Kerri, Jayne, Bill, Brian, Christian, Kyle, Kaitlyn, Erin, Danny, Andrew, Alec, Jesse, Pat Jamie, Breadyn, Keegan, Baby, Grace, Ed, Allie, Family...Thank you. Trey, my brother... All of my life long friends at USNA...
One love, one heart, give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right-BM

George Messner
Summit, NJ
Surface Warfare

It's a shame George didn't use his intellectual prowess for worthier pursuits. With all that brain power, George Messner was the dumbest smart kid any of us knew: EE major that didn't know what a transistor was, the man who "blah-blurted" many great scientific endeavors, and the man in charge of the rouge BBBBBBBS organization. "Hey guys, want to go to a wedding...There will be plenty of beer and bridesmaids!"... Wow, George, what a sweet party that was. The night of a thousand screws which changed the course of our existence forevermore. "Hey what are we doing for Spring Break? Rio? Colorado? New Orleans?" Fortunately, there are the legends of "whorehay the octopus," New Years Eve altercations, his affinity for cheese, big-gay-stinky egg, and Vomit Ass Boy which keep us all on our toes for something funny to happen. In spite of all these anecdotes, George was truly a great friend to us all. A fun, personable person who brought life to any situation he might be involved in: A great and friend and a great roommate.

Thanks Mom, Dad, Rob, Bec, and Mags. Your love has been the backbone for everything I do.

Brian Michael Muellenbach
Champlin, MN
Navy NFO

"Well, where do I begin? There is too much trouble to put down in one paragraph. I have never known someone who enjoyed sleeping as much as you. You liked it so much that you slept through your second-class year! You are the only person I know that enjoyed going into surgery (all 3 of them). It seemed you could always win arguments by using devious tricks like reality and truth. One day you can rent a bulldozer to find your floor. I have never seen women flock to a man the way they did to you on that dance floor in the Caribbean. These four years have been tough, but through it all you could always make me laugh. I would not have been able to get through here without you. I will see you in Baja, & Long-Live the Oracle of Knowledge."-DBJ

"I would like to thank my Mom, my Dad, & my Little Sister for supporting me back home. Through it all, I have never forgotten where I am from. I have to thank my roommates (Julio, Marv, Bin, Paul, Andy, and even Chuck) for putting up with me. I cannot forget Werg & Newt, my brothers in 18. All of these guys taught me a lot, and I would not have survived this place without them!"-The Mule

Trey Dant Oats
Cooper, TX
Surface Warfare

As rural as they come, cowboy style! TV antennas in Texas are not as tall as they were when I was a kid. It's easier to shinny up with a rope basket around your okole. USNA, the perfect challenge. Another good one... Lucky me! Repelling... Chased... Repelling... Caught. Deduct 50... Memories for life! Spring Break youngster year. Load 'em up...Key West or bust! Duvall St. sure changed since I was 12. Can't forget the BULL! Sailing...no wind. Up, Oats! On top of the world looking out from atop the mast ~ (Alpine Meadows~ Ward Peak 8637). The guys sang happy birthday acapella while we hung out at Doc. Mom's. The tattoo really stumped Momma. Pat and I take up for each other no matter what, because we are compadres for life. Texas has more stars in the sky and awesome sunsets than one can imagine. Snuggle up? ~ More than I ever dreamed possible! "Where do girls like you hang out at?" LBC + TDO in the sand...everywhere. I remember, but go on living life in a big way, out of the same old rut. Taking life on one step at a time and never looking back. Hanging loose...just relaxing. Next stop...Monterrey. Then riding the waves~ slow and easy~SWO. Aloha and Mahalo!
Trey Oats 17th Company.

Sarah Beth Pezzat
W. Bloomfield, MI
Marine Corps Ground

Now, had Sarah actually learned something in this school, she would have been able to write up an eloquent biography. Alas, she was too busy playing computer games, obsessing about Lord of the Rings ("They come in pints?!"), and various other types of screwing around until the wee hours of the morning, every morning. And her teachers wondered why she was always falling asleep in class. She'll never forget the life's lessons of Skura, Amber, and Pablo the llama. Nor will she forget Blode, Food, Helium Puffa Jacket Blue Paint Boy, and that Musk Ox are not very dirty, nor the hours she spent wasting away on the internet to find all that. For the plebes out there, it pays to buy a Ka-Bar...the upperclass will become very, very afraid of you. Also, one of her proudest moments was when she won the Meanest Second Class award. Later, she got into the Scottish thing and fell in lurve with the kilt. But one of the most important things she learned in her four years, besides how to get angry real quick (no wait, that's how she always was), was...was...well, she'll get back to you on that one.
-Cheese, the alter ego

John Joseph Sheridan
Saline, MI
Surface Warfare

JJ tried to save the world from Marv, but did he succeed? Well unless Carhartt's and hair bands come in vogue I am sure he at least helped. He did his best to provide culture to a poor redneck, who still doesn't know what's so wrong about Natty, but does appreciate some of the finer things in life now. Of course, there is the great argument, how is staying up till all hours of the night talking to your girl is any different then staying up to the same time with and interactive computer chat program aka. EQ. Though he still does not appreciate the level at which you can alternatively engineer any problem, he is always fun to work with alongside the rest of the sketchy bunch known as Tech Crew. If only we could figure out his obsession with little winged people, and no we aren't talking about the angel on his shoulder he usually ignores. When JJ finally gets out of the Academy there will be a large void left to fill, no not his hair, it's on a large wall in Halsey. Honestly though, he will be missed and we all wish him good luck. -SBM

Nikolaos Sidiropoulos
Baltimore, MD
Special Warfare

Nick, Nik, Niko, Niki, Sid. He's a lot of things, but most of all he's a great friend to have around. Nick's life is a myth and it's not all Greek to him. "I'm just trying to say..." "My jeep's in the shop." "You know fellas if it all went really wrong, I would...." We recommend he stop fighting the air and keep in mind that you don't want him to introduce you to thunder and lightning. Swim buddy through the tougher days, wingman during the rougher nights. "Hey, introduce yourself, I forget her name". "Ande re malaka"... The letter!!—"guess who called me out of the blue?"—long stories for the workouts. Everywhere we go we take over—just another boxing team on spring break. "Ladies, meet the fellas...." "I hear this is where..." SOJ. From jeeps to roadtrips to monsoons. The Casa del boys always blow up the place. The Greek kid can't go wrong and it only gets better. Oh, yesterday's over my shoulder, so I can't look backwards for too long, there's just too much to see waiting in front of me, and I know that I just can't go wrong. No regrets.
-MT, BG, SW, JD....

Paul Yong Sok
Silver Spring, MD
Marine Corps Ground

My little yellow friend...how do I say in a hundred words what I can say in one: NERD. I think I hated you being a Mechanical Engineer more than you did. It is a miracle that the room and I survived your raging fits. If fighting for hours for absolutely no reason were an athletic event, we would win a gold in the Olympics. It was not easy living with a weak and feeble guy with a bad temper. After the banana incident, your dream of becoming tough could just not be achieved. Even though you had a 3.36 you never seemed to have any helpful information. I do appreciate that you decided to let us sleep through formations even though our platoon commanders did not agree. I am glad you repaid my friendship by throwing up all over my boots and clothes. Through the fights, yelling and injuries in the end we always took care of each other. I know that without you I could not have gotten this far. When we are growing old together we will definitely have some stories to tell. Brothers Forever Doo-doo-doo-doo-DOOOO! Always from the fruit stand your Big Headed Texan and friends.

Barcley Wayne Stamey
Winnemucca, NV
Navy NFO

Have you ever heard what they say about preacher's kids? Always full of energy and getting themselves into trouble? Well, apparently the same is true about police officer's kids, too. In four years, Barcley Wayne Stamey managed to individually correct about 25,000 people on the proper pronunciation of "Nevada." Some people learn from their mistakes and stupidity the first time... others do the same stupid thing year after year. What's HeliSki mean? Radisson, Comfort Inn, Dirty Jersey... completing the circle... good times. What the heck is a Winnemucca? The nearest football team is the 49ers... 382.52 miles away. I don't care what you say, East Coast skiing is better. What would ever possess you to jump off 8-4 holding onto a rope? For the last time, guys don't "go clubbin'." No matter how many beers you drink, you're still too big to fit through a cat door. At least we finally got you to drink beer like a man. I don't think your next roommates will be as understanding about that stupid bottle above your rack. Josh and Derek won't be there to watch you anymore, so here's a piece of advice to take with you: If you ever have a second thought about doing anything... just say NO! We all share a brain, so don't think you're getting away with anything! It's been a pleasure being your roommates and an honor to be your friends. We wish you the best of luck, and hopefully we'll see you wearing a blue flight suit one day. -DBD, JAH

Megan Anne Sutliff
Chesterfield, MO
Civil Engineer Corps

Seeker, Traveler, Free Spirit, Intellectual, Rebel Rouser, Lover, Runner, Climber, Kindred Spirit, and Friend. Megan embarked on a journey four years ago that she never expected to find. Battling through plebe year- from early morning swims (including three amigos kick sets) to late night drives (with and without lights) to lovers and "bad influences"- Megan found a close-knit group of friends that provided enough laughs and challenges to remember for a lifetime. Whether it was at a Buffet concert, Nick and Molly's, Ft Lauderdale, Ocean City, bear chasing in the Adirondacks, or just driving in the car, my "Louise" was always up for an adventure. Who else can instigate dance parties until 4am at the Naked Sorority? After a quick stint as a Marine - what were you thinking!? - she finally found a home in the best kept secret of the Navy. What will life be like without nights filled to the salt-coated top of a margarita glass? No one knows for sure, but a wise woman once said, "the secret of life is to appreciate its mysteries." Megan, you are a genuine leader prepared for all the challenges and journeys ahead - wherever you end up, everyone will be lucky. We will always remember your affection, philosophy, and friendship Meg. Continue to search for fulfillment and never forget that you will always have friends, wherever you are.
AEJ, RLB, SCG, MAH, KMW, MJS, CCM

Scott Andrew Williams
Colombus, OH
Navy Pilot

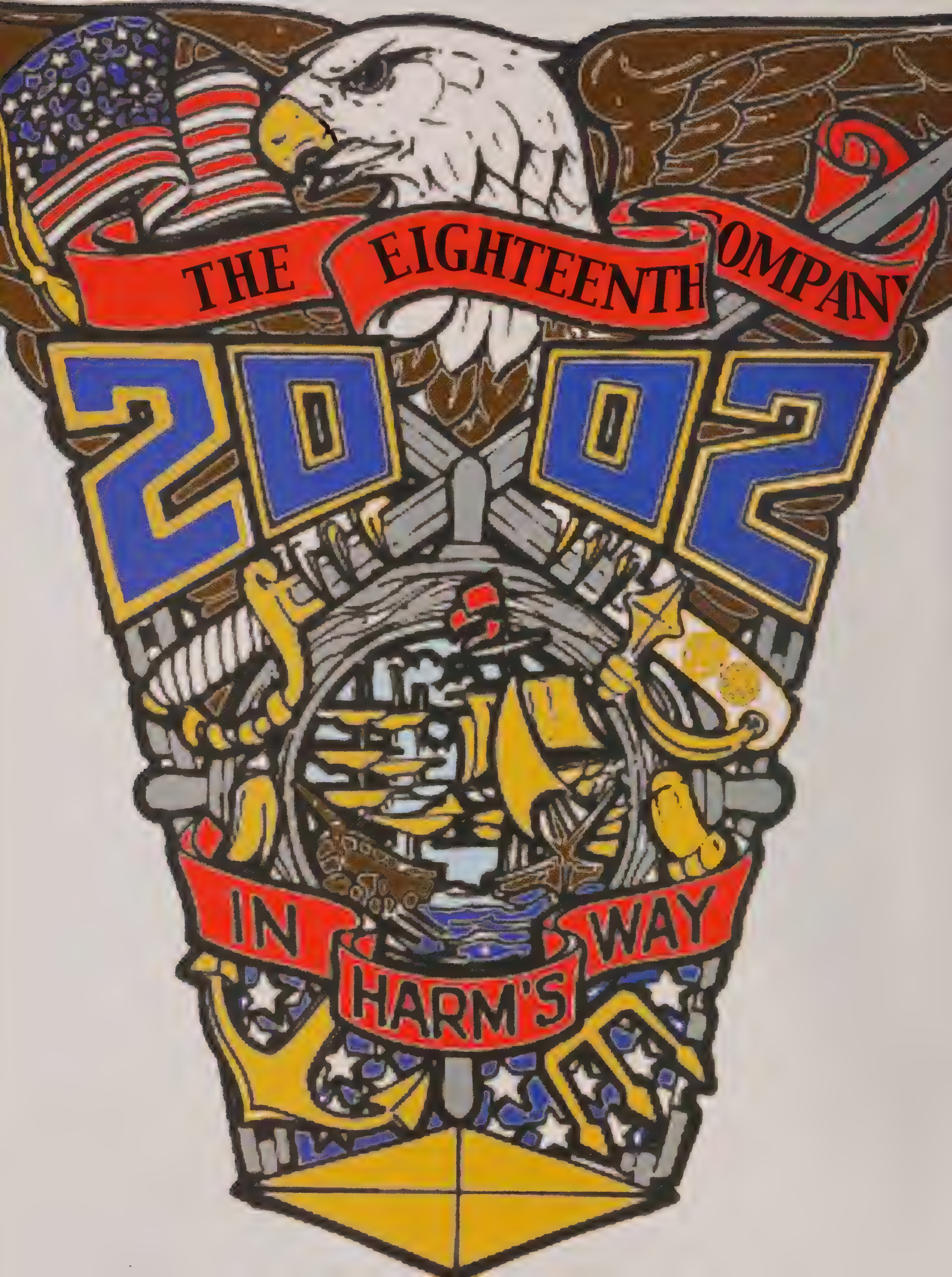
Aka "D.J. Scotty Goods". The Goods hails from the lacrosse hotbed of U.A.bringing his skills out East and first putting on a display at NAPS. Here is a glimpse of the man who loves to go crazy: GO BUCKEYES! Dudethatsmessedup! Ohhh! "take it easy" "PAID, in full" Scotty what was your fascination with washing machines and Hooters? Loved Rollin in the black Ninja with Ronny weed. Was a man who was always there in a pinch to enjoy some bidi's on the ledge. Skilled driver of the Green taxi. "Gimme your keys!" The man with everlasting shin splints who still choked out Doc."Nice blue strip in those pants, HIPPIE" Do you remember a single ride HOME? Third wing stairwell...Did Marino ever know about his sister's exploits? WSP New Years in Atlanta. "You can't put the banana peel there." "Bean, put the Samples in." Infamous run-ins with Smokey the Bear and the Fence Girl. "she's cool, but there's this one thing about her..." Wassabi's Hot! The first and only Navy JUCO All-American. Like a coaster you're up and you're down but we'll always love you. If you stay up with the owls you have to soar with eagles.

Andrew Michael Witkowski
Wilmington, DE
Submarine Warfare

After Andrew's dream of playing alongside Cal Ripken were thwarted due to a lack of talent, he found himself on the short ride down 301 to the school on the Severn. Never really sure what he wanted out of the academy. "P-3's rule. Lets go flight. But UD was so much fun, I'm going back. Whoa, subs have great food. We're going subs! Did you see that fly by?? Pilot, well... maybe I'll just go subs." But he might have never signed if Liam hadn't signed first. Andy is one of the few people that can ace the boats final with a hangover, and just ask his roommates, it didn't take much to put his rack on the floor. But he had plenty of friends to help him through the trials and tribulations of his relationship. Zack kept a smile on his face and always "made the gray sky blue." Chuck and Julio kept him honest, even when he didn't make any sense. Liam and Derrick were there with a beer and a shot of whiskey. Barcley always had a pat on the back and an "ATTA BOY!" And Robin was the econ study buddy/ tennis partner/ hangman whiz that never seemed to have a bad day. With friends like these, a humble and sincere attitude, perseverance and determination, he will successfully weather any storm that may come in the future.

Christopher Paul Wojtaszek
Coalport, PA
Navy NFO

Wojo, can you give me a quick pointer on how to shoot this station? What's that? I need a pair of gloves and a towel before you can instruct me? Those are really ropin' gloves and a towel to wipe the Copenhagen off your lip. I'll just take a glass of red wine with my quiche. Where's Charlie at this weekend, oh, chow call, roger. Thanks for the help with the financial department of the trap and scam team. One question, who is the cute red head and where did you meet her? So most people use traps to scare off rodents around the house, but not in Coalport. Paul likes guns. "Cool! An M-16 with a laser sight! Let me see that thing." "Oh, Pauli. That isn't loaded is it?" "Uhh... No mom." Paul likes music. DMB, enough said. Paul likes women. Redheads beware! Paul likes swimming. Well he must... most mids stop swimming 2/c year! Thanks for putting up with me, Wojo. God Bless. Mike. 17 good luck. Mike, thanks for all the good times. Few people could have lived with me so long. T&S, 4 foot lead on # 4. Charlie and family, thanks, esp. with the 40 year. Mom, Dad and everyone who gave me love and support, Thanks, I finally made it.


THE EIGHTEENTH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Alvin Nathan Abriam
La Hambra, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Originally famous for the gangrenous incident during plebe summer, Alvin built a strong reputation for himself amongst his friends. His constant motivation ("Go Navy, saaaaa!") and appeal with the foreign ladies landed him in the Blockbuster hit, *Damn that Ralph Macchio!* Although he shied away from the opportunity to meet Britney Spears and Shakira, his commercial success led to many Disney Channel chicks knocking at his door. His fascination with Aussies, Russian Techno, Mariah Carey, and Pascal's Law were quickly uncovered, as were his dealings with a guerrilla who goes by the alias of Po. These findings, however, paled in comparison to the discovery of his colorful, weekend alter-egos. We were most fond of the Rice Rocket, with his superb dance moves, slick game, and rambunctious attitude, but we also loved the glazed-over Rice Satellite, the destructive Rice ICBM, and the donut-wearing Rice Challenger. Despite his unpredictable party moods, his 2/3 human lung capacity (which led to his astonishing PRT record), and spending a year living with Cip and Dave, Green Avocadoes still excelled in all that he did.

Geoffrey Michael Avery
Grainvalley, MO
Navy Pilot

Mr. Avery (aka Pinky) is small in stature with a large Napoleon complex, and the first person I want on my side in a fight. Five feet seven inches of cockiness and courage, he's from Missouri: home to great steaks, riverboat casinos, and nudy bars. He honestly came to the USNA to serve the country and gain the opportunity to destroy something for the sake of achieving glory. Earned his salt as a Youngster during the famous five hour YP blackout in NYC: never drink with a Marine Vietnam vet with skulls tattooed on his arms. Dance moves like Michael Jackson. A menace on a jet-ski, "Nick, dude, the cops are on the way." Always smooth with the ladies, "Request permission to come aboard" and "I fly the XJR 2000 Jaguar." A beloved roomie of 3.5 years. "You're gonna be a good pilot, if you can stay afloat. I know I'm Catholic, Italian, and a Marine, but we managed to have some good times. Rack Shack, baby." He is a man of principles and always has your back when things get bad. Here's to cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows- good luck in Pensacola Geoff, we'll always be here for you. DAD, SRF, Ike… See you fellas in the fleet.

Kevin Anderson Beatley
Yorktown, VA
Submarine Warfare

In the halls and classrooms of Grafton High School is where the story must begin. He was depraved, yet restrained, and from a womb he came, and to a womb he would return. There coddled in the soft, tight, delicate confines of his investment, he took an amazing fiscal loss. Determined, he set out to find his true fortune. Yet as his investment widened, its net worth decreased and to the meat market it shall return. Cursed by the spells of the sideways cheesecake, such looming disasters were often described: "you won't believe what happened to me today..." A man of few libations, he grew to appreciate the wet sweetness that he could not achieve through any fiscal venture. Relying on comrades in arms he found himself in the bosom of every sailor's concrete brothel, New York City. And from the grasp of this vengeful beverage he found himself nude, withering on the shower tile. Laughter surrounding him, he could only respond with the muted gargling noises of his approval. Hence he became one of us. And in the halls and the classrooms of the Naval Academy is where this story must end, only to be continued in the promise land of California, where fertile fields lay and liberals run free.

Matthew Scott Burich
Pace, FL
Navy Pilot

C-O! Over these past three years you have been one of my best friends. I have had great times with you – PRTs, "IATDBC," D&B Bitch sessions, and have never laughed harder. I am honored to call you my best man and will always value your insight, sincerity, and friendship. Very disrespectfully…NJC
Snowmen in Canada…your roommate is a psychopath honor nazi…flipping the birds to my fav upperclass ever…Wow this is about as much fun as pulling my teeth...If we are loosing by 30 can't we just go home?? Sheee! EE SUCKS! PIT ROCKS (not to mention breaks, and falls, and cuts, and bruises…buh doom doom CRASH!!!…winners of our purple heart: Joelle & Patrick ☺ SIGH!!!! You stole that sign from where? And the marines chased you down? (Buck Futter!) Here's to making the 0800 top ten…DUN…DUN…Shelly is starting to get pissed! Summer detail, you know you are a band geek when you are drunk at 0500 and decide to turn on drum corps videos * AHHHH! * WARD HALL ARE YOU READING THIS?!?!?!?! HUH!?!?! ;-) <from Cheriene>

Andrew Jarod Burkhardt
Lewisville, TX
Civil Engineer Corps

2000 Sir!!! What a start!! NAPS '96, before carpet. There was Joanna's tragedy and Zamora's arrest/murder conviction, yes I knew them both. Hoo-rah, what did I just say, two years away did do me some good. Navy in a Bowl game?? I got the ring if you want to see it. Ah well two years didn't change him. Off to Fresno, what country is that in???? Cali. Two years, the greatest of my life and the best choice I have ever made, except one and I found her out there, glad she followed me home. 2002 Sir!!did I do the right thing?this is what Moroni meant, no witness until after the trial of my faith, I understand now. Thanks to my RM bro's: BCO, MDF, JB1,LEB , PWE, and EP who has been living a real life for the past 2 years. All the little Andy dolls lined up in the glass display case. Innocent looking, right? Well Andy's big heart and quiet encouragement turned a rocky relationship into an eternal family. MDF. He always knew with conviction what he wanted and subsequently acted promptly (i.e. Hey I'm engaged!). His mature looks were accompanied by the patriarchal guidance he gave us youngins. Even though he went stateside, I know you worked hard. While the days of long treks back to the hall are fading away, I congrat you and Robin and wish ya'll the best of luck in all your endeavors. JBL. From Stand in Line to Cloud Nine, now I'm a Beaver, it's been a ride. W/out The Almighty, His Son, a GREAT family, patience friends and sponsors, & Robin I couldn't have done this. Thank you!!!

John Alexander Cauthen
San Mateo, CA
Navy Pilot

John Cauthen came to us from the land of half Asians, sunshine, leftists, and Sierra Nevada. I'm talkin' about a little place called *San* Mateo. In light of his short, short comings, women grew to accept his TAD assignments. It was therefore through the courtship of his future special lady he finally embraced his inner banana republic. Yet throughout his staunch hatred of biblical weaklings, steerage regulars, democratic candidates, and the coddling establishment that has weakened us all, has forged a legacy to outlast that of history's greatest ICOR's. This is no more evident than in MC Towel's repeated effort to "pass the mic" to his roommate. His ill-fated quest to become the greatest MC carrier of all time was cut short by a quick trip to Hospital Point. Despite his abrupt and violent downfall, his steadfast and tolerable special lady friend stood by her "man" much to the immense dismay of his sleep deprived roommates. We'll never forget such a massive transition from the brutal savagery of a derelict misogynist to the brutal savagery of a derelict misogynist in love. See you at the wedding, friend.

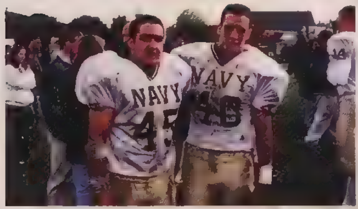
STATES
AL ACA
FOUNDE

Jason Andrew Cipriano
Hampstead, NH
Surface Warfare

Cip has come a long way since his humble beginnings in rural Chile. He travels in top social circles, brownnosing officers and politicians alike. Recruited as a cross-country runner, El Mexicanito has since traded in his running shoes for a mousepad and snackie - cakes. Of course, he still sports the tight running pants with stirrups. Despite his dismal room standards and foot odor, Cip is a refined gentleman of great taste. He has the company's favorite girlfriend who shares his membership in the 2% club and he enjoys taking water shots, chugging Guinness, tweaking his supercomputer and consuming only the finest white zinfandel with a burger at Chili's. El Texicanito also has a keen eye for drama, as was demonstrated with his directorial debut of the 2000 motion picture, Damn that Ralph Macchio! Jay will go far in politics or whatever else he chooses to do, but those that know him best will fondly remember him as the greatest underachiever of all time.

Charles Michael Dawson
Laramie, WY
Surface Warfare

The suburban cowboy. Charles-Chuck-Chazz Michael Dawson made his long journey east to the Academy accompanied by his massive pole. His destination seemed confused for a year as he was stuck in the freezing wasteland known as Newport. He was entrusted by his company to keep tabs on the islanders during plebe year, and was only half successful. For some unknown reason he has determined it necessary to return to the purgatory of Newport upon graduation, this however is a significantly less worse option than his delusional twisted goals of plebe year. The Marine Corps lost a mediocre officer to the depravity known as Marines on the yard. Upon selling out the best roommate he's ever had for "closet space" he eventually faced his demons and came crawling back to the Hair. He continually sold out his friends and even roommate (400m) He holds the unique distinction as the only one of the usual suspects to be forced to stand tall before the man, and put in time at musters. Contrary to what may appear here we actually do like him.



Daniel Adam D'Orazio
Manlius, NY
Marine Corps Ground

The U.S. Naval Academy. This is how I see it, what I got from it. It's not about academics, performance grades, good conduct or bad conduct. It's not about parades, sharp uniforms, high and tights, or pep rallies. It's not about leadership class, ethics class, morality class, etiquette class, or character development class. It's not about any of that, and this is the truest thing you'll ever hear: it's about the guy next to you. That's all it is. I met a lot of bad people at this school, but I met some good ones too. Turner, Oly, Savs, Salvy, my beloved roommate Geoff, BG, Burr, Gramma, Mama, LMQ, ~K, and the '04 Sprint ballas. It was all the time on the field, in the bars, at the place, and on the beach with these people that made me the man I am today. I'd do anything for you guys, because I know you'd do the same for me. And that's the greatest feeling on earth. I love this place, not because of what you read in brochures, but because it taught me about team, loyalty, and brotherhood. Semper Fi.

Jon Stuart Erskine
Fallbrook, CA
Surface Warfare

Jon "agent of the man" Erskine. Hails from the great relaxation state, but that makes little difference. A great friend and always at some sort of meeting. Nature lover…Jon's main hobby is sitting on cliffs for hours on end. Though like a cat in a tree, we have to go rescue him. Pictures really are worth a thousand words. Don't worry Jon, you have paid me back ten-fold for that one. SEAL TEAM Erskine. You are a non-stop warrior, especially after a night of drinking and you haul me out of the rack at one in the morning for a rumble. You never cease to amaze…crazy skiing skills. Hey (pant pant) Jon I think you're running to fast, (pant pant) let's pace a little bit!! Thanks for dealing with my continuous verbal abuse… Narc Night out Friday!! Those girls are cute out in Monterrey, but I'm sure Jon will be studying…or in a meeting. On your way to special boats. This man is the future CNO, if a heart attack doesn't get him first. Best of luck Jon—you'll do great. By the way…are we going skiing this weekend or what? Joel I don't know how he survived some nights, but I'm glad he did. Sailing and NARC. Always talked a good game, but knew how to listen when I needed it. It's been a blast!- JFC

Sylvester Robert Foley IV
Dover, NH
Navy Pilot

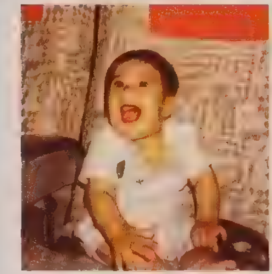
Bob was born into greatness. He is rumored to have marched to the Marines hymn while in his mother's belly. Sly, aka Captain Jackass and Special Officer Doofy even made it to Ring Dance (a year late) with the help of room 4258. "Dude, I'm CDO" (with his Pepsi in hand). A sense of style like none other: the anti-game suit. "Polish my shoes and I'll read your papers." Cheddarmunchers and public nudity were his only weakness. He enjoyed the hot wings at Hooters but not being pulled over doing 95 and almost being late for Taps. HEY bob. "Bob's grandfather was CINCPACFLT" Steve liked to say. Fond memories from the shore house like canal fishing from innertubes with Tim and naked SEALS with Dave. "Dude, go to sleep." We are law students from Georgetown when we frequent Shelly's Backroom. Singing *Badlands* and *Born to Run* in bars all over Jersey. PSU trips with Pat (broken jaw) and Al. He sometimes had trouble telling us his little secrets, he was never one to get straight to Lapointe, but that is what we love about him. Bob has always been a slick guy with some good moves. He has the appearance of a perfect Gentleman but yet can live the life of a Casanova. We wish you the best of luck in Pensacola. We'd eat anything for you, man. Steve, Bryan, Jim, Newt, Jake, PT

Lyndsay Marie Fredericksen
Bolling AFB, DC
Marine Corps Ground

Jay:"Goldilocks" from Alaska…CO…VA…six others-&-Switzerland…Scraped knees@machspeedw/CyclingTeam…too easy, so triathlete…managing…honors…playing Worms…best-looking guys rm3130…incessant charm won them over & way into their hearts…especially Jay…Christina:funny how we've evolved as roommies…I've known you'll be there for me anytime…that's what you've done…I always can depend on—the one I can complain and cry about the silliest things w/o ridicule…I've learned to open my ears..&..listen harder b/c you put in effort and take time for me instead of studying for big Russian tests…Brian:Navigational difficulties…showing guys up GuinnessToast—forever…in…infamy…she'll philosophize all night…English Professors beware, our—Lyndsay is undoubtedly-intelligent…her typical-in-class-phrases: "I think I'm insane…or…I read it a different way." Don't let this fool you, she knows her stuph, it's just complicated—she won't tell in a few words. NEVER limit her to 20pgs for a paper.Get her fired up&you'll feel her wrath.l Lyndsay's a tough girl…A 2nd Lt-Take heed of her bark…"Roof! Roof!" Ben:Lyndsay, thanks for memories over the years…I'll always be grateful you introduced me toclimbing &outdoors…I learned about life. From African: "Even if she's worked out 3x that day she'll go the extra mile for you…Swim Bike Run—she's always there…a true friend…Semper Fi all the way." &…along WITH her knight-in-shining-armor, strode into the future…WE LOVE YOU VERY MUCH…LooPooMooRoo, YOUR-FUTURE-IS-FULL

Michael Franz Joseph Gast
Fairfax, VA
Navy Pilot

Maybe being from near Dulles, VA has something to do with it, but Mike wants to fly more than anyone we have ever known (or heard of.) A member of the elite Navy Flying Club, Mike is an experienced pilot. Except for that part about checking the gas gauge. Nice one, buddy. Fortunately, he is still with us, and can provide us with amusing stories about his badminton prowess (unable to beat his little sister). Mike was always good for an eventful trip to JMU. "You think I can hit that dumpster with this bottle?" Hitting the bars up was great. So generous – "You mean you NEVER tip?" Or perhaps a "friendly" wrestling match on red beach after a night at "Club O." Only if he wasn't hanging out with his "aviator buddies" though. After two years of dominating the ECHA, Mike left Navy Hockey for the Caps. Rick R's best buddy. Mike has more than a few interesting roommate stories ("So ARE those your cookies, yes or no?") Mike is a man of brilliant ideas – Sam's Club membership, Forman grill, or "I SWEAR the refrigerator can fit in the car, just push harder." Congrats and good luck, we all knew you could do it.
Dlip, Fergie, OC



Ahmad Muhammad Abdul-Ghaffar
Foreign National

Ahmad Muhammad Abdul-Ghaffar, aka the beast from the Middle East. He came to us from the islands, but not the islands you may be thinking of mon…the islands of gold, black gold. The islands you're thinking of are from whence his roommate came plebe year, and where said roommate was destined to return. Midn Abdul-Ghaffar then began his struggle for power against indomitable foes guarding the esteemed chalice, known as ICOR. Though outnumbered, outsized, and starving-during daylight hours, held the course by sleeping all day and only fighting when his foes were weakened by darkness. Through this cunning strategy and inability to admit defeat he, though often bloodied, maintained his throne…at least in the room. Fast forwarding to firstie year, after three years of idleness, Midn Ghaffar mindblowingly decided to act upon all of his Rocky fantasies and entered the ring. His roommates' ears were never the same. In summation Midn Ghaffar traveled thousands of miles to become the best Bahraini Midn the Academy has ever seen, never mind the fact that he's the only one.

James Michael Henry
Pensacola, FL
Submarine Warfare

Quite possibly the smartest man to ever set foot in Luce Hall(or so he would have us believe), Jimbo was a legend in his own time. Entering the Academy as a 150lb freak of nature commonly referred to as 'Lurch,' Jim quickly made a name for himself with his stylish bangs and weak trident tattoo. Despite being continuously surrounded by shemales and having worse dance moves than Al, he managed to find a woman who was whooooed by his chant of "Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!" It must have been his impeccable hygiene(the loofah sponge) and his sense of humor("Ha, Ha, Ha! Laugh at Jim!") that lured the ladies of JMU to JMH. For such a scrawny fella, he sure had an edge to him at the beginning, but that must have been issued with the 4.0 and the adoration of Tom Allosso who claimed, "You remind me of myself when I was a third class." Despite his inability to attain the coveted post of Plebe Company Commander, he studied up, went on many recons, scrolled Men's Health, and came away with a lot of stripes in the end. Not even his cute little calendars, the mouse pad of love, or his odd sexual tendencies ("Somebody kiss me!", "Newt wants to have sex with Jason Sehorn!") could take this bubblehead off track. We are sure, however, that he will never forget that we saved him from an almost certain doom, but it worked out great for all of us.

William Theodore Huebner Jr.
Grosse Pointe Shores, MI
Surface Warfare

William Ted Theodore Logan III arrived at the U.S. Naval Academy after his band Wyld Stallyn's world tour was cut drastically short in Hoboken N.J. As a young child Ted was a shiftless creature until inspiration came from an unusual source. "Come Sail Away" by Enya moved Ted to first step foot on a sailboat and he has yet to look back. At the start of the plebe year six brave souls attempted to become the few, the proud, the sailing team. First class year only Ted remained, an attrition rate that would make any one proud. One evening Ted decided to celebrate his sailing achievements and was dubbed by a particular LT that "he was the d***est person he'd ever seen." His celebration was a success. Youngster year a straw draw was conducted, Ted being the loser was forced to move in with "the Band Kid". This year turned to be a changing point in his life in which he found new ways to entertain himself, such as shooting flaming Altoids at future roommates. Soon after graduation Ted is going to fulfill his lifelong goal of becoming a pirate of the high seas and lounge singer.

Luke Ryan Johnson
Lakeland, TN
Navy Pilot

The saga of L.R. Johnson begins during the summer of 1998. He was divinely brought into the company of Ted Huebner and Shaka Martin. However, in an effort not to bore the reader, let's move onto more important biographical points as told by his current roomates: Phil, Kevin, and John. After his first year, strictly abiding by a multitude of naval rules and regulations, L.R. discovered an alternate lifestyle in the humid, murky, and tepid waters of a Bahamian hot tub. Where once a proud and innocent flower stood, was now nothing more than a scattering of wilted petals. He was not shamed, but rather apprehensive, for the story of his manhood began with three stumbling jabs. Of course, he taught people to kayak, snow board, and he introduced many to the horror of Hurricane Luke, so his fall was not total and complete. In an effort of personal redemption he became a staunch Reaganite, yet the powers that be found that he was not quite as Stout as she. In light of this tragedy he moved south in an effort to ascend the peaks of another. In doing so he discovered the majesty of that "D"aunting range, yet below he sadly found standing Amber waves of silent grain. Luke, from all your friends, lasting and true until the end,continue the biography on your own terms and relay the message in the years to come.

Alex Francis Katauskas
Wallingford, PA
Special Warfare

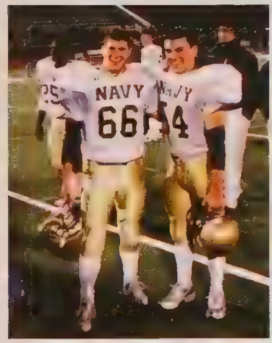
Critically renowned for his work in the fields of astrophysics and spectroscopy while attending Strath Haven High, this Beast has taken on a new form over the course of his illustrious Academy career. His addiction to physical activity has left many questioning his sanity, while others have come to revere him as a mythical god, the Prince of Darkness. Big Al has many secrets in his past, at present, and hopefully in his future (if he is doing his job). That is why, in the words of his immortal hero, Ronnie James Dio, he is 18's own "Rainbow in the Dark." All those memories associated with Big Al, namely the infamous shore house. (BWR) Jet ski casualties, 33 cases, funnels, lost boat keys, water skiing, one million candlepower, and late night skinny dipping in the canal. Penn State victories, broken jaws, Marked for Death, and beer pong. New Years in PA=wine guzzling champ. Cork 2001 and Mr. Foley, road trips in the tauras, Korn and Godsmack. Good luck in BUDS buddy, we'll always be here for you. (SRF) Instructor Hobanimal teaching canteen usage! Good old army black hats! Thank goodness for road guards! We made it Alex! Let's get started! (RRB, DBC)

Rory Marshall Kipper
Cape Girardeau, MO
Navy Pilot

MR. KIPPER, the Fonds, what can I say, four years by the bay really was four years by the bay although we did spread it throughout all of Bancroft. What a start it was back in 5001 with Snack's rack, accusations of folded magazines, and Wools writing all our thoughts of the day. Then there was the big move to the attic where mid mania was created to live on forever in the latter three. We also lived with Angles among us, and then a short time with our very own church mouse. There was SEAL team training, a 21st in Boston with LW Kim, a party with that officer in OC, and a cruise with Capt. KJ. You were always quick with a joke about a movie I've never seen, but you somehow fell to the forces yourself (on more than one occasion). We had many good nights on the streets of DTA and did our fair share of "social drinking." Even though there were days that we had it the worst in the whole brigade, the weekend was always right around the corner. And now as we head out into our new careers as, that's right…naval aviators, I couldn't have asked for a better roommate or lifelong friend. MLM

Christina Ann Knutson
Frederick, MD
Marine Corps Ground

Flow-sessions..Movienight..freestyle battle..mastered comp-sci—I bucked,you got on me..Always grabbed more than what you can eat..let's split this Chocolate ChipCookieDough.One love ma.RoughRyderz Eve..Don't hate because I'm cocker than you!.. swimming lessons..driving stick,patience is your virtue..bringing valuable female knowledge..with words of wisdom like "I don't know" "I guess" and"Maybe"!Down since day one...you are one of the boys....looked out for the boys..always been there..we will be there for you at the drop of a dime.SweetCK...ill and vicious pit bull in a skirt...Eve of the click...stay real sweetheart.Hardest girl i know..took awhile to accept you as one of "the boyz"..glad i did.Dreams of always working out,late night(talks), smelly howdys,tears,snot,protein endeavors,growing nails made us devil-dog girls..four years as your roommate has been nuts..wouldn't trade you for the world..beautiful friend and strong,determined Marine!"shooters"we will always be YUT 02&S^3together past three years you have grounded me..taught me the importance of patience,commitment, and honesty and most importantly what a true friend really is..will never forget our bus-rides, bread bowls,or roadtrip runs.Wanted to be beside you this year..always being the hug to answer my tears.



Matthew Lee Martin
Manheim, PA
Navy Pilot

MISTER MARTIN! From the giggling meathead wondering what ac-year was to the fellow Aviator, it has been a long road. Never have I had so much fun or faced so much jail time in OC. If we are indeed social drinkers, we are the most social people I know. Here's a toast: To the latter 3..2..1. Although the force had its grip on you, we managed to keep MID MANIA a reality, always busting at the seams. An occasional case of the mundays showed how far that corner actually was, but you've always had a lady to lend and wit to dispense. Got any cash? Your friendly competition led to bets on everything from women to broken ribs. The four years flew, but I consider myself fortunate to have spent every long day smoke'n and joke'n with you all the way. A true roommate and a true friend. RMKIt's been an awsome time dude, from football to weekends, what started, as an over-competitive lifting partnership became an awesome friendship. With memories like: "We'll go light today," GO MANHEIM, "Bust him in the chops!" Be a Prick. . . or was it Team Team? Hoggie road trips in the luxury sedan, Rt 301 rest stops. . . coozie included, take a ride on Noah's Arc, 5th's its what's for dinner, kicking Winnie's can in b.p.!, working on those steak knives, and best of all going out as a Universal Champ. LAR

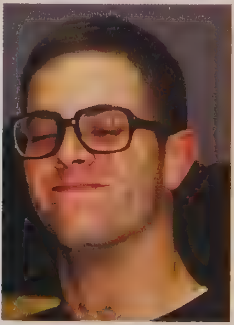
Edward Patrick McKinnon
Davidsonville, MD
Navy Pilot

Hey Guys it has finally come, Were Done! It Started way back in sunny Newport The Kitchen Crew got it done every weekend. Don't forget St. Patrick's Day too, Drink up!! I still have never had a Spring Break. Then to USNA, Navy LAX… the good times the bad times we have always stuck together. Three Striper? …Scholar Athlete?…Now that's a joke. My roomies, got nuthin but love-Just get me back to the boat man! Thanks. Can you believe I live with a Seal! and yes it is harder said than done. Cruises were fun-Aruba, NAPS detail, F-14's how can I complain still never been out on a ship. Well boys I got the 37- Howl at the Moon…Anything for a teammate! It has been fun and real but I am out. P-cola here we come it could get ugly. Thanks to everyone who helped me: Mom,Dad,Jody,Lee,Beth,Jen,The S's and the rest of the support group you are the best.

Philip Clayton Moore
Greenwich, NY
Navy Pilot

Philip Clayton Moore: dairy farmer, car mechanic, and beer drinker. Few words can describe the man he is and will be, but one phrase alone can summarize his existence on this Earth-fast and furious. Masculinity came easy to the young lad. Women loathed him and a multitude of children, to this day, still bear the psychological scars of having once witnessed him smile, a smile composed of gnarled and mangled teeth. Men, on the other hand, applauded his ability to seamlessly glide through the world trailed by a noxious cloud of flatus. His high school days were numbered. Summer, on a schooner, wrought his manhood to its full and glorious potential. He planted his seed (on various acreage) and he once more set down his digits on the grid iron to do furious battle with the Linebacker. This epic, depicted on the ravaged frozen tundra of Farragut, was not worthy of ESPN, but rather late night Spice. Was it a love reminiscent of the innocence found on the shores of the Blue Lagoon? We think not. In Phil we see a good friend and one not quick to hesitate in using his credit card to access strong drink and cash advances in Atlantic City. Would he douse himself with gasoline and set himself ablaze on the turnpike? Unfortunately (odds-4:1), no. There is a time to quit and a time to retreat, but for Phil, the fast and furious, his Ram will continue to barrel down all in his way.

Sean Mcauley Mulcahy
North Potomac, MD
Marine Corps Ground



The exact time and place of our friendship coming into full blossom with Sean Mulcahy is uncertain, and facts are hard to come by when, for the most part, bonds of friendship were so often forged under the guise of intoxicating libations. Sean, a true Strong Islander, rolled up as a plebe without a clue and four years later he was leading the Beavers and wearing green. Who woulda thought? Regardless, Sean became a good friend, especially when he became addicted to Cell Tech and his member began to shrivel. This once squeamish little boy, eventually grew into his beastly and imposing physical stature which no doubt aided him in procuring some of the finest creatures on the eastern seaboard. Club lax superstar, "Sean shoot overhand, Irish" and friends enjoyed many MO debacles throughout the years. Firstie year he was still the same Sean, but, "Why the hell would anyone want to be company commander second semester?" Then to everyone's surprise that determined bastard lost the path somewhere along the way and wandered into the Corps. I guess all we can say is "Surf's up" to one motivated dude. You will remain our good friend and Marine.

Steven Frederick Muller
Matawan, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Steve “Das” Muller, the human V. Underwear clad battles with Roman, Court Jester wings, and the Gold Cup race. The armpit of America. The one and only Boss. Who’s got the keys to Steve’s beemer? I’m going to be a sub-Marine. Nightly clashes with Pinky, wave runners and knee boarding. “I hate every Marine in the Marine Corps.” Code Red in your sister’s car, boathouse jumping in the Severn, free-falling freshman from 8-0, and Road Trips to Jersey. Rooming on the female friendly side of 4260. “She was sitting on my left kneecap sir.” Sneaking Dan into the Korn Concert. Going psycho and smashing his printer into a million pieces. “I’m never drinking again.” Destined to be the richest guy we know but lose it all to speeding tickets. Beating the hell out of Bandai and Steve’s inexplicable obsession with the Iron Chef. ur mom, fly away, thanks for introducing me to your best friend. Naaa… Idle threats for a big guy. Good for a drinking buddy and discussing the finer points of interaction with members of the opposite sex. From SEAL, to pilot, to SWO, to submarines, Steve will have success wherever he goes. Good luck buddy, we’ll miss you. BF, PT, GA

Brian Louis Newton
Bridgeport, CT
Submarine Warfare

Newt entered the Academy with a dance belt, a tube of chapstick, and nothing else to call his own. Now he has a split personality(Super Greg, Number One!), his very own copy of ‘The Princess Diaries,’ and a patented two-phase fitness program. His love affair with a devil woman named Wendy who fed him Metamucil and every spice on the rack, gave him an ever-present hunger for a Number 7, plain with a coke. He was a wild man, whose narcoleptic tendencies at school were strongly contrasted with his unnerving partying spirit. His travels took him around the world, much like his beloved Jules Asner, but though he loved playing Connect Four with Thai nightwalkers and smoldering in the Bahraini heat, his happiest place was at home with Snugglebear. In fact, he never seemed to want to leave(“I thought we had to be back at 8 (for the third time)”), and this affliction led to the downfall of his conduct standing. But what does conduct mean to a man who likes to smear peanut butter all over his body? A cross between the legendary racerBuckshot Jonesand the karate kid,Newt always found a way to overcome his physical deficiencies and end up with the girls, even if several of them belonged in retirement homes.You were a fearless leader on that Ocean City flotilla, buddy, and we would follow our Plebe CC anywhere.

Timothy David O’Brien
Garden City, NY
Navy Pilot

Timmy O’Brien came to us at the Naval Academy from the great state of Long Island …. You got a problem wit dat? Plebe summer he blessed all of us with his edge dressing shoe painting techniques and with Jets camp cookies. Youngster year Timmy and his motivated roommate started the first USNA zoo .. and it was all run off of their windowsill. 30 pack+ playstation+ a sink=a good night. The next year he and his buddies opened up another business along with Mr. Long Cut. What an entrepreneur! Keepin it real in 4248. Halloween in Penn State- Where’s Batman? Hey, you can’t wear your pants inside-out. Friday nights at 723- “Yo I like the girl with the glasses……” Ocean City debacles and fishing with Bob. Ireland 2001- Living on Guinness and a prayer- remember Cork…. Little Timmy did eventually over the years grow into the mature Uncle Timmy that we all know and love. He is a historian (what are you gonna do with a degree in History anyway?), lacrosse player, Strong Islander, and friend to all. Good luck Tim. – Sean, Ed, Pat, Al, Bob

David Thomas Rogers
Arnold, MD
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

When he was told by his plebe summer squad leader that he was "a disgrace to NMMI," Crazy Dave set forth to prove everyone wrong. He started by cultivating a freakish brace and fine-tuning his many motivating cadences. This Pear In Training made a fortress of his body, in the hopes of one day commanding a platoon of Naked Seals. Not hunger ("I was going to eat those granola crumbs!") nor limpatence nor a lack of trivial knowledge (Jackie Joyner Kersee) could keep this bug-eyed boy from becoming the competent consumer that he is today. Though he would never admit it, women were Dave Fessbeggler's only weakness. From discussions of prenups to pictures at Sears to Disneyrand to Albino African-American Muslims to meatsharks, he was forever a slave to the ladies. He occasionally gained the strength, with the help of Mom-Mom, to stand up to the ladies, as he did one fateful prom night. Though he was often the focus of conversations and jokes throughout the Beaver Company, we will always remember two things about Crazy Dave: he is the most selfless man alive and… never, ever get in a car if he is behind the wheel!

Bryan Worthington Rowe
Collierville, TN
Submarine Warfare

A naïve 17-year-old plebe in the summer of 1998, Bryan entered the Naval Academy with wide eyes and a sticky shirt. The consummate over achiever, Bryan's success at Canoe U. was due solely to his ability to question his surroundings and seek truth in the grayest of areas. Inquiries such as how many times can one man puke?, What do you think of my tiara?, Who defecated in this shower? and What is that in my underwear drawer? are all examples of Big Bird's ceaseless quest to eat the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. Perhaps no question, though, was quite as important as how do you tell a girl that you love her?. His King Hall milk carton anchor tattoo, chiseled physique, Longitude use and clown-themed thong underwear were plenty to sway the affection of the Robot Girl, diabetes girl, Filipino street walkers and Twinks, but could do little for his one true love, My Little Pony…err, I mean Christina Aguilera. Parlaying his economics degree into the lucrative field of real estate, Bryan is the proud owner of property in Chauvenet Hall, Nimitz Library, and the Mate's Desk on Deck 7-4. Presently he is looking to own some property in Cancun, but we're sure that no matter where his train stops Bryan will be there with a laugh, a smile, and some killer dance moves.

Patrick Robert Thomas
Montoursville, PA
Navy NFO

Pat, PT, P-Tiddy, Ed's little p***yface, from the cradle of civilization in central PA. This kid still wants to transfer to PSU. From playing baseball to skipping intramural tennis matches, it's been a long road. Top ten in the class in weeks spent at mandatory summer school. "Dude, why didn't they send me to NAPS?" Nightly journeys to the phone bank, arguing with Bob, road trips in the "anal" Probe, spring breaks spent in the ville, "It's summertime, which AOE in Bremerton am I going to", get him a cot cuz he's the 5th roommate. Folay, Rowee, Tomas. Countless weekends in State College, "It's a lot like heaven", the class ring with the initials in it (oops), a broken jaw and a broken heart. Drinking blended chicken fingers with Steve. When do we eat? When do we sleep? It's Tuesday, start thinking about the weekend. Halloween at Guyton's, BEER BEER BEER FOR THE PRIVATES, tell Jen to get some McDonald's cheeseburgers. Jersey girls aren't so bad after all (assist: Muller). You made it kid, now it's off to Pensacola. Maybe you'll get your masters at Penn State someday.
–Big Al, Ed-D, Timmy, Boobs, Das

Bryce Roman Wergeland
Northfield, MN
Navy Pilot

Bryce Roman Wergeland. The short and simple: he is a Nordic powerlifter not unlike Magnus von Magnusen. Much can be said about the young lad, but we will highlight the four years we knew him at the Naval Academy. His ability to handle stress rivals that of a four year old, and nothing could be made more plain than his frequent requests to "take a knee" as a plebe. Yes, some might say this solicited a certain degree of contempt from his peers, but in due time his redemption came, however slowly. Upon discovery of his middle name, his friends recognized the implications it might herald in social circles. Roman: stately, majestic, and somehow mysterious, did not in the least bit apply to the man/child we knew with sweeping blond hair, chicken legs, and a fabricators wit. He told stories; he most certainly told us lies; he made us laugh; he has a gambling problem; he likes corpulent women, but for the most part we overlooked every vice and inconsistency because that is who we came to recognize as our friend.

Jacob Earl Wilson
Columbus, OH
Navy NFO

Inspired by the poetic genius of his hero, Elvis Presley, Jake went on a quest to become the first midshipman to win the Pulitzer Prize. Though few could understand his symbolic references to 'warm life from my belly' and 'breeze blowing through the backdoor,' we were still enamored by his contrasting cool vitality and bitter angst. The Bald Disaster could transform from Cool Jake to Crazy Jake by simple rubbing the few remaining hairs on his head. Unfortunately, he was blessed with too much hair everywhere else, a problem that could not be solved, even with the flesh-eating power of Epil-Stop. Worlds were perpetually colliding for Robert E., but he could always find a way to soothe his soul by strumming a tune on his guitar, wrestling with his equally hairy companion, Bob, or resting his junks on Cip's forehead. Besides wrestling, he was a master in the art of Kung-Fu(with Eugene's help), naked canoeing, and could always sniff out the illegal immigrant. His taste for KKarrots(emphasis on the two Ks) brought out a luster in his twitching eyes that always summoned the ladies, from Sarah to Debra to Sharon to Dawnie to KK to Kelly. Though he won't be going back to the PI, we know he will make his grandfather and all the rest of us proud. Heeeey-ah!

Welcome
BOCCI FANS

David Allen Woolsey
Columbia, SC
Navy Pilot

David A. Woolsey, proud member of the Royale Family (PM, SG, VW, ML, TG, DW). They call him Boozely, The Fin, Youngin, High Speed Collision Box Head, and SeaBass. Yet this commando is known far and wide as the chubby bunny champion, loyal disciple of the chunk lab, and the conquistador of the backless jubblies. Getting caught with his pants down in Orlando, Ocean City, the Pink Palace, the Connie, YPP=s Galley, and Oman has not stopped this man from taking on an entire ABig Montana@ and washing it down with a boot of beer. Poison Ivy, geographic tongue, and wounds from a barf fight have not kept him down. Who knew he could make a loaf of bread in Rutgers? He is forever Wools, two left shoes, sleepin on the beach, livin out of a Tahoe, and a permanent member of Murph=s island. He could not have made it through without the love and support of his parents and brothers. Thank you is the least he can say.

THE NINETEENTH COMPANY

2002
IN HARM'S WAY

John Anthony Augusto
San Antonio, TX
Navy NFO

Hailing from the land of hot sauces and contemporary Mexican design, John brought us endless supplies of multi-colored fiesta popcorn, the privileges (and responsibilities) consummate with a nearly infinite quantity of Hilton Hotel points, and an immaculate management of logistical dilemmas. He chose USNA based on the vague hope that he would grow more familiar with the school's goats. Had John not chosen to enter the naval service, he would have certainly clinched the field of interior design, not to mention the Mexican fiesta catering business. And we are all grateful for his supplying Aussie's shampoo for "limp and distressed hair." But where did that little, dark monster in the shower come from? We are glad to announce John has maintained daily phone contact with his mother for four years, not to mention his late-night position reports to his girlfriend. John's answer to the rigors of the academy was to snore the afternoons away with his body pillow. Although never the intramural warrior, John has proven to be a ridiculously hard, late night worker and a loyal friend. –CEE, SLF, MJH

Brigitte Marie Aungier
Tully, NY
Surface Warfare

"Hi, my name's Aungier, rhymes with DANGER!" Brig has got to be one of the nicest, most selfless people, always trying to make other people happy. She comes bearing gifts and cards and paintings and smiles, and always brightens up the mood. If you have to pick a color, pick PINK. And by the way, she only wears black party pants, no jeans. Need a shopping partner? Brig is in; talk about a shopping problem! Pet peave: don't burp out loud, and then say excuse me, that won't cut it. She should have been the fourth roommate; the honorary member of 2327. "Brig, do you feel OK? I think you have the FEVER!" And boy, can that girl dance! Rally! Watch out for the killer chipmunk! Has anyone seen a bear around here? There's nobody I'd rather play lacrosse with, gossip with, complain to, or have as a best friend. Hot freshman? "Whatever, it's Spring Break!". . . Thank you, Amy, for all the love, laughter, and PRIDE! Yeah nineteen, five, Cich-dawg, Kiplobster, and room 4309; fun memories! Gontarz!! Go Navy Women's Lacrosse! Thanks mom, Brittany, Aunt Dianne, Eric and family for your support.

BOSTON DUCK TOURS

Justin Wright Carrell
Worland, WY
Submarine Warfare

Hailing from Wyoming, Justin was one of those types of people that had a very odd and often annoying sense of humor. Sometimes you wanted to scream if you had to hear one more note of his screeching new song that he was singing just to annoy you, especially when the song was about you. But his humor grew on you like hair on a kiwi and sometimes you couldn't help but laugh out loud even though you knew it fed him. He was proud of his mess in the back corner of our room. Once instead of cleaning for an alpha inspection, he took every piece of clothing from his closet and took it to another company in a giant bag. The inspector was shocked to find a completely empty closet, but it was indeed clean. Music was definitely his love. I think he spent more time singing, at the Academy and away on movement order, than he went to class. He was rarely serious, but always serious when you needed him the most. His love of God and his country, we never questioned, but most evident to us was his love for his friends.

Kristen Elizabeth Cartus
Snellville, GA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

The sweetest girl from the Deep South where "Everyone is someone in Snellville!" Oh there's $50 in my pocket - I'll use it to dress Nathan. have you seen my brush? My Dr. Pepper? My Books? You brighten everyone's day when they are with you and have brouht joy and happiness to so many. The girl with the heart of gold who has a gentle, patient, and caring spirit is the woman of my dreams. Greenish Brown Female Sheep. Krissie Liz always the one to pretend to be so innocent but we all knew the truth - the girl we all loved to corrupt... heehee. She's a sweet Southern Belle with a wannabe bad girl with an aggressive fighting spirit and a vault of secrets.

Michael Paul Cicchi
Fort Wayne, IN
Marine Corps Pilot

Michael Paul Cicchi. No, he's not exactly Italian, but if you are he won't make you feel stupid for thinking he's one of you. Someone please pronounce his name right and maybe someday someone will actually spell it right. Maybe someday he'll fly something as stealthy as he is. 4/c billet: "Conley's Mom." Hey, you got paid back with those nutri-grain bars, even if you puked every last one of them. Do you want to borrow a different T-shirt? Do me a favor; you bring something nice to wear! I hope you liked that turkey sub, my brother's fiancée and my scars say thanks! Sorry about many a flying headlock. Who was a bad influence on whom? I'll skip formation if you do! Junior year, second semester: what a scam! Some like it hot! Simpsons and Family Guy surely improved our GPAs. Hey what's going on out there in T-court? Marine Air: all is well that ends well buddy. I'm proud to be your pal. Understood by few, Mike may remain in many ways a mystery man till the end, and that's the way we likes it, because that's the way he likes it!

Thanks Mom, Dad, Chris, JoDi, and Tony. I love you all.

David Lawrence Colberg
Bismarck, ND
Navy NFO

Take off hoser, you've never seen the ocean? From North Dakota, eh. What's that on your lip…we never should have asked. Grab some Barker's, we're goin to the Rock. Aerosmith at "The Pond," your first trip. Why do you call him "Beens?" "She's a sorority girl, she must be cute." Sanders and the prom queen. Party at Sunny's, everybody's gonna be there. Grab a few for the road! My boy, Sharpie, back from O.C. let's check out Courtney's new pad…Yeah, her new roommate is pretty hot…you think you got a chance? 8 1/2 weeks of summer school. Pops, Pics, Beer and sailing…Sorry mom, I won't be home for Christmas. Mussels in Brussels, Heini in Holland…nothing lasts forever. Go left. No, go right…I think it's the transmission. SuperBowl XXXV with Big Joe. That was an expensive night! Drivin' to "The Burgh." Sky Diving. Blackbeards…rise and shine, it's breakfast time! Road trippin' it…Daytona…hey Nate, you think that overhang is high enough? I asked him to hold my beer. Pullin' g's with the cuz. Thank God for Jane…she's definitely a trooper. Mark can get us free pitchers, can't he? Yo V, J.C. give thanks to Montreal. 944…wouldn't trade a minute. The dude abides…

Terence Anthony Coleman
San Antonio, TX
Surface Warfare

It started with out with me and you always gettin at each other's throats, but eventually it developed into a good friendship. You will always want to say somethin to start trouble, but that's just your way of having fun. T-Nas...Nasty...what a name for the all american good guy...jack and jill......dont bust ya gun......Texan brotherhood...u my boy 4 life. Let me see them hands T, you probably washed them off. Remember all the times we would just see something, and be like...."Mmmm Hmm.:" (The steakhouse) We would've never known that are families were so close if GOD hadn't planned on both of us being here. I can always count on you to listen to a story or keep my secret from those with big mouths. I appreciate you being the bruh that you have been. Tellino ,T-Nasty ,1/C Dingo! Glad to you finally came out that shell. From the barracks to the Mansion smartest decision you ever made. Our good times have just begun! I'll never forget the pranks at NAPS and the wrestling matches where I had to fight off you, Dre, DT back to back. No matter how we are divided physically, the memories will be with me.

Mark Alexander Conley
Exton, PA
Special Warfare

These are some quotes I have tried to live by: Little things affect little minds. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world. Brave men are all vertebrates; they have their softness on the outside and their toughness in the middle. What great delight it is to see the ones we love and then to have speech with them. Life streamed through him in the splendid flood, glad and rampant, until it seemed that it would burst in him asunder in sheer ecstasy and pour forth generously over the world. The problem is not that there are problems – the problem is expecting otherwise and thinking that having problems is a problem. Here is the test to find whether your mission on Earth is finished: if you're alive, it isn't. Ring the bells that still can ring, forget your perfect offering, there is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in!

David Michael Crescitelli
El Cajon, CA
Submarine Warfare

I came from San Diego and I hope to return there someday. I me the woman of my dreams there and I will forever call that place my home. Then, there was Mary's land. The road trips to Ocean City to play volleyball, the first time I saw it snowing, and the people I met. I will never forget the airport in Michigan all four years, driving the vans to tournaments, and most of all beating VT in Reno baby, RENO!!! I thank the Ray's, McKinney's, Raaf's, and others that helped me get here to the end of this stage in my life. Rosy, I can't wait to start my life with you and all my bros, may we never lose touch, but always find a way to come together and celebrate the blessings we have been given. Most of all, I thank the Lord my God for His guidance and hand in my life.

Michael Richard Dillon
Sicklerville, NJ
Surface Warfare

Michael Dillon, better known to all as Beans. Where that nickname came from or how it stuck, no one will ever know. A less then typically "Jersey boy" that really got sick and tried of all the turnpike jokes, it is exit 3 just in case you forgot. Spend a lot of time in the local watering holes in DTA with CC, BF, SC, JB, PG, CL, MB, JN and DD. Probably should have studied history instead of a computer science that way he wouldn't be remember as the dumb kid in the smart kid's major. Had my fun doing the ops thing first semester because I got to tell SJL what I really though and then really wised I hadn't. Got to see the country with a great group of guys for free, thanks Navy Wrestling. It has been a blast living here for the last four years at the Boats School thanks to my great friends: CC, JN, BF, SC, JB, PG, CL, MB, JH, BD, NS, MR, DD and especially because of all my roommates, CL, MW, TC, DC, TM, DC, MO, and PU.

Corey Scott Doney
Coplay, PA
Submarine Warfare

Christian Esquivel
San Diego, CA
Submarine Warfare

The pride of SoCal, Christian has developed into the biggest mooch in the class of 2002. Even as we write this, he's wearing Mike's shirt, Sam's socks, while using John's laptop. He has fared pretty well though, harvesting considerable hand-me-downs from his roommates. If Christian were a "Mystery Man," he'd most certainly be the Sphinx, a man of a few, yet profound words. He managed to remain completely unknown to the plebes (or even his roommates) for months on end. When not studying (which is not often), he has engaged in voracious Internet dating. So when he wasn't receiving care packages from his "Amor," he could be found at a neighborhood restaurant playing credit card roulette with his buddies. He has competed at squash, internet cribbage, racquetball, badminton, and even a short stint as a boxer during the four years. A man of drive, he has never hesitated to sacrifice his time and energy to help his mates (believe me, we've all needed it). You can be my wingman anytime! -SLF, JAA, MJH

Sam Fellman
Golden Valley, MN
Surface Warfare

Remember smokin' the bluntz up on fo'-fo'!? Those were the good dayz back then! Whoa, sorry, got caught in the 'moment' of reading all the "cool guys" bios... Anyway, some of the best and funniest memories anyone could have had at the Academy have to include Sam Fellman somewhere in the story. Plebe year... and the award for most locked on plebe goes to: the Buffett King of Minneapolis... for always squaring his corners while bathing, and insisting that his roommates call out the correct commands for him to properly exit the shower. Youngster year... and the award for midshipman involving himself in a situation most likely to appear on a newspaper's front page: Felldog... posing with his cigar, in uniform (SDB jacket unbuttoned, hand in pocket (he has a habit of making up his own uniforms)), in DTA by a Washington Post reporter doing a story on midshipmen life. Second class year... and the award for biggest goofball most likely to make a bad Ring Dance date even worse: Felldog... Your date's name is JILL! Firstie year... most likely to be found dining at the China Buffett discussing Bond movies (best movie: From Russia With Love, best Bond girl: Mary'am D'abo, best stunt: Asgard jump) or analyzing the world's problems (mostly just girls). Finally, the award for being one of my best friends and best roommates over the past 4 years: Sam Fellman... Thanks for always watchin' my back and keepin' it real. -JAA

Robert Arnold Frantz III
Falls Church, VA
Navy Pilot

Robert Arnold Frantz III, also known as Rob, Robbie, or Bob, was one of the Academy's biggest little men; though he appeared to be on the heavyweight side, he was really only large enough to play for the Sprint Football team. In four years as an aero major, Bobbie managed to maximize results from minimum work; indeed, it became his art form. Another of his many arts was the art of argument- easy enough for someone who knows everything. I mean, he does, just ask him… When he wasn't driving back and forth to Baltimore or Falls Church, our boy was on the road performing with the Men's Glee Club. In his four years as a mid, he bought two cars, a pace which will see him in deep and serious debt in very short order. In truth, Rob is a loyal and dependable friend, always there in time of need and never there a moment too soon… often, several moments after the fact. But be that as it may, Bob is going to Texas to learn how to be a flyboy, putting his years of study by the Severn to good use.

Mike Holmes
Jacksonville, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

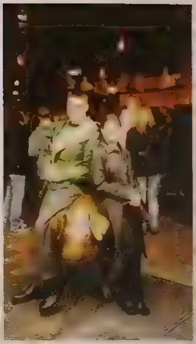
TOP FIVE THINGS WE LOVE ABOUT MIKE:

5. He's a die-hard fitness nut and just the guy you'd want with your room to win a workout competition (not there was any real competition due to n-ebs (sorry 4328))
4. A perpetually single fella, he makes a great wingman who's always willing to lend a hand, even if that means making the ultimate sacrifice.
3. How he tells you about his near accidents and the times he's fallen asleep while driving. For Mike, no drive is too far when it comes to snowboarding, girls, or friends (he just needs to drink lots of coffee).
2. He has the subtle, persuasive ability of changing the topic of any (and all) conversations with him to nuclear physics.

And the #1 reason 4330 loves Mike...
Endless SNL quotes, all the time! Ex. "I will leave you IN!"

Good luck in the Corps, Mike, we all know you'll fit right in (maybe they've got a Physics team or something). -SLF, JAA

Benjamin William Johnson
Indianapolis, IN
Surface Warfare

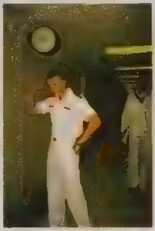


Ben, aka CC, aka (Hinterlands) Beast, aka Iceman. Say "panties." Or paranoia. The kid can talk forever – "Hey, so then my grandma, she's from Northern Minnesota, real good lady…" Always with the advice, but can you possibly know everything about everything? Beast is and always will be the only man ever to cut weight for CAT II weigh-ins. A creature of habit with a systematic routine for everything: shave, email, class, email, workout, email, homework, email, IM, email, bed, repeat as necessary. You never did break a Midreg, did you – probably because it wasn't in your planner? Uhh, remember those nights spent pounding 'za in steerage? That…was…awesome! The alarm clock of doom (thanks for nothing, Teresa) ensuring you had enough time in the morning (three hours) to pluck the brow. Second Semester Company Commander, you told everyone "I will freakin' fry you!" but of course never really did – just too damn nice (at least, that's what you always tell us). Dependable, honest, willing to do just about anything for anybody (except leave your chair). The surface Navy couldn't have asked for a better officer, and we couldn't have asked for a better friend. Good luck and God Bless, MP, CD.

Ryan Rugel Long
Anchorage, Ak
Navy Pilot

Roogs, the only American who's proud to be from Canada – although he claims not to live in an igloo, there must be some reason they pay him to live in Alaska. Who would have thought the smiling red head would become a smiling Plebe detailer. He gave free powder lessons during Spring Break ski trips: Austria, France, Colorado, and the Irish Pub, "Where you skis at?" Anyone who visited him in Alaska left with fond memories of being drug up the mountains in his backyard, "Hey Matt, that hot girl just hit me with a rock." Neglecting his entire college education for small airplane flying, it was not uncommon to hear, "I have two tests tomorrow, let's go flying." Always up for Theological 'discussions' at 2 in the morning and no, Atlantic City is not mentioned in the Bible (although a fool and his money are soon parted – lesson learned). Look out Naval Aviation because "Fighter pilots don't drive fast cars, they drive Corolla's." Jer 29:11-13. MW,CN,NL,CM

Clarence Edward Loomis
Adams, NY
Marine Corps Ground



Loomis...What? He has a first name? It's what? He always wanted to be a pirate or a super hero…at least he has a pirate friend. Too smart to fail out and too stubborn to quit. Can you really be addicted to animal crackers? What about PT? Tattooed white trash through and through! Its come to an end, and to sum it up, two song quotes: "If we weren't all crazy, we'd all be insane."(Jimmy buffet for you cultural infidels) and "Long may you run" (Neil young for you uneducated folk). if you knew me, then you know what really should be written here and we have our memories together. If you didn't know me, then you wouldn't understand anyway. The memories: Naps zoo with wags and toddo. Plebe year with NL, CM, Gontarz, FT, KH. Tailgating with the guys..lead on fella's. Youngster year w/DJC. 2/c year: movie nights w/ AJ (one of my best friends), drunken tailgaters, kickin' it with mo and beans, and DTA. 1/c year: chillin as the adj with the magnificent chen and AE, lifting with tommy. Thanks to my friends: CS, BW, CM, MW, JC, AE, AJ, TC, and CD. I made it back home.

Nathan Walter Lyon
Mont Vernon, NH
Navy Pilot

This soon to be naval aviator already puts Maverick to shame. He certainly procured the qualifications of a naval officer after enduring a hellacious semester rooming with the man known simply as Trazzie (not to mention his experiences under the tutelage of the Big Dog- squad PT anyone??) He has the uncanny ability to goad people into doing things, as evidenced by such devious plots as sending Trazzie into Debo+Frucci's room to do the RABU … Remember SDB Fellman? He doesn't take too kindly to those drunks who attempt to mount up in his rack with him (at least when his roommates are awake). Salvy's jaw is still sore from his ferocious kick. An early Med "cruise" led him to stumble upon one Fireman Jenkins. What was he using those rags for again? Notorious for spring break trips with the ski crew, he refuses to back down from the claim that east coast skiers are far superior to those from the West. He often answered the question "where your skis at?" And who could forget Tyrolean Party Night and a pullup workout in downtown Innsbruck? The consummate professional who should, at least in his own mind, always be colorman and who never finishes a long, hard day without the call to "mount up!"

Graham Kevin McAllister
Sand Springs, OK
Surface Warfare

Gramma, OOOHYYYYIIIHIHHHIIIYIYYYY, What will your kids look like? Do the Slydell face! "OOH, wanna play 3-5-7 Graham?" Plebe and youngster JOE, Graham turned to the darkside, "She had a stone neck right Graham?" Chicago late night grindin' on the riverboat interrupted by Matt Wright, The real 'fingaz' "No Jenny, he's sleeping!" "Hey man, let's fight, then the trash bag slams into your face!" Real cool dude! The biggest mouth we know for a 165 pounder. Stay long, extra endurance C's. puking in the room, "I gotta take a nappy-poo or a tinkle!" "Hey Graham, shouldn't you be working out to pass that PRT we have coming up." "Let us off this ship!" USS HAWES, Risk, "Let's drink some beeb's!" "Not lobster man… SEMPER SWO! FAS, MPO, CRS, TO, ENM, RGS, DAD

Renee Michell McKee
Virginia Beach, VA
Surface Warfare

A.K.A Shaneenee, Nee Nee, SWO MAMA. You have touched more lives than you will ever know. Party animal then came Colin. Sure, I can drive in snow, how do I get out of this ditch? Let's go to Tracy's. Wedding planning with Colin and Leigh. Studying in the Bat Cave with Mike, Pete, and Ryan. "Programs and hw have come and gone but the memories of late nights will last forever"-Ryan "Takes real dedication to get up that early and not even row. Crew only kept CJ around just so we can have you as manager."-Guy "Batt Staff Duo with the AC, carpet, kitchen suite. Beautiful on inside and outside and CJ knows it-that dude lucked out. B-Day escapades in Ol' Betsy. Thanks for tylenol and water. I should have slept on floor like you but fell anyways. You're a sleep talker from way back, call your friends, I'll hand you Pooh Bear anytime." –Leigh "I know you tire of me saying this, but I thank God that you are in my life. I hope everyone can find even half the happiness and love that I have found in you." –Pooh ~ Mama, Daddy, couldn't have done it without you.

Todd James McKinney
Mars, PA
Surface Warfare

T-O, T-O Dabba, T O double D, T-ADD- outta P-burg Cheer dem Steelers.. about time 6 years long time to get that paper. can't forget NIMMI and NAPS 1-2 ghetto… Dude, sweet man. Awesome dude. what can I say, my mentor. Plebe summer Christmas music playin, but we're stayin. FBI agents on Beans. Chief Way? Throw your cake out the window again, man.. can't do formations. You cover me, I cover you. Chicks. Pramanti's. Pens. New Years…the hicag. Late night chats about nothing. hope you hire an out of work aviator one day. Tried to kill me in my Saab up at NAPS. Always shady with the ladies…always unnamed Nap-town biddies...DTA steez all da time.. ask Oly what up with the revolving door anyway. Yo- Shut up. Ear hole baby… never know where it's going,. Dissed me for EK in Newport, there for the Hollins Brawl won't forget it. Picking me up on 50east (Didn't see that one coming) back for detail.. PC's me and Sonny in the Cherokee Jawn.. didn't know what to do ZORRO...in at 3, PEP 4:30…no thang. Racin back the Turnpike… Don't hate on the shoulder coach. Tailgating PA crew…Orlando ND game at Trip's.. Newport 3rd time, who cares about the SAT for pilots. I made it cuz …Love you man …boyz forever..BP, MPO, DWC, CRS, FAS

Cole Muller
Hatboro, PA
Submarine Warfare

A math wizard, card shark, and fieldball magician, this guy is destined for greatness. Records actually show that he has the highest QPR-to-hours worked ratio in USNA history. And yet he still finds time to memorize in detail any stat regarding every sport. (Duke?, Braves?, Lions?, aren't you from Philly???) Nothing like playing the baseball name game at the Bistro with him… Not sure if his pro fieldball league idea will ever work out, but he's probably got that figured out too. Its all a crap shoot, right? By the way, did he really lose six large bones at the Taj?!? Picking horses, trading stocks, talking with "Peewee" for hours about connect-the-dots (Don't know about those math whizzes..). That's the mystique that surrounds the man, and while we may never know what goes on inside his head, one thing is for sure – his name will be recognized in circles far wider than ours in the not-too-distant future.

Christopher William Newport
Pennington, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Chris came to us from the armpit of America a.k.a. "God's Country". His intellectual curiosity was unmatched and ruined his senior year. A budding extreme skier, always looking for new powder to conquer on spring break. He's also been known to conquer other feats while on vacation ("the arrangement"). Never one to disappoint women on their birthdays he earned a name from JMU to Bucknell. Who can forget Tyrolean party night? Newps, have you seen my baseball? Can you hold my wallet? "Dude, she was a 10". A baller yes; a player no. We should all buy cars off ebay, fall into bushes and wander into Mexican turf farms. "I can't go out tonight guys. I have to ride my bike for 12 hours tomorrow. I'm on this new program where I sustain my heart rate at 250." Despite his best efforts, he'll probably never be the nerd he wants to be, try as they might to convert him in Charleston. Good luck on Subs, you're lucky there are no T-bars underwater. It's been a good run, watch out for tin foil, 30 rack's on the head, permanent markers, and those psycho girls.

MAW, Roogs, Slinger, Steve, T$, The Zebra, Felldogg, Squivel, Brig, NL, CM, MC

Matthew Pennebaker Olson
Winfield, IL
Navy Pilot

Nice hair man, Olie, Modogg, the Oscope, the man from Wheaton, you call it the Hicag, Feshman year baseball… "You Bird!" "Dibble Stop hitting me!" One year with coach MAC, forget baseball lose 35 lbs. for little giants, YOLSON, goat court madness, made TO throw his cake out the window. "Hey GONTARZ, why don't you get out of here?" All the late night poker games, Peace Traz! Steelers games in the 'Burgh. Dice, you scumbag! The Bullit, New years in the hicag, "Where's your sister? Who knows man." "Oh my God, It's the Vet!!! Ahhhhhhhh! Nah man, I don't do practice, I only ball in games." "Raz, get me more aspirin, I'm dying hero." "Hey scumbag, be a Marine, it will be fun! Nah man, I hate working out." Girlie fun, "Yo, she was 30 dude, and she has kids!" Guys, I'm going out with Laurie, which one?" And the ever-classic quote, "I know the look, and I know women!" We all know who that was for. Cancun, Oh my god the lines you gave 'em! How bout the utility closet Olson? "You need to check the scores or something?" and lastly… HOLLA, here's to you OLS! Naval A-V-I-A-T-O-R! FAS, DAD, CRS, GKM, TJM, RGS, MDT ENM.

Meghan Iris O'Mara
Plantation, FL
Navy Pilot

Megs- the Water Polo player, highland dancer, and crew team multi-task member. Didn't she date an Eskimo or something? We couldn't resist or regret a bet that created so much talk and fun and lasted so long. What are friends for if not to help you win some mardi gras beads and cash on your birthday? And on nights when we probably should have been working, we could always be found wasting time in Rage with Mike and Mark. On other nights we came stumbling back from Sean Donlons to the Pink Zeebra. And oh and the trophies that were won and stolen... from SEALs in Coronado and those from our friends horses and houses, although we probably should have left them alone. Before there was a Meagan and Meghan to get confused between, there was the fabulous four who won big. Now there is and will always be friendship and talking and late night runs and dancing and FUN.

Matthew Raynard O'Neal
Lawton, OK
Surface Warfare

Enter the Black Man - BM arrived at USNA straight out of high school, and his most memorable experience during plebe summer was learning how to shave. He figured it all out within 4 days, and he has his 2 plebe summer roommates to thank for their detailed descriptions of the correct technique: "Just put it [the razor] on your face and move it!"

Plebe year was filled with catchy academy phrases like "you're done," and "lock it up!" Sometimes, if you're lucky, you might still catch Matt in the middle of one of these phrases; but if he's talking to you, watch out for flying elbow smashes, getting kicked in the teeth, kicked somewhere else, busted up, gettin' broke off sumthin', or choked out. Matt was occasionally known to choke out or break the knees of those who lived on the opposite side of the room, but only if he was pissed off.

He is generally a laid back kind of guy. Youngster year, he found a new enthusiasm in the Lord and hasn't turned back. He uses his passion for music to make that joyful noise that you might have heard about.

Matt entered the SWO community, feeling led that direction, so he's heading out to the fleet to make some noise on a ship – hopefully not the broken knees kind of noise.

Michael Aaron Perez
Vandalia, OH
Navy Pilot

Mike, aka Smoove P, aka P-rez ("I hate that"). The gargoyle, perched high atop your rack, arising after a long night of sleep talking- "Mom, I don't want to go to Alaska!" Nestled under three blankets when it's eighty degrees out, convinced that your natural body heat is somehow higher than every other human being's. Oh well, now you can sleep in the N-Sweater. Defensive End and letter-winner on the Intergalactic Champion Sprint Football team, finally some credit where credit is due. Some unnecessary touching, but hey, can you back down from a dare? For example, the MV bikini trap. Long weeks followed by weekends of partying?.. No, studying and talking to Rosy-tempered, of course, by the semi-annual Mike's Hard. Seriously, tequilla is way better. And when it comes to women, college park has nothing on Mexico City. The name fits in, but the accent needs a little work. Conscientious gedunk-box objector, 21st birthday at Pattons and what? No Snoop Dogg on karaoke? We'll just make our own then. We were always able to make our own good times, thanks to you. Don't forget the USNA days-like we would ever let you forget anything. P-you are a stand up guy (even sitting at your desk 14 hours a day), and a great friend.So, do you fly the plane AND hand out the mail? Stay on target.. Good luck and God Bless, CD, BJ

Craig Ross Salveson
Williston, ND
Navy Pilot

DAKKKKOOOTTAAAAAA! What a great roommate, quiet in the corner, never uses the phone as much as Graham does. Jamaican Sunburn! Supper? Pick up? "You are in your combine, you know, cutting your wheat? You know what I'm saying? No man, I don't!" "Yo Salvy, I got seconds." "Salvy, just go apologize to her, No way man!" Coolest long-term girl in the bunch... Almost tricked him and his roommate into going USMC... he's too savant though. Kickin' Raz's butt on Pacific Beach, cause he had the liter too. MUSTANG KING! "Salvy is that a '67? No dummy, '65, you like Japanese cars too much." I can't believe you landed on the ship. "Salvy, let's get some SIM time." Lobster man. "Salvy, don't you have practice? Yeah I'm not going." NTT was cool man. "Let's drink some beebs!" Navy Pilot, the best and brightest. FAS, MPO, GKM, TJM, RGS, ENM, DAD, MDT

Leigh Catherine Shannon
Hampton, NH
Navy Pilot

Leigh-Leigh, Irish Vixen, star goalie tough-girl and lucky Irish firecracker. Congrats to the buffed out surfer babe who taught me you can have a 'pool party' in the dead of winter on a ski trip I will never forget. Oh, and no matter what you say, Guinness doesn't make you run faster. Wicked best roommate ever, take your friends? you don't remember falling out of bed last night? dirt under desk, chunks under trunks, I heard that! 33 double lucky specops screener dolphins and demos determination of a pit bull. Cali got eggs? oops but grade A! Where were you 2/C year? Riding off into the sunset with CRC or camping out in 6460 Why do good girls like bad guys? You skipped your ring dance to surf? Kid in a candy shop, skydives, trips to the shed, oreos and giant gumballs, put some stank on it! Never forget 10/5 pft shamrock signs and all - guess you'll have to settle for navy pilot. Rocks rough and tough with her lucky puffs – smoke em if you got em. A true friend and a true inspiration Slainte RM SB EM. It's calm under the waves - Mom, I know my angels...

Timothy Edward Steigelman
Camarillo, CA
Surface Warfare

Timbo. Great friend and great mind: definitely someone you want on your side. Although quick to argue, he would always listen. Caring, compassionate and completely selfless. Remember all those fun classes? Arguing the finer points of life at the Academy? Common Sense? Sushi with DMB? Stay true and kick butt out in the Fleet! JMM

Tim, or "Steigs" to his classmates (and always Timmy to his mom and dad), will most likely be remembered for his uncanny ability to make work out of a political science curriculum. Something went awry in this California kid and planted in him the fiercest work ethic around. It didn't matter if it was a paper due two months from now, or plans for the next weekend-Tim would have it planned far in advance, and finalized just minutes before the deadline. Too many times he carried his books out on weekend and, unlike the majority of us, actually read those books cover to cover. Whether it was arguing the finer points of Western Civilization or cramming until the start of the Naval Law exam, Tim was quick to pick an argument, slow to concede a point, and loath to leave his friends out to dry. Despite attempts to escape the Academy to go to a civilian school for his final semester, Tim is preparing to embark on his career, haze gray and underway, in surface warfare.

Brandt Allen Sword
Swisher, IA
Submarine Warfare

Brandt Sword, the old man of the room, finally arrived at the Naval Academy from the good old state of Iowa. We will never forget his stories, like when he threw a full pop can at his brother's head and how he liked to jump off dams, or the time he got a foreign exchange student kicked out of the country. Brandt was the kind of guy who could stay up until 3am, get up the next day at 6 and wonder why he was tired. He worked like an animal, but was easily distracted by his roommates. Matt was always throwing peanuts at him, and Justin always sang songs to him successfully annoying him. "C'mon guys tell me the truth, I'm never going to believe you again." He always believed us when we played on his gullibility. Despite his really big buttons that we always pushed, Brandt was a true and loyal friend. He was very unselfish and had the most honorable set of priorities, God, his shipmates, and lastly himself.

Philip Stephen Ujiie
Long Beach, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Phil Ujiie was a fine and upstanding midshipman who studied even less than he PT'd. He had the unusual capacity to take five three-hour naps a day and then get a good eight hours of sleep during the night, while still managing to get in two to three hours of video games each day…..From his secret weekend rendezvous with his girlfriend to his odd obsession with "your mom" and "deez nutz," Phil was a guy who always kept you interested in what he was going to do next. Despite everything, Phil was always a dependable, entertaining friend who was always willing to give a ride and share his games and computer to desperately bored roommates. The Surface Navy will be getting an excellent officer, if he can ever manage to stay awake….

Meagan Louise Varley
Pittsburgh, PA
Navy Pilot

Meam: The pride and joy of Dorseyville. A small town girl with small town values, big dreams, and an appetite for destruction. Mostly she crushed opposing teams on the Rugby pitch, making it all the way to the top. So she howls and bites like the tiger she is, but down deep she has a great heart and even cries at cheesy movies and commercials. The fun all started youngster year with our delightful singing and dance parties where we were kinda faded but felt alright and we found out that Kris has moves like you've never seen. Then there were the mouths that gaped wide open at that party with exclamations of "Hey will you do that again, please! That was so cool." Its good we knew better (of course the exception had to be made for Bahama birthday fun) And I know I was not the only one impressed at your St Patty's day reign as drinking champ, over Tracy no less! And what would the hall be like without a little scandal, especially the kind that will get you booted no questions asked. Speaking of scandal, I think you brought new meaning to the term summer fling with those E's and O's and some in between. Thanks for all of the good times and for being such a loyal friend. "The supreme happiness in life is the conviction that we are loved — loved for ourselves, or rather, loved in spite of ourselves."
-Victor Hugo

Matthew Kenneth Woehrmyer
Lebanon, OH
Surface Warfare

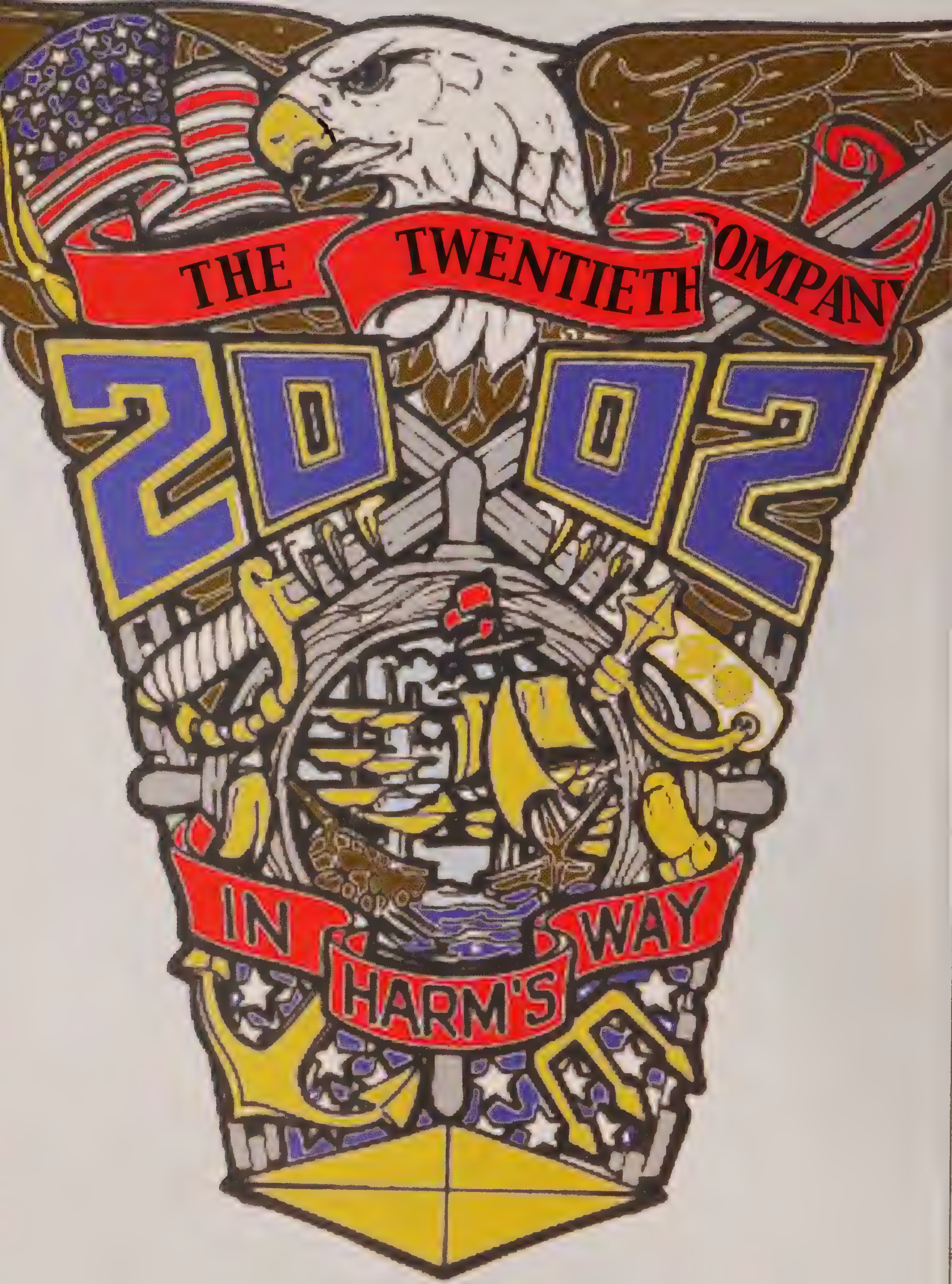
Matt, Mattmo, Mo was the master of clichés and if you could get a five minute story out of him in a half-hour, you'd be lucky. Probably the best internet shopper we know, Mo could commonly be seen playing his guitar that never existed and riding in his Jeep that never ran. Quick to eat a beer, He'd jump through a wall for ya….or throw out his shoulder trying. We tried our best to keep him away from the local high schools, but we could never get him to look us straight in the eye. Domesticated enough to be a meticulous cleaner and dishwasher, but wild enough to get a sweet tat (BEAT ARMY!) N*. A true and loyal friend and brother to all. With all due respect to the "OM", GAMMA RHO PI for life!!! *** Thank you Mom, Dad, Kris, Jamie, Betty Jo, Don and my 230 Gibson Family. I love you all and won't ever forget you!!

Matthew Dennis Williams
Lockport, NY
Submarine Warfare

Matt, otherwise known as Slips (where did that name come from) came to the Naval Academy from the snowed in city of Lockport, New York. Seven feet of snow how do you get out of your house? "Work work work, that's all that you ever do" until the weekend comes and the disappearing act occurs, what don't you like to stay here on the weekends? Youngster and 2/C year = Delaware the college away from "college", Firstie year = Baltimore and Fells Point, the college days were done when Kate graduated. Don't you have work to do other than thinking up pranks? No towels and Brandt's underwear in front of the window, "Matt what do you mean that woman from Iowa was actually you, her husband was you too?" "Hey Matt is there a red dot on my forehead, I think there is someone watching us through the window." "JUSTIN, shut the hell up." "BRANDT, turn off that damn alarm." Mice 3 Us 2, the mice will not win, damn we hate those things. Con locker = pantry. Where do you get all that food from? How do three roommates who all wanted to end up going aviation end up going Subs? Pilots, nah lets go swimming see you in Charleston.

Matthew Anderson Wright
Arnold, MD
Navy Pilot

Seeking adventure, excitement, and independence, Matt attended college 5 miles from home. "What the hell is an 'Annapolitan?' He may be a future Naval Aviator, but will always be a politician at heart. "Relax Josh, it's just club." Matt went from being a dirtbag to a stressed out company commander in less than four years. However, in Myrtle Beach he proved incapable of stopping a chick fight. "Chris, I think that was the greatest mistake of my life," then a year later "Oh my God, I think Matt fell in love." In Alaska, he learned what a real mountain is like, TWICE. "I hate it when the top of the hill isn't the top of the hill." Friday night Indian liberty was fun, even if all we did was eat pizza over at your house. "It's all about convenience fellas." Somehow he managed to get through four years of college without ever being caught studying. "Buy a book for once in your life- just because you buy some bathroom supplies it doesn't mean you can use mine." "I'm not playing a video game, I'm saving the world." "I went to the library today for the first time in a year." Although he had some Amish tendencies ("Who cares if it's a Ferrari, it's still just a car."), Matt Wright was someone you could always rely on for good times, laughs, and hospitality in Arnold.


THE TWENTIETH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Eric Michael Boone
Willington, CT
Surface Warfare

The whole existence of Eric Boone can be summed up in the phrase "WTF". Trouble finds him, a Sierra Hotel Charlie youngster year, and earned the nickname OSB and BGB plebe year. (only initials of events will be used to describe most of Boone's doings to protect the "weak"). He is Mr. Fix-it with his trusty companion DP (Boone's Bizzatch). Other nicknames include Boonetang and the Blue Collar Kid. He is a MEMA member and a member of the Snowman fan club. Has his own webpage, www.boonestact.com, Goes out occasionally when "Danger Aungier" lets him. Cruised around 2nd class year in a Caddy with albino spots. Had his driving privileges revoked for burning rubber in a parking lot. Loves to work on cars, loves SAE, and loves the old man in the launch across the river. The "Boone Factor" kicks in and everything starts to break. There is a hole in Rickover to mark his territory. Still has Will's hand print on a miscellaneous part of his.."Clink, glug, glug, kill it". "Sir, WTF," Will help anyone, anywhere, anytime. We Band of Brothers. Greasers.

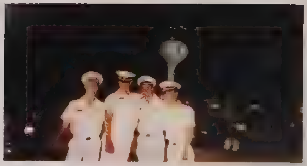
Nathan James Christensen
Lincoln, NE
Surface Warfare

Yeah yeahhh… and so my favorite cornhusker from Nebraska (wait, is that even a state? Is that in the middle somewhere? Are you kidding me, they even have cars in Nebraska?) You ARE the D&B Commander … with your white boy dance… and so much more – awonderful friend, a compassionate leader, and a devoted lover… with a grin and that distinctive laugh, you made people believe in themselves, in life, and in love. Yes, for the five-millionth time, the Cornhuskers did NOT win the national championship. Your laugh is so…. Distinct, that I could pick you out in a cornfield. Remember, if it's 11:30, and you are in a club, please DON'T start "jumpin',jumpin'." Thanks for always lending an ear to listen to all the gripes, complaints, and daily tribulations of everyone's favorite redneck. Finally, take care of my Southern Sista for as long as you live. Therefore, one must realize the caveat to writing 80 page theses that thou shalt not speak in "essay." Hey, where did you learn to dress like that? Oh wait, that was your girlfriend's idea. J I've never met anyone more patient and understanding with a heart of gold to match. Je t'aime mon petit chouchou! - ACV, MGS KEC

Zachary Keith Cole
Virginia Beach, VA
Surface Warfare

Four years by the bay came and went, but now its back to Virginia Beach for new brand of Navy fun. So how did a kid with a dream to fly, and a submarine heritage choose SWO? Zach was a man on a mission to find an answer to the golden question: "What ship would you say has the lowest optempo?" With weekends spent with Sarah in Charlottesville (his happy place) or at the Grandparents' in Baltimore, the goal was to make it through another week. Earned a degree in Computer Science, but that didn't mean the company mislo could ever fix your computer. The company printer was his specialty and even that only worked occasionally. Committing the greatest sin of all (staying up past 2230) earned Trip a spot on the other side of the room, but that just meant harassing Matt became the favorite pastime. You and Zach would get along fine as long as you'd agree that there is no donut better than the Krispy Kreme and conversations are meant to be carried out at a reasonable volume. He's off to make waves with the Gator Navy. Fair winds and following seas.

Victor Daniel Costello
Graniteville, VT
Navy Pilot



Victor Delta" was a man born eighty years too late. Vic could not have been happier than to have died in the trenches of WWII, his face caked in mud and an M1 in his hand. As a connoisseur of such swingin' crooners as Darin and Sinatra, Vic's tastes lay in Big Band and Big (Jersey?). Trapped as he was in this decade, Vic filled the void with hobbies such as exhaustive military historical research or hunting for the elusive PRDD. It's been fun just to come along for the ride-RM. As plebe summer squad mates, my first impression of Vic was when he accidentally squirted our squad leader in the eye and laughed in his face. It didn't surprise me to find out that he was quite the funny man. Vic loved to play it off by saying "What? What's so funny?" I can't imagine how things would have gone without Vic's entertainment. "PAAUUL!" "Paul, one more picture!" "Lets go lift," "Abs together… " I'll never forget the many tangents throughout the four years. "The tape recorder, learning Italian, Joyce, MacNee, frustration with the system, playing pool, stops for gelato." Now we look ahead to our lives outside of USNA and DTA.. Navy Pilot! I know one thing for sure, Vic has been, and always will be, a great friend and a positive role model. God Bless. "Yo, out." –T-Bear "I'm going on some ship in Bahrain, the Hopper?!" Sammy, Garcias, Counch.. "I'm gonna put a bayonet through someone's skull!" Where would we be without those memories? "Wooo Haaaa" –MC "Academy High-Five"

Paul McLoud Dort
Needham, MA
Navy NFO

This hardcore Bostonian came to the academy weighing a massive 120 pounds. Over "plebe" summer, I really didn't even notice the "Samurai" until that one afternoon when he was asked to check his pulse. I've never met someone with his somewhat confrontational personality. "Turn around" "Face forward" It was humorous to me and after hanging out a bit, we became roommates for two years. "Every time I swear, give me a punch" "PAAUUUULLLLLLL!!!" Going to the academy wasn't always the greatest, but it was more bearable with friends like you. Thanks. Good luck with your endeavors! -TJR Roommate, good friend, boxer, bouncer, just an all around tough guy. We've had some great times here, not to mention the great system. "The numbers have to work out, sorry" I'll sum up our mutual thoughts, MAWATA. Four long years by the Bay that have flown by. I'll never forget all the stuff we did to get through this place, "Yo, wanna play Sin?" "Yo, McCain" "Yo..yo yes?" "Sh— man!" "The many faces of Paul Dort" "Paul, one more picture" "Running in place" "FPP" "Cape Cod" "I'm such a loser" "Hard-core Bostonian" "She's just a friend!" "Mangia's" and most importantly "Academy High-Five!" Good luck with everything in the future."Yo......out" -VC

James William Ferguson III
Cordova, TN
Marine Corps Ground

With a name like "Trip", a southern drawl, and a bow-legged walk, you know Trip's from some crazy place like Memphis the minute you meet him. Trip was, should we say, somewhat "uptight" when he arrived at Annapolis. "Either you turn in the electric razor to the detailers or I will." Since then, Trip has progressed to the status of "less uptight." Though he still eats dinner everyday at 5:15 sharp, he rises at the later hour of six. Really, you've come a long way Trip. I mean, two weeks between haircuts now?!? As an authentic Memphis kid, Trip represents his city well, albeit sometimes with blatantly false statements. "I swear, THIS is the year for Memphis Basketball." Trip got the "practical" car – an F-150 extended cab. Trip is nothing if not truly generous. "Hey, I've got this one guys – a round of waters." Speaking of bar quotes, "What do you think, one more, then head out?" Ferg – always stylin' w/ the khakis and tennis shoes. Trip knew he would choose Marines for a long time – about 5 min. before we picked. Good luck, Trip. You've been great to all of us and we'll miss you, bro.
OC, Dlip, MFJG.

Megan Michel Fine

Williamsville, NY

Navy Pilot

It was the best of times,it was the worst of times: "Miss Fine, do you have a question?" A definite candidate for decaff coffee, does she ever stop laughing? It is important to laugh at yourself, but it is also important to laugh at other people. At this rate she will live forever. Having survived the pangs of electrocution, man-eating docks, the raging Severn, and West Point, she is the perfect partner for any misadventure, or road trip. That is, if you can find her. It is a wonder how she ever gets anything done with her hectic schedule of liberty, eating, sleeping, and constant procrastination? "Let me here you say REDUNANCY." You could ask her the time and she would tell you how to build a watch. With all the songs she has to write, it would be time to time to fly. All that is really left to say is: ANYWHOOO!!!!!! -thanks, your partners in crime. "Family are the friends you get stuck with, Friends are the family you choose." I lucked out all around, thanks for everything, etc... You're the best ever! Love, Megs

Justin Allen Fishburn

Boise, ID

Marine Corps Ground

Jimb1313 yeah, yeah we know what it stands for. Where the hell is Idaho? Take off your clothes for El Nino. Yut APRIL yut. 64' caddy convertible. Durham, prayers, wendy's. Stealing coaches jacket, and your damn money.. IM string of letters. Midgets. True meaning of 2nd class come-around. Blowin it up dark alley. Beer Man Bang. Shiny things. My dad did a thing or 2. Back of pick up truck. Whip cream chick. 2 flights of stairs, give me the keys. Is the Mute talking. NO. Thanks for getting me thru Chem OSO. Dedication speech-Balla what? Winning is not a sometimes thing. CC plebe summer. 3 stripes soccer. Intro. myself to JOEY the right way. Yut marines…I-day loving needles. Jump joey jump. "trust me I am your roommate I know whats best for you." Fighting psu. Now or never. Giving everything you got. Never broke a rule. Would not trade this for the world. Spring break crew. Joey, Flob, Doc, Oso, Hans, Predator – Does not get better than them. "The best". Have had the best times. Mom, Dad, Bro, Sis can't say enough. I love you so much. GOD BLESS……

Kristopher Nathaniel Hefner

Belpre, OH

Special Operations

He is a man known and loved by all. Those who have met him have been forever proud to have known him. Whether they call him HEF, HefDawg, Hugh, Rage, or Kris, one things is certain, he is a force to be reckoned with.

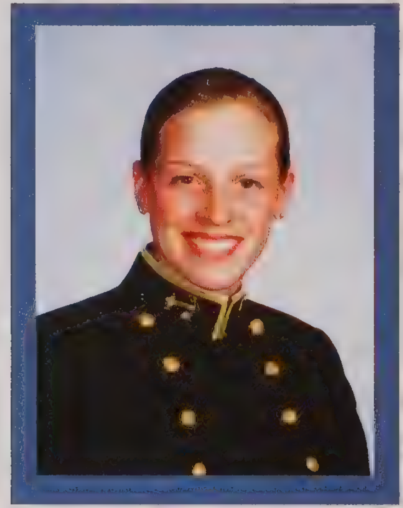
In his time at the Academy, Kris has maintained 3 childhood passions in his life: Martial Arts, Basketball, and most importantly, women. To those who know him, he is a man of humility, character, and respect for everyone. Maybe those are the lessons he gained from growing up in the small town paradise of Belpre, OH. Always treat women with respect and serenade them with the melodic sounds of the guitar.

We can expect Kris to be busy running Special Operations missions in the Middle East, or maybe see him in plainclothes looking after the President. He might even own a computer business when he settles down. In his off time, he will be found surely at the golf course or on the road training for his next Marathon. Might see him in a bar or two tossing back a couple and burning up the dance floor. Is the world ready for Kris? We'll know soon enough.

Nathan Andrew Hood

Ceres, CA
Surface Warfare

Nate, Chunky Style, The Skinniest Fat Kid, 20th Company Cartman…Nate came from Ceres California where he was the big man on campus. That speaks volumes about Ceres. From the beginning of Plebe summer he was confident in his all his abilities and knew he was about the have the "best year of his life." The end of Plebe year brought him to his first OC adventure with the guys where the "Radio Check" kept him from preaching his "genius" upon all stuck in the car with him and his driving skills (30 U-turns). Youngster year is one we'll never forget due to restriction and the opportunities it provided for us to deplete Nate's ego. I think we took it too far. Singing a certain song complete with drums and whistling made the tours fly by. Another year down and another OC adventure. We had many visitors of all sorts…even ones who were not totally coherent. Junior year brought us to 20th company where during detail Nate showed great attention to detail. Nate's relentless interest in the Plebes (maybe only a certain few) made him a candidate for 20th company commander. With the position came his omnipotence and authoritah. If anyone (even "friends") dared question said athoritah, he wouldn't hesitate to take away their weekends. Maybe the position was too much as it led to a violent episode of convulsions and orders, scarring the Plebes for life. CTK, JVLIII, JWL, DAM, TSO



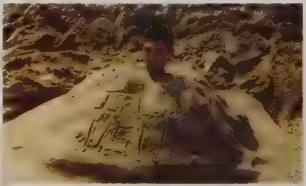
Amy Embury Jones

Salisbury, NC
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Success, happiness, peace of mind and fulfillment…twelve hours before I-day began, there was something radiating from this tall-drink-of-water across the inlet at Carol's Creek. From record breaking relays, to outsmarting the male gender, to morning practices, afternoon practices, lifts, projects, exams, and cross country adventures – this ultimate partner in crime, best friend, and inspiration exudes energy and a love for life... what do you do when your tent blows away? Eat ice cream…always on the go…and still nothing but pink, peach and sunshine..must be something in NC..they make 'em hyper over there….there is no such thing as can't..she knows it..nuke power..sure..global environment..sure..stuff going on in the oceans..sure..youngster cruise..sure.."life" in general, strawberries, blueberries..mmmm, yeah..Fourth Class, Second Class...what's the difference...four or one ...doesn't matter …finally, she got saved by C ... Anyways, what do you feel like doing today... I can't decide...BC..why not..England...why not? I guess dreams do come true for those who work while dreaming sweet dreams ..Who knew Thelma and Louise were USNA graduates? Watch out world for this amazing individual and an even better friend and roommate…a star that always shines in the darkness of adversity…thank you for the great four years, thank you for being a true friend…I wish you the best in whatever you do and wherever life takes you. Best of luck.

Chad Thomas Kalocinski

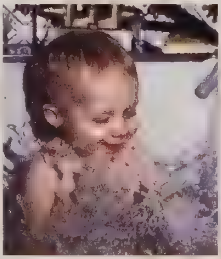
Willow Springs, IL
Surface Warfare



Chad joined us from Chicago to be the star of the Navy Water Polo and Swimming Teams. He took the strain for all of us by living with "Francis" during plebe summer. His e-mail stunts made him infamous throughout the brigade early in plebe year. We will never forget Chad, "the egg," getting chased by "seamen" in King Hall. Second Semester roommate caught looking at CWD! And who will ever forget when Chad sat in the pie, and Charles' reaction. Our first trip to OC, "JOE! JOE! LISTEN TO ME JOE JOE! JOE! Chad's chat with the Battalion Commander signaled the end of our plebe year. Chad was suckered into the restriction crew early into youngster year. He kept us all sane with his humor and his jokes about Chunky-Style. He was the whistler of our tour trio. He was also the only mid to clear out the Rotunda during restriction muster on a daily basis. Set a new eating record youngster year on our second trek to OC. He had a big summer ahead of him with an exciting surface cruise from Norfolk to exotic Annapolis, MD. Took part in "Operation Frosty" and "Operation hit the 'Dant with a Water balloon." The next summer was full of excitement with a pleasure cruise on the USS Denver and a trip down to Dive School. The SWO world won't be able to hold him for long because he is destined for EOD. "C'MON!!!!" JVLIII,CAH,DPR,EAS

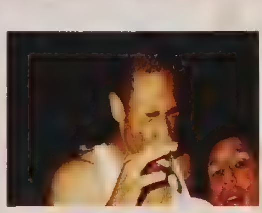
Jonathan William Lang
St. James, NY
Navy NFO

Tough guy New Yorker, and "super cool guy" Jon not only acted the part, but was the part. "Who owns MOUT town!?" Jon owned MOUT town. Famous for his self-induced high-and-tight, and plebe company commander binder. He is a Mech-E genius, at least that's what the test said and you better be sure we heard about it. Famous last words on the beach of Pensacola - "I'm an Italian, Italians don't burn." Best damn plebe summer ops officer I've ever seen, that is if playing video games is in the job description. A regular for Law and Order. Where would he be without Britney? He'll be fulfilling his dream of flying, but I'm sorry Jon, Goose dies. And don't forget to roll down the window, seriously guys. CTK, JVLIII, ZKC- Jon's name calls up two images — the letter V and crayons… Jon's the only guy I know whose face doesn't look the same as it did two years ago. You need to shave, Jon. AWJ- **Langer** Do you do anything besides stare at your computer? You design toilets, so why are you calling my major easy? Oh, the cheese fries at Outback, they sure are yummy. If you want to be in my room you better talk like a New Yorker. I have never heard a back-seat driver whine as much as you, shut up already! And of course I must mention the marvelous hair cut, patches are fine, I guess. I will never forget the night the Diamondbacks beat the Yankees and won the World Series. EAS



Damien Anthony Lipke
Kennewick, WA
Surface Warfare

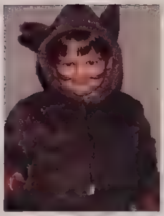
Damien came to us after a year at WSU("Did I ever tell you about the riot?") looking like he walked off the set of Family Ties. "My eyes aren't too good, is that Alex P Keaton?" It was always a treat to be woken up at 4AM to the sweet sounds of Damien styling his hair. He has looked his best since he started his Ultimate Orange + Creatine + vitamin C + dip + coffee + Dalghy Pizza, EAT BIG, LIFT BIG, FEEL BIG, SLEEP BIG, and most importantly LOOK BIG (5'8" 125) workout program, "Water equals mass." Emanates responsibility and sportsmanship in all he does. "Hey man, this is beer pong. There are rules, its not like Vietnam!" The original GAP kid, "hey I can't hear you, you're gonna have to turn your shirt off." The ledge at Keegan's was apparently as comfortable as that Cape Cod girl's embrace. If there is one thing he's not, it's compulsive… "CBIZ is gonna' regroup, I feel it....I need some new clubs, then my golf game will rock" A real polish mechanic with the fan (never works) and "Operation Purchase." "You gonna take a shot? Yeah, why not, I'm on duty." Later, clone. OC, Princess, MFJG.



James Vivien Lomax III
Upper Marlboro, MD
Navy NFO

James "Bernie" Lomax came in a Napster and adhered to his own "Lomax Standards" during Plebe Summer. Had special feelings for a certain detailer. Aided in the survival of "Cheeseburger" Jo and education of T. Bear. Became an "Inkwell" All-American for two years, but came up short for the "Yellow Medal." Always tried to stay away from those "Bernies Girls." Joined the powerlifting team youngster year and was the HNIC in the Hawaiian room as the other two residents were in a fierce competition for rack time. Joined the guys on restriction and was the drummer in the tour-trio. Youngster OC trip he slept with He-J and left the other guys full of questions. Kept his eye on certain Plebes at the start of Junior year. Became know as Dr. Bernie on Midline and offered great advice to many suffering midshipmen. Lost a little weight second semester to the jealousy of Chunky. Just pointed and laughed when Frosty tried to kill Charles. Senior year he began collecting the trading cards and continued attacking the 2/C door on 3rd wing with roommate. Watched *Half Baked* in the wardroom after those visits to the O-Club. "That stuff was the shiznitObangsnipsnapsam!" Took the position as training officer to keep an even closer eye on those "naughty" Plebes. Chose his alpha Plebe for his squad second semester. Always had his sights set on NFO and will have a great time in Pensacola with the sled-dogs. CTK, DPR, CAH

Rion William Martin
Chino Hills, CA
Surface Warfare



The secret to getting through USNA with a smile: Christ, Family, and a brotherhood of friendships and fellowship. 1st Corinthians 9: 24-27, Jeremiah 29:11, Proverbs 3: 5-6, Proverbs 27: 17. Martin, Meat, Joey, Big Kid, Overgrown Hobie. Green Boat/Yacht Boys- thanks Pops, "hey martin bust the worm", Booze cruise "Titanic" flash & "Martin, I am your roommate, I know whats best for you, jump! Wait Martin's going to jail." Martin's hot sisters… what nothing, Con locker stitches, P-nut: first barn & field party, look Martin is psycho plebe Navy football, never on supplements, tuna & eggs, 220-190-230-260-205-230 lbs, informal gourmet SB '00, plebes civvies cars? Ghani & Kevin World Gym. Plebe of 2nd set "sorry speech." PSU Frat fight- HEY MARTIN!! Nice truck. J. Welle quiet time Oceana. Pray, meet Bob #83, and 11 fellas later makes Campus Crusade for Christ @ USNA. Last, the day would never come! 24 May '02

Michael David Martinko
Olmsted Falls, OH
Navy Pilot

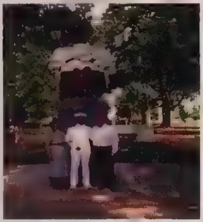
While most people who want to be "Naval Aviators" try to log time in the cockpit of a Cessna, Mike decides to log more hours in the library than the rest of the company combined. There is no questioning his determination to go to the best graduate school the country has to offer. However, while he is one of the few that spends too much time trying to mate with a textbook he is always looking for a buddy to go out to DTA or into the city and hit the clubs. I'm sure nobody will forget the shiny disco shirts he owns, or his dance style to get all the foreign girls in Acme's. Finding a party was always a priority, especially when deciding on Spring Break destinations. There was never a need to ask Mike how his day was going. You could always tell when he called you either a "Rock star" or… something else. I bet you will be the only aviator wearing shirt stays under your flight suit. Good luck in the sky… and in life. We will all be there for you. NMT

Richard Lee McKnight II
Plainfield, IN
Navy NFO

GOOOOO, Navy, Sir. It was the best of times. It was the worst of imes. I've never been so close to being a convicted felon in my life. Who could have imagined that statue climbing was a federal offense? Heavywecrew? What defense can I give? Spring Break rowing in Annapolis snow was penance enough. Do you still have the scars from Ocean City Death-Karting? How about Spring Break in New Orleans? Bourbon Street was like watching a kid in a candy store. Running around the "Un-Quality Inn" in our boxers seemed quite reasonable at the time. I wonder if the hotel staff ever did wash those sheets. Never forget those who shared your habitat. You've learned that "Good Roommates" are hard to come by. Remember the late night rustling Plebe year? How about stinky Italians with brown towels? You can't forget, then, your Woop compatriot, the turf management major. I don't think anyone has ever seen dancing quite like that. Ken, what can I say? I've said more to you with a smile and a nod than I've said to most. I'm glad that you didn't treat me any differently just because I was phenomenally Canadian. Who could forget "Concert Liberty" at Acme, the lady bug and the gay bee, your charming cousin, or hogging night at Griffins (I brought it on myself). I hope you realize that I'd never handle anyone else's duck. It is a shame, though, that you never went camping with that girl from New York. To all my friends, thanks for the memories

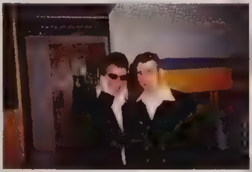
David Mark Meissner
Wauwatosa, WI
Navy Pilot

A taste of real college life at UW Madison couldn't keep Dave away from old USNA. Affectionately called Moose by those who knew him best, there was never a doubt as to where Moose was. If he was chopping anywhere, you could hear him coming everywhere else. The only plebe EVER to actually derig a uniform after every wear. Plebe year's high and tight gave way to the Que-Ball and ended with the wave. Moose was here on a quest for knowledge chasing his dream of becoming an astronaut. Yes, he is a rocket scientist. No one could ever cram more in a chunk of time. Though know-it-all profs and his arch nemesis (the alarm clock) tried, they couldn't keep Moose down. Starting out a sailor, and ending on the intramural field of battle, the sports weren't merely games, they were war. Second class loans are not free money… did Moose get the memo? Who sets up a tent in the middle of T-court? Moose does. Some may call Moose a dreamer, but in the cockpit of his jet with God on his side, Moose is ready to take on the world and beyond.



Julio Arvid Nilsson
Anaheim, CA
Surface Warfare

Julio- now there was a guy with an accent. Did anyone really like that guy? I did. But then, I used to be in his company. He had this llama, see. His best friend, actually. What, was it like, 14 years he was in the Navy before they even let him in here? All those aero classes he struggled with until 3am every night…er, em…well part of that was due to screwing around on the internet, studying so he says. He joined color guard. Why? To get out of everything. That didn't last too long before THEY caught on. The plebes hated him. Not only because he was a jerk to them, but also because he lectured their little ears off. But then, they shouldn't take it too personally. He lectured the heck out of everyone. Even his own sister. He loved training plebes, that's for sure. It certainly became his topic of choice. "Hey Julio, what's up?" "Those plebes are screwing up again"…or "How's your mother, Julio?" "Those plebes are worthless" He tries to single handedly fix all the stupidity in the world. He'll get an ulcer one day.
-SBP



Timothy Sean O'Connell
Evergreen Park, IL
Surface Warfare

Tim's from the South Side of Chicago: Where all the "tuff" kids are from. One of funniest guys you'll ever meet, Tim's quite a guy to room with. "No, no, I'll be management, YOU be labor." Tim drives in the fast lane on the highway of success - i.e. maxed-out credit card, disconnected cell phone, "muscle car" (93 Sundance). Quite the military appearance: "When's the last time you had your haircut? Well, I bleached it last week, Marine." Never one to pass up an opportunity to tell the Waffle House waitress how beautiful she looks. That's "just my style." Quite the ladies man…"that's not a sorority, that's just a bunch of fat chicks that hang out together!" Perhaps the best-known YP experience in the fleet. "Anyone want to take a trip to Erie PA?" Arguably the best kid to sit next to while riding the pine. Turned 21 late but didn't let that slow him down. "Just put the garbage can back in his room, man." What a great block party. "Me, I'm stickin' to ginger ale from now on" is often heard from Tim on a Saturday night. Tim's always there for you, unless he's spotting you in the weightroom (thanks).
Dlip, Spag, MFJG.

William Joseph Parish
Dallas, TX
Navy NFO

Almost like UT at USNA, or not. I-Day began with infinite amount of days till graduation. Now it's time to leave behind the 4 years on the bay. Plebe summer with the moose…don't hang things at the white house, almost arrested at LM with 20….Closer to dwi…Cancun with the boys, unexpected visitors at the door, and the fireman carry back to the room….”so which girl is it now?”….It's only a case of p…itis…Youngster Friday nights….Mad-Dog 20 what?….Jimmy Buffet …Rollin' w. Knox then passing out….England and Ireland on St. Patty's Day... DC pipeline...Always flyin' it high…it's only a deer…history of….Always striving for the best out of life….never accept failure….always there for them all…Quick to get into the thick of it but one of the nicest and most caring fellas. Always a friend when you need him. Wise yet humble. Going to P-Cola and then “leaving on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again”…Thanks for the memories. Thank you mom, dad, family, and friends for all of your support, advise, love, and guidance. Let's ride!

Matthew Raymond Pelar
Simpsonville, SC
Submarine Warfare

Zachary Robert Pensinger
Orrtanna, PA
Navy Pilot

Four years at the Academy, memories we'll never forget. Plebe year… skipping practice to read letters from home, tying up muffler of “borrowed” car with shoelaces to sneak out so Sully could profess his love, Baca's squad – ultimate hook, shady happenings at Watergate, Catalina- the Yacht. Youngster year… “Please tell Justin the midget is stuck in traffic, I'll be there soon.” 1-2 punch with Martin (Babs), great bonding experience. Maryland girls – “We're out of here.” Martin meets love of his life, Fish meets Maryland Mute, Oso dreams of killing multiple girls. PSU, Sully, hoe, small boulder, “I will end your life if you walk out that door.” Fish in truckbed, dad founding Blockbuster and everything else. Unfaithful in PV, never. Sully and the coconut. “uhg, goodmorning.” Second-class… loving/stalking Kelly, the bottle slipped. Nice IM messages. Doors, Dylan, Buffet. Cabo – Steck w/four fingers Kate and “nice try” Sydne. DJ Oso, Double Platinum, Big RiRi, Hubes, and Anti. Firsties…nice jeep, intramural wha? Free-loading-oxygen-breather. E-dog Thatch teaching me the ropes. Navy Pilot qualified…? LAF, second chance, will it last? Balla friends and roommates forever. Acknowledge and move on. Thank you family, I couldn't have done it without you. I love you all.

Peter Reed Penzell
Charlotte, NC
Surface Warfare

Two words dude…**REED FOXFIRE**. Sporting the blastshields givin' a "SUP?" to all the ladies, and I do mean **all the ladies**. Bull horns and caped crusader buddy's antics. Shaving legs, chests, arms you know you can't be selfish. "Could somebody please call animal control, cause I've got two **GINORMOUS** pythons on the loose!" SUP?!!!! SUPPITY SUP? Enjoying the sweet holiday sounds of Esteban, and nearly falling off my bike from witnessing the hilarious things this kid does. "It's not for me dude…it's for the ladies." Watching the nasty New Jersey waitresses in the Double T run and hide because they know that this deucem snapcracker will eat them out of house and home. . "After all if can't be fast you gotta look fast!" If this dude had a mascot it would be the **COUGARS**(You know of the Feline Variety) . "You mean we are swimming how many yards?" Three hours on rollers…So I got that going for me, which is nice. Words can't really describe this Jetta drivin' racemonster, but I think that Shady Manwhore comes close. -written by Bill Uffmann

Daren Peter Reinke
Lenexa, KS
Navy NFO

Daren P. Reinke flew below the radar during Plebe Summer and was rather quiet. Spent most of his energies fighting his arch nemesis "The Cheese Queen" and studying Star Trek Trivia. Came in not knowing how to swim and stood out in the "inkwell." This led to two brief stints as a civilian due to the 400m swim Youngster year, but after some special coaching won the coveted "Yellow Medal" in the 40 year. The start of his junior year marked the beginning of "The Quest." Being a track runner in HS, we finally saw his speed during the Depot incident. His idol became Adam Corolla and he started his own radio show which soon became infamous throughout the brigade: MIDLINE! Was thrown through the wall in his room, yet managed to renovate it in time for the next inspection without anyone knowing. "The Quest" ended with a radio-station rendezvous. He came in senior year with hopes of being the anchor man, but unfortunately he had a good semester. Picked up the hobby of collecting Craftsman™ Tools to be used specifically for "stuff." The only time the tool-belt and hardhat were used and DP went to work was when the client needed some drilling. His Army/Navy pranks were talked about for two years in a row when Frosty would pay visits to certain buildings on the yard. Put up with the Oh S Boone for four years. Didn't take kindly to night pranks aboard the USS Denver. "C'MON!!!!" CTK, JVLIII,CAH,EM"J"B

Trevor John Ritland
Moorhead, MN
Special Operations

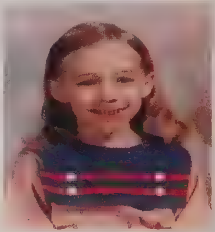
Frank Anthony Savarese
Yuma, AZ
Marine Corps Pilot

OH! Amy. You're a scumbag! HHH in the house. Company commander?…no, don't think so. Sprint football groupie (#1 fan). Frank, you did not eat her salad? Amy. Dude, she's 17…Sun Tzu…Oly, do you know what you're doing? She's 17. Guys, don't worry about it, my dad's a Colonel. DICE!!! Amy. Hey honey…why don't you try a little something for the effort. Franky fingers calls his girlfriend… what a jerkoff. Utility clost lovin' and you've lost that lovin' feeling in CANCUN. Dice is my hero. Rappin on the boat, Holla! Amy. Crazy fingers in the limo, on ring dance?? Are you kidding me?? Amy. Shut up mouth. 225 lbs of dynamite with a _ inch fuse. I swear Frank, I didn't hook up with your sister. Hey, buy me a beer. Can I have a couple bucks. Amy. You got me for the rest of the night. Don't forget about your little accident on the PRT. Batt staff, why? Army/Navy pants. Smellin fresh. Meatus. Amy. Thanks for being the life of the party, 1,2,3,4 United States Marine Corps Pilot. I think I'm falling for her. Love you man, you are one of a kind. MPO, CRS, TJM, GKM, MDT, DAD, ENM, RGS

Eric David Severson
Anaheim, CA
Navy Pilot

"Naaa Whatz Up DOC"…the big kid, thanks Fish…What did I do to deserve, the boys(Rion, Fish, & FLOB) for roomies? All of us hanging out on the weekends. Blowing it up in Balt. & D.C. with the Fellas & the Ballas. Driving each others drunk assess back for taps…me with football(#93), Fish at soccer(TMCPT), Rion trying to get big(eating tuna and eggs…What a smell!!), and FLOB sleeping it up. The times we had…Spring Breaks(I got the Video)…Rion & I being baptized…FLOB and his women situations…our bonafide E-dog(thatch)…DJ OSO BALLA… "ooohhh rrreeaally" Nate…don't forget the Croatian Sensation. I can't believe my time here is up…NAPS '98…new experiences… "IM me/I'll IM you"…Thanks goes out to the guys in the Mech. E network…Brotherhood. To all my friends never forget the good times we had. Love, Doc (EDS)

Elizabeth Ann Steffen
Tempe, AZ
Surface Warfare, Nuclear



Beth, wonder WUB, drill WUB. Beth stood out during the first few days of Plebe summer and suffered a few injuries due to a certain squadmate. She was the Plebe who always had the Firsties' attention. She made classes interesting, even though it may have had an adverse effect on my education. Winter was an experience as she interacted with ice for the first time. You forgot to move your head in time…wasn't my fault. Never knocked, but claims she did. Even though I squared my corners, I still got in trouble when I dragged her through the hallways. I can't believe you actually made it through that camping trip with Roloff, I didn't think you'd ever come out of your tent. At least we all got to go to Ocean City and relax at that bar right on the bay. How about that time we went to the Presidents Inauguration, I've never seen someone get so cold so easily as you do. Maybe next time you should bring a jacket. I know you and Matt don't get along but don't forget you guys slept in the same bed when we went Kings Dominion, so be nice to him. Ocean Easy is still no engineering major but you did help us out with statics. Nuke SWO…Firstie boyfriends will be frat once again, Beef…CTK, JWL, JVLIII

Matthew Sherman Thatcher

Eatontown, NJ
Submarine Warfare

TURTLE. How did you get that nickname anyway? Navy Swimming. Will always remember the team, the comraderie, and the long hours in the pool. LOUY. MANNY. LOS. Key West. What great times. Yeah! Yeah! 8 month detour. BMSN for life. San Diego. Home away from Home. Swingers. Mario, thanks for the VW. Corona Wednesdays in Baja. Puerta de langosta. The E'dawgs will never be forgotten. "01+1". Rancho Diablo. La Libertad. Senior Frogs. Trips to OC with the 01' gang.(Baby, Besh, Scottie, Price and the crew) Weekend excursion to NJ with the guys. Always a lot of fun but no more Cluck-U! Suitin it up and cruisin in G-town with reed foxfire. Hanging out with the boys at the "Sponsors" house. Taking the Meats in basketball. FLOB's house for New years. So this is how they do it in G-burg? Make sure you check people's pockets before they get into your car. Fast cars Fast Women. Ring Dance Weekend. Another 530 workout? Casa de los suenos. It has been a long tough road, but you made it all the way to the end. Never Gave Up. Thatch, we shall always remember you. Good luck in the SUB force, they need more guys like you. Take charge and God Bless. Thanks Mom and Dad. INTEGRITAS. PP,CC,CM,RM.

Nicholas Michael Tramontin

Rolling Hills, CA
Surface Warfare

True friends don't come easy, so it's not surprising that Nick became my best friend through strange fate. At Plebe Summer's end we wrote preferences of potential roommates. Nick and I didn't know each other, but our detailer yelled "Tramontin and Martinko" and a friendship began. I had heard about "the best friends you'll ever have," yet I didn't believe it. But Nick has been my brother, and for that I'm most grateful. He's the guy who does anything for you. He listens to you whine and complain for hours and then picks you up afterwards. We've had great times – Army/Navy games, Spring Breaks, trips to L.A. and Cleveland (even Cleveland), parties in College Park – but I'll most remember the friend who was there during bad ones. Standing restriction during the Dark Ages, the hassles Plebe Year, and the rigors of the Academy were tough – yet so much easier with Nick alongside. Nick, (I'm sure I speak for everyone) we're going to miss you! Watching our brother move forward without us is hard, but we know you'll succeed. Keep forging your "Road Not Taken" – and we're sure that you'll brighten up the lives of those you bring along the way. -MDM

Sandra Ugrina

Foreign National

To those who can dream there is no such place as faraway….this Croatian Sensation knows everything about it…..Surprised by the "characters" she encountered…Fish, Zac, Tim, Trip, Amy, Megan and all the rest… Sandra began to work her way to reach the best….Her dedication to flying and understanding planes became apparent early on….she had it all down way before the deadline….so went to UMD and asked for more….Constantly striving for more and challenging others along the way, Sandra set herself up for success…nothing less was ever expected. Somehow stuck in a room with a crazy "youngling" only Da's wise ways got them through all four years…never forget the trips to Ocracoke, adventures "down under" and coffee dates…how about the weekend "get-aways" to PA and the mysterious late night chats too? A racecar driver and a chef – can't get better than that! Vegas, Florida….gotto love that Croatian brotherhood…An amazing friend, sincere listener, and driven young woman, the world is yours to behold. Remember that our home is your home. "May peace and joy surround you, Contentment latch your door, And happiness be with you now, And bless you evermore". Your "crazy Americans". It's been fun. Thank you for the wonderful memories. Keep in touch and remember to spend your lives for something that will outlast it. I'll never forget you.

THE TW Y FIRST OMPAN
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Kathryn Fletcher Anderson
Charleston, SC
Marine Corps Ground

So after a long day of plebe summer fun, what did we look forward to most? Going and running more circles at cross-country practice! A true southern belle from Charleston. . .when she wants to be. Otherwise she's tough as nails and not afraid to use them. She'll make a great Marine- as long as she doesn't get lost looking for the Holiday Inn at Quantico. Renaissance fair, cross-country, track, Ireland and Chief Illini. Your quick wit kept me laughing through plebe year. (MS) Sure, VA Beach is on the way. Kipling and Bogart and Boccelli Oh MY! Singing unawares through the Messiah. Are oysters an aphrodisiac? 3rd law and the Death Bench. Decent? Non-functional when decaffeinated. Marine Corps "yutting" like a Chihuahua. Suffered a broken neck without even knowing it. Cooks, cleans and yes, takes over 3rd world nations! PT stud-ette who will be successful, no matter who she has to kill on the way. (BTM)

Lori Joy Bentzel
Nutley, NJ
Special Operations

Small chick. Peahead. ELllBeeee. BooBoo. LJWarrior. She's travel size for convenience. Look at the little one in the front, how cute. She's tougher than she looks. $36 round trip to Italy 00'. The Med '01- what a trip! Can you shred this cheese? New Years at RU! Tortured at football games, thanks guys. Fun times at Fort Benning…AIRBORNE! Are you ready to jump?…FREEFALL!! USAFA, the happiest place on earth. TGIFridays. The Horse-thanks for taking me in. Oct. 5 - 758! From clueless plebe, to xo. To a great roommate...you kept me sane - study break downs on the desk, power-lifting statue sex change, flaming on Mr.Orange. Thanks for always reaching the high stuff. If there is one thing in life that will always remain constant, it is my family. Thankyou, Nauna for making me tough…Poppop for giving me inspiration,I hope I've made you proud...Jayne, for getting me where I am today and not letting me ever give up…Anthony, for being my second dad…Mom and Dad, for being my support team, your baby girl is off to blow stuff up, I promise I'll be careful. I feel like I've been waiting forever, I can't believe the beginning is finally here.

Ryan Robert Boetig
Crownsville, MD
Submarine Warfare

"Hi Boetig"…It's hard to compete with the most expensively dressed man in the Brigade…Britches, but I suppose you have to dress well when you look like the Grinch. Plebe year was your chance to set your own uniform regulations, forget all about what happened at the weekly sporting event, and leave your roommates on the All-Calls from Hell. Youngster year midregs went out the window of 5-3 and non-existent Friday night concerts permitted underage trips to El Toro Bravo, the widow allowed a haven for parking, and sailing clothes was an appropriate uniform—even when the Severn was frozen. Who would have thought that you would do such a great job as Plebe Summer company commander, only to become the most laid-back firstie who had ever worn a red nametag? We will certainly never forget your motley crew of ladies from Hood, Bertucci's, Towson, Western Maryland, and both Southern and Northern VA. We will always admire your class and style, but more importantly, the way you always put your friends before yourself, and their needs ahead of your own. You'll be missed. Best of luck in your Shady Grove Paradise under the sea. SDH, NAS, GJP, JEL

Lawrence Gerard Brooks
Las Vegas, NV
Marine Corps Pilot

Who is the man behind the water tower glare, furled brow, and mean bark? Turning in his Sergeant stripes for a Dixie Cup, "his ID reads Lawrence, but his mother calls him Brooks." A true Marine at heart, Brooks never touched Herndon, went to the Youngster Luau, participated in 2 for 7, or went to Ring Dance (he never even purchased a ring!). The picture seen here will in fact be his first appearance in the Lucky Bag. He does promise to attend graduation but only because the Academy would not send his diploma in the mail. However, while at the USNA, Brooks did surprise his fellow mids on several occasions. He graced King Hall on Halloween as a Pregnant Nun, French Maid, and a fuzzy-winged Angel baring his skull tat with flare. His face looked like he had a stroke for four months. And yes, he even ventured to the Darkside. He leaves this institutions to rejoin the ranks of his fell Devil Dogs, but this time he will not only wear the wings of Air Crew but also, those of a Marine Aviator. MAK

DeJuan Cromer II
Dallas, TX
Surface Warfare

A natural leader. From day one 1-1 Ridahs. Bishop Don DeJuan my right hand man when we stepped to the G's. Keke and Beyonce' will never know. My Top candidate to receive the purple heart for going into wells and under bridges to find companionship. From getting Mackeyed, to watching B-Netts getting dumped up during the fly-over….Spence. To the many close calls maybe third times a charm? We'll definitely see 1. Anything you need I'm there.....Abilene to Dallas to Cancun to NAPS to USNA...helpin me teach the east about the crunk dirty south...my patna 4 life. Who could ever forget that smile? You've always been one that I can depend on, and I hope you know that I'll never be too busy to be there for you….chris Late nights playing monopoly and spades, sitting around talkin bout what we gonna do with this thump. The man that kept it crunk. From Bx. to Tx., we are holding it down. Branger.J-Wat. the smoothest brotha I know. Always smiling, especially around the ladies. Wherever we go out Saturday night I know you'll be holdin' it down with me in church Sunday. Remeber the only thing that holds you back is you-Big Al

Trevor Jacob Felter
Attica, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

Wings, happy hour, Wendy's is your best bet to catch up with this ol'man. Food for the brain was TJ's hopes, ultimately it led him to a yard of overburden. I guess it is fitting since that is where he started, in the dirt. Whether it is out in the field or playing with a tractor, TJ will always find himself in the mud. Swapping his DeWalt drill and John Deere for a M-16 and a Cobra is where he will spend his next few years. He should do well down there, considering he has about 1,000 hours under his belt, of extra sleep that is. T-Felt always did things a little different the most: The only person I know that sweats more before a PRT then during (especially as one of the four horsemen), knew rumors before they were created, instead of studying he drew houses, made trains, watched outdated movies, and figured out if his 2nd Lt pay was going to allow him to buy the good toilet paper. Not one to always go out, but always one to lend a hand when you needed one. A true friend and a great roommate. He is going to make a lot of farmers daughters cry….after all he is one of the few, the proud…2% all the way. Congrats.
-Da Joe's

Benjamin Mark Friedrick
Port Charlotte, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

There once was a man who out of a single toothpick made a chain link, and his name was not Benji, Ben, FREEdrick, FRYdrick, or even Friedrick. Its just DRICK! The annoying knat of MacD pick-up games, who learned all his moves on the playground courts in the ghettos of Port Charlotte, FL (if there truly is one). 3 AM plebe summer shoe shining session in the shower. One day, he would like to meet a girl just like his mom, at the risk of losing his speaking privileges. Eating with the big utensils for the mushroom joke. The stealth IMer, "Drick can't you just say no?" Are you allowed to take mice to chemistry class? How about having them as pets? "Drick isn't allowed to meet her, she's not even allowed to see him!" The Fitch Bridge leap of faith, being an untouchable. Inch worms, crickets, moths, popcorn off of Busch Garden's ground, turf field…oral shock effect. The most physically talented man alive…if you don't have Drick on your team, you can't win, so its no wonder the Corps picked him up. The yellow beacon of light for the rest of the world. A true man of faith, and a guide for all of us. We wish you the best, and pray that God will bless you as He has all of us around you.

John Edward Guzman
Tallahassee, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

Giggity, Guz, Juan, Chong, or Bert, what country are you really from?!? Jamaica or Africa? As a plebe he learned that Tae Bo is not meant for pugil sticks, boogers in your nose can result in plebe hack, and an encounter with cement can create a large scar. His favorite past times included decorating Mahan Hall, riding F-4s, singing in the shower and at tables ("Chili's Baby-back ribs"), and studying late next to his "personal corner." Just one year later he was choking out Charlie in King Hall and becoming the Mitscher Hall Phantom. He is at home in the mountains and along the valley steams where he prefers to remain free and natural (eating fresh vegetables and drinking herbal tea) with only the rocks to hide his manhood. He renounced women, but never a juicy (or hard) chicken tenderloin. "I would like a 'Guz' please." Just keep that retainer away from me while you eat. His most famous quote: "Hi, my name is 4/C Guzman, I'm going to be in your squad this semester" …followed by silence. John is one of the most sincere, while at the same time fun loving guys a person could know. He brightens any and every day and there is never a dull moment. Having the intelligence of a doctor, he chose instead to serve as an officer of Marines. His character and dedication guarantees that he will be a successful one.

-Da Joes

Steven Daniel Hacker
Tampa, FL
Navy Pilot

Klinger, Hackbeast, Hackbomb, HACKER!, or Cue Ball. You are a shining example of the Academy's ability to change a mid, Steve, the perpetually worried plebe who actually believed all that stuff in Reef Points and the youngster that thought a YP pin required Brasso, eventually surprised everyone by becoming the first five-striper for '02 (Summer Seminar) and a great company commander. Of course the biggest surprise was your brief visit to the Dark Side, yeah boy! Although somewhat handicapped by an early onset of male pattern baldness and always struggling in the civilian clothes area, we still managed to have some great times and memorable vacations. Aero probably never would have worked out anyway after seeing how much you worried about Weather-ography. Hopefully, flight school will be as easy as thermometers and food chains. So good luck in Pensacola and beyond.

-Da Joes, RRB, NAS, and GJP

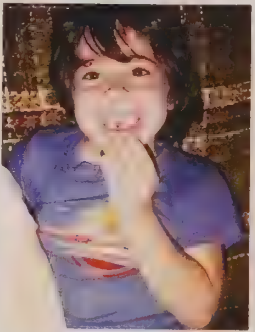
Jarrod Stephen Hair
East Wenatchee, WA
Navy Pilot

Hair, Hairball, J-rod, or Dirty Kid, he went from Nuke to Pilot in 4 short years demonstrated much diplomatic prowess, and spoke French well (especially in 6th wing, "whose elbow is that?") but not forgotten are the debaucheries of 5th wing when the four horsemen came and went with comfort, and plebes bought it. The weekends spent with the Mexican catting around Baltimore included many female butt cheeks, girl fights, and starting the Maryland chapter of Fight Club (the scars healed). He had his problems whether it was the French and German showdown in Smoke Hall, summer joyrides in VW Bugs, trips to New York for pizza, or dealing with the roommate's love interests. Nonetheless, he was a relaxed man, and spent much quiet time listening to punk rock in his car, beating up the Mexican on Seis de Mayo, and saying, "Screw it man....let's go to Canada." Once in Ricketts however, sleep became priority, with the occasional wasted time on the computer, Pigpen of 21-ball, but loved by all. You studied hard, and all that hard work paid off, you will do well at everything you do, and have come a long way to do this nation a great service. Whenever in doubt, just remember, "SHUTUP HAIR."

-Da Joes (BTM)

Melissa Anne Hawley
Brentwood, TN
Navy Pilot

Sarah Lea Heidt
Slinger, WI
Surface Warfare



Sarah… Forrest… the Young'n…

Lor- could I have asked for a better roommate? I'll always be there to get something off the top-shelf for you. NOSE sir?!?! Midshipmen Orange... learning all of Calc III in one night… chow-call hell with McFarlin... the green-machine… the booch hooch… study breaks? music? dancing?... Lori & Sarah's adventure continuum (you have what stuck where?). You're the best, good luck babe. Stumpy-you'll always be my girl! Ring dance weekend, who was your date again?!?!... SB in Myrtle Beach… South of the Border… jello shots… thong song, thong shopping, thong contest… baby got back. Nice cleats, wanna ruck? Want some chocolate with that milk? Susan (F.C.), Jo-Ho, Mother Monica, and Kristina (Chewy), you all made my time here *too* much fun! Taco Tuesdays… magic fingers… Bienvenido a Miami… Mouth-monster… Boston YP adventures… Booter… BAR-top dancing… back of the explorer brews… and tailgaters. I love you all; go get them in the fleet! For all those ruggers I am leaving behind… Beatrice, I owe you an Irish car bomb…Marty, my fat girl in a little coat… Aileen, Ms. Dancing Queen… Black Magic, Half-shot and all the rest… LIVE IT! LOVE IT! BRING IT! SUCK IT! ~ NWR

Mark David Heller
La Verne, CA
Navy Pilot

Finals or computer games??? Hey Mark, my computer is broke again. How can minesweeper possibly be addicting? If there is an easier way, Mark has already patented it. A great roommate and true friend. Best wishes to you and Kori. LNS.

After school slurpee runs, are you hooked? Join the Navy, see the world, by the way you are coming with me. California, New York, and Japan, where are you taking me next? Push me out of a plane, scuba diving, camping in the valley and now flying, do we do anything normal? Eight weeks overseas equals a $1300 phone bill. Over, under, or in between the gate just to go for a morning run. Quite waters park, are we there yet? Are you hungry, lobster sounds good, let's go to Maine, chowder, Boston is only an hour away, Ever had a Kobe steak in Kobe? Did you know the house special was eel? Portsmouth, you mean we are supposed to meet them in VA, not NH? What's PRK? Let me turn on all the lights so I can see your eyes. Thanks for the good times and the promise of more to come. KMM….KMH

Casey Len Holland
Atlantic City, NJ
Surface Warfare

From the very beginning, Casey won at plebe summer because he and his brother confused the detailers more than they could ever confuse the rest of us. "Which one are you again….Delta Holland!" Casey's one-eyed war face and his mysterious croaks, burps, and wheezes could scare anybody. The strain of chopping trained Case how to fall with more grace than an albatross. He showed his true athletic ability as a no joke lineman and "trusty hands" receiver. His love for football was evident from his four years of dedication to the Sprint Football team and his loyalty to the Eagles. "Casey, Randall Cunningham is the worst football player ever!" Off the field, Case was a member of the infamous PRT four horseman. The twins could often be found asking whether it was going to be Acmes or Baltimore for the weekend. Watch never stood in the way… ironic considering his positions as fourth and first class adjutant. Famous quotes…"I was doing situps, nothing more"; "A wind came and took my boat." Casey motivates people wherever he goes with his energy and hard work. He is a friend to all and would do anything to help a brotha out. He will be a great SWO daddy and we'll miss his good humor. -Da Joes

Travis Newton Jones
Midlothian, VA
Supply Corps

Travis Jones, a.k.a. TJ, Hones, Newtonian, Newton, or just plain Newt. He comes from a family of golfers and sleepers; both of which they do often in rain, sleet, or snow. He values his sleep, yells and stares at me in his sleep, is like a kid at Christmas, is the first in and the first out, mends the old Coleman sleeping bag, and loves to "darken ship!" But don't let that fool you. He's a workout wonder, rugged triathlon man, has men in tights on his computer background, likes tights himself (not to mention smooth legs and lotion), "you spent how much for those bike wheels?" all in the name of winning. Speaking of which, he is the Ping-Pong King, DX-Ball King, and High Arcing Three-point King just to name a few. His nicknames include: "Escalator," "Donetello's special friend," "Flinstones backpeddler" (and showing the hotty youngster girls what they want to see), and "Parrot Screamer." His favorite quotes are, "I love you Christi," "Did you see my Dolphins…," and "20 minutes?" His favorite toys are old rugged blue jeeps, Army/Navy bells, golf clubs, and silly putty (my silly putty). More than all this, he is a man of character, devoted to his future wife and the Lord Jesus, a great roommate, and a wonderful friend.
-Da Joes

Kenneth Patrick Keepes
Overland Park, KS
Navy Pilot

Ken Keeps, Keepees, Keepers, Kansas City Kansas…too many damn K's! Kenny was the sole survivor of his original plebe summer room. Perhaps his nose picking, gas problems, lip gunch, and an obnoxious giggle drove the rest out. His head size jeopardized his own career, as he stretched blue rim neck holes out of reg… "Hey, down in front, we can't see back here." Plebe year deprived Kenny of his greatest passions…the Simpsons and the Chiefs, but he found solace in making everyone aware of their shortcomings. Despite this, Kenny was the first to defend, call someone a "good dude," and refuse to fry. He was a friend to all ("Let's invite everyone") although he did ditch some chicks, but overall admitted that Girls Kick Ass. Besides calling people out, he also specialized in ruining movies, foaming in cars, remembering girls' names, and snapping bras with one hand. He coined great clichés like, "oh man I hate you," "guy," and "no you cannot have my wallet." One thing Kenny can be counted on for is a good laugh. He was a guy who truly cared for his shipmate and would do anything to "help a brotha out." It is this quality more than any other that will serve him most as a leader in the Fleet and will make him a great officer and a competent Naval pilot. -Da Joes

Robert William Kurrle Jr.
Daytona Beach, FL
Navy Pilot

ROBERT, Roberto, Faouke Monster, Kurls or should I say, Whitey, is the only person to have a chit for Dahlgren on Mexican Thursdays. The days of the tennis team were fun though finite, but the Mech E network, I-ball, and nannies replaced it (what did happen that night?) He spent many quality weekends at the Presley's, the greatest sponsors, making pancakes, and they gave him a place to sulk after the loss of the minivan after one of the numerous country concerts. There is rumor of the mysterious naked Rob, who always put his socks on last, but his uncanny dancing ability more than made up for it. He was afraid of boxing class, though his nose was being broken on the basketball court (we are shirts!). After overcoming the fear of pooping in a girl's house, he was quick to remind us that if anyone was going to hook up, just let him know. He spent much of his personal time playing NAM, listening to Top Gun music, watching Aviator videos, and almost as much time with his face in the trashcan after the big 21. "Now I'm not asking you to pay for my lift ticket. . ." The five-year plan is finally paying off. Thanks for the never-ending friendship, and memories. Good luck in the wild blue yonder.
-Da Joes

Matthew Kevin Lewis
Cohasset, MA
Navy Pilot

Matthew Lewis is proud member of the Roy-Al family as well as the ice hockey team. Matt is a man whose head is never cold because he's always wearing a hood. Through his four years he's had a stellar array of roommates (BS, CH, CW, MP, GT, RT, MT, and of course VW.) He's a huge fan of keg beer, "Flex", breakfast potato pockets, Mike Bavis, and ruining keyboards. He is feared by all cab drivers, but one particularly resilient driver, Hailu, managed to squabble away his hat and one of his shoes. He's rode the ice luge at G-Town and lost big, but he didn't let it keep him from painting the side of a vehicle and climbin' the high wall. He's got an Altima with no hub cap and an o-ring converter with some wicked intensity. He can always be seen at Armadillo's along with his Dad, but we're still not sure if he's left middle school. (Metallica, ghouls and cauldron wizard spells, coffee…no, warm cocoa…yes.) He doesn't fear the splurge technique or the Monster Mile. He's done thus far what no man thought possible, so he can thank Court for the can of cheese whiz he has to eat. He's been a friend, a brother, and a human of much wisdom and humor. Good luck man, it's been fun!
-VW, DW, SG, TG, PM *"Lavash!!!"*

James Eric Lucas
Northport, NY
Navy Pilot

A man admired by all who meet you. More than a friend you always provided a sense of humor, intelligence, determination, strength, and compassion. A trip to Florida plebe year helped relieve tensions at school. Youngster year proved to be one of the best; hockey, choir trips....Rocky, a paper airplane that changed everything, great roommates, trip to Utah, and the youngster luau. Second class year brought about new challenges, a Disney cruise, snow boarding, and ring dance ($75 lobster). Finally a firstie, SAE, golf, service selection and graduation. You always had your mind set on your goals!! Remembered for your love of sailing, beautiful singing voice, friendships, trust and dependability your truly one of a kind. Best of luck, fly high, thanks for the memories, I love you with all of my heart and soul! -COM

One of the best guys I have ever had the honor to sail with, even if you are from Long Island, we could always rely on you to fix any problem. We made big-boats together plebe year, and have sailed together ever since. The friendship we have formed will stay with us throughout flight school and beyond. God help anyone who challenges us to a race. OCS!?! -GR

Jeremy Benjamin Martin
Uxbridge, MA
Cryptology

Brian Thomas Murphy
Reading, PA
Submarine Warfare

Big Murf / Ubergoober came to us from Pennsyltucky. He spent his childhood (and 3/c year) preparing to be a warrior by setting fires. A great traveler, Brian indulged in Asian culture more than once and told the tales during closed sessions, revealing to the Brigade what we already knew. He would eagerly jump on a grenade for any of his friends, or for no reason at all. A man of unflinching honor and loose morals came up two short on the academy challenge. Domestically, Oregon became the land of tricky-tricky and CGA presented many deleterious substances at the Captain's and IHOP. He's also been known to stop by Philly to gargle some cider while training for too many 10:30 laps with the Four Horsemen. He definitely won the DVD race. Firstie year saw "Deer Blood" become this navy neutron's weakness and allow for his descent into the darker realm. No, VA Beach is not on the way! Irradiated monkeys on Tuesday, midnight runs from the satellite, and culture on Saturday makes for a busy week. He may have been a dirty home wrecker, but a rose changed that. He shouldn't hold back in the fleet, he wouldn't know how. (KFA, WLC, GSE, TJF, JSH, JBM)

Richard Jonathan Ogden
Cocoa Beach, FL
Surface Warfare

Ricky, Ohg-den, Oggy, or Latino Lover, you were on a constant quest for poon poon poon with the aid of the notorious Otway brothers whether it's at Pachanga or with many competing love interests on AOL. You were a rugged man and a large human being, but sometimes resembled a "stuffed sausage" in that uniform of yours. Your inability to "stop sweating" did not solve the whole stink problem that permeated from your room. You probably studied more than anyone else we knew at school, and perhaps this explains your affinity for tequila, talent for voices, extracurricular activities at your apartment (Drinko de Mayo), and constant climb in class rank. He was brave whether it be fighting upper-class at Notre Dame games, smiling during boxing matches, or even confronting his female second class on IM (with a gun to his head). However, it does not account for his fruity dog Mikey or strange attraction to crabs that attach to his fingers.

Ricky had and unique imagination and composed poetry under the name of Dark Serpent, and stories about the famous Fatty Jones. You persevered through much hardship, and keeping the ultimate goal in mind, you will achieve anything you task yourself with. Good luck and have fun!

-Da Joes

Michael William Palladino
Mahopac, NY
Navy Pilot

Mikey, Dino, Palladino, Dago or Guido, does New York really have sports teams? You were always a squirrel whether it be through lighting fires at Ring dance or your driving, though we appreciated it when we were navigating around NYC (I thought you knew how to drive in the snow?). You had your women problems, I mean, "Man your girlfriend is a B***H. Why don't you like Providence?" However, your sponsor was always there for you with good food. We thought you were never going to be 21, but it eventually came and brought Tom Collins', dirty dances with Zoomies, long walks from the naval station with cigars, and getting the bird from Derek Jeter. Man, your room always stank, we sometimes wonder if England would have smelled better. You were always a fighter whether it involved throwing water balloons off the ledge or getting your Roman nose broken in boxing class. Just remember that it is pronounced Dewey, and oh, how many World Series have the Yankees won in our four years?? You were always one to have a good time and create one for others. Good luck in the air. The sky is the limit.

-Da Joes

Arthur Steven Rodriguez
La Hambra, CA
Navy Pilot

Art, Gayrod, Fatty Arod, Fart, Mexican, Ernie, or Cheech with you gone, who is gonna make booty rubbin' trips to Baltimore with Jarrod. His mentor (BM1 Roa) paved the way for exploits including the sounds of the ocean, spitting out gum, Phuket, and the crazy picture face. "Wow, look at Arod, he was so skinny," but his eyes still rolled back into his head while eating (especially Krispy Crème). There were the times going for some Paradise at Piezano's, ordering Art Rodriguez's, and running drunk, but that still doesn't explain why we didn't go to the Valentine's Dance. His holey underwear didn't stop him from meeting his gift giving guardian angel and the mysterious Jennifer Who? Physically, his tennis and golf skills went through much fine-tuning, but academically, he never failed to say he couldn't go out because he had to study (or actually watch movies on his computer). From the beginning he was dedicated to his final goal, and achieved everything with cold perfection. He always encouraged his friends, even if it included making plebes cry and do chow calls in front of their girlfriends. You will be the best at whatever you do, and wherever you go, you will be regarded as a great leader and friend.

-Da Joes

Brian Landry Pausewang Schulz
Round Rock, TX
Cryptology

"Let your light shine before men!"... True Parker through and through... A-1 Kite for life... "I consider our present sufferings are nothing compared to the glory that will be revealed to us!"...Sir, I'm just here to play football sir... "And I desire you more than anything on earth!"... Oct. 14... If you can't bring USNA to Texas, bring a little Texas to USNA..."I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength!"... 8 ball... LB to C to LG to C!?!?... "Do not get tired of doing that which is right, for in a while you will reap a harvest of blessings!"... Hughley and Troutman must go! Bring Arnett back!... NASSAU debacle... survived the crucible... for the good of the program...when exactly do I get my decoder ring?... "In this world you will have trouble, but I have overcome the world!"... Gone are the days of 42 waists, CAT V, bike PRTs, and binge eating... CRYPTOLOGY PFT?? Nah... "Not only so, but we rejoice in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance; perseverance, character; and character hope, and hope does not disappoint us!"... JM, DV, JJ, BS

Nathan Andrew Scott
Salt Lake City, UT
Special Warfare

Muad'dib,

It began with a stolen heart, or freshman year crush I believe, definitely SHARING. Thank you for picking up my pen. You taught me to fall. Peeing...in more ways than one. Notes sliding under doors, backward glances and a dance. Perbee. You kissed me first! Finding the better part of me. One awesome night before an awesome PFT. Life lessons and contagious happiness. I love you, TB Rimz. -GBD You're littler.

"I have my canteen, sir." An infamous classmate who stopped the 4th Class Regimental caravan to DC because he needed a five-striper escort to the head. We're sorry about leaving you in the bathroom that plebe summer night in Michelson. Now on your way to becoming a SEAL, you've come a long way since then. The issued go-fasters that you still wear have served you well. How did you ever manage varsity soccer, mech. e., and 300 pullups a day for four years; and still be one of the best friends we could have? We're going to miss you. -RRB, SDH, GJP

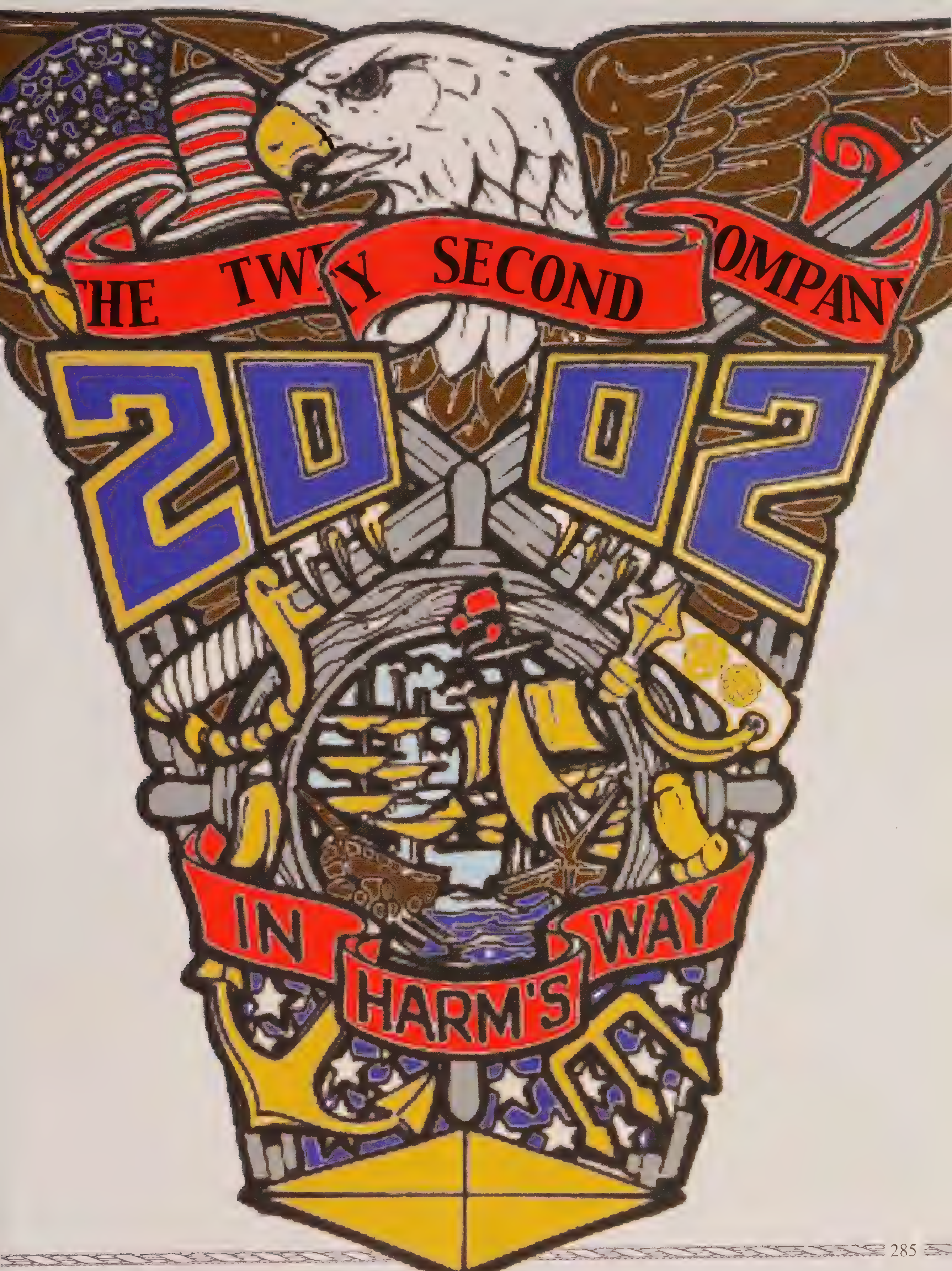
Luke Nathaniel Shank
Ft. Wayne, IN
Surface Warfare

"Seal Team" Shank, the man, the myth, the legend...who helped me through these 4 years of cynicism. Thanks for the great times... Getting lost on the way back from A/N game (x2), road trip to IN, cruisin' in old cars, _ mile's on 301, air range plebe year, and trying to get you to break rules even though you wouldn't-MWW Lukas, rifle team captain, all American, Olympic trials, snowboarder extraordinaire, all around true BP. 15 minute beer record still stands. True friend who was always there when you needed him. North Face vs Arteryx? Let's go to a party at U of M-JWK Stealing the van on PROTRAMID, bartering for a Rolex in Dubai, always playing devil's advocate-WHT Get a haircut, Shank-TJF I though I knew a lot of worthless information, but then I met Luke Shank. Although, I don't think with the two of us combined we could make up one good set of eyes. So good luck at NFO, and it has been a pleasure to be your econ partner-TNJ

Melanie Jane Stock
Mechanicsburg, PA
Marine Corps Ground

Victor Walker Wells
Charlotte, NC
Navy Pilot

A proud member of the RoyAll family, Victor Wells, a.k.a. DC, a.k.a. axle, keeper of the all natural Afro Puff. Don't mind the goo on his face, he's been in a barf fight. Wilkerson will understand when he hits the bottle. Officer, when his pants are at his ankles, it's alright…he goes to the Naval Academy. He enjoys the finer things…macaroni, salsa, and respect. The taste of pennies is sweet, but it's the hunt that fuels him. He can turn a living room into a halfpipe and make the Rugid Room Challenge possible. He's never been to Spain, but he kind of likes the music. A cabbie's sorrow is no match for his pep talks. Karl Hungis never fought the swamp bog smell in any of the Treehorn Productions. On a park bench or at the chunklab, the Mickies was cold and there was always something for the bub. The Streck saga continues with no end in sight. Romantic nights at uncle Richard's and the conquests of Mr. Chivalry were all made possible as long as they didn't make him wrestle on weekends. Long live the CCCP with the Victorian at the reigns.
-DW, PM, TG, SG, ML


THE TWTY SECOND COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Charonton Cornell Barber
Georgetown, SC
Navy NFO

Charonton, aka. . .C, Barbs. "Man back at NAPS we didn't have to do any of this biography bull$!+&". Barber, you're going to P.M.P., for the 4th day in a row. The only man to get a 2.0 one semester then pull out a 3.5 the next semester. "Hey C, do you know that guy over there?" "Man I want to choke that fool." Everyone at Griffins knows him since he is there every night possible drinking Grand Marnier. After losing his Battalion drill position, he learned that it's hard to be humble when you are from West Virginia. Carried the 22nd Company basketball team to the Brigade Championships. "Man he gets on my G-d Damn nerves." Charonton will make all of us proud while he is flying around in his P-3 in Maine getting Lobsters on illegal runs. Good Luck C! ! !

John M. Cady
Memphis,TN
Navy NFO

Matt, not John. How Southern can you be without liking country music? "Love thos Legs......Squirrel... nickel" "5'8" isn't that short, I guess." Quasi. Mechanical engineering was a grea idea until PRK. "The Commandant had a motorcycle when he was a Mid?" "No, I swear its not becaus your roommates couldn't stand you." "I always wanted to be a Marine until I got here." "Are you kiddin me?...... Cheerleading?" "Now explain to me again how you got to know the Commandant's family s well?" "How old did you say she was?" "Did you hear that Cady threw Boone through a wall?" "Ye Yes, Burry the evidence.... Gouge" "I was telling my occasional running partner..." "Wow, that is a grea place for a Va State Trooper to hide." "Why are you so old?....Are you prior?" "Rich, let's get Matt! 2wheels are better. "A good mind, a good heart, and a good friend, have fun in p-cola."

My best friend here drives a Ford, but I wouldn't trade him for anything. Thanks to all th people that put up with me. Thanks Mommie and Dad; I love you both. Gina you're still the only perso that has given me a bloody nose.

Joseph Lee Campbell
Atlanta, GA
Submarine Warfare

Joe came to us from NYC, no wait, Chicago, err, was it Atlanta? From high'n'tights, rampant flaming, and relentless begging for Richard Simmons inspiration over the summer, this Joe came to be an acroynym-spewing, Bombay-consuming behemoth of unnecessary announcements at every formations. He still has nightmares about 10:31 to this day. "It's one lousy second, sir!" Dumped twice on his birthday, blocked on Halloween, and drop-kicked on New Years, he finally realized he didn' like people. However, he still has a way with the ladies after some liquid courage and the "tricky dance. Take me now? No, Joe-the Lord helps those who help themselves. Joe took refuge in athletics-namel NFL2K and MVP at Penn State with a killer spill. Having swiftly moved through bitter rooms, h eventually parked himself with the Brigade friend and a lush rat. Finally, he went from english to last minute excuses at NR. "So you're gonna enjoy preschool?" "Absolutely Admiral!" The silent service i eagerly awaiting your unprecedented intensity! Beware the gift of gab. SPM, GAHS, ADS, BDH, SRH Rip AEV. Remember the Wood

Kristina Chenery
Lake Forest, MN
Surface Warfare

Forget, never, always one more picture- Silence is boredom vs. dislike, deadly. Let me think...No. Bathroom? Lights? Common Sense? When all else fails try art. Pretty line means fractures, eyes, perhaps tumors, check it out. Rollerblade or hang on tight. Thrifty dirty say what, tampon box, the key is to improvise. Don't ya know? Right...blah, blah, blah...but forever, thank you, everyone has their mark-

Michael John Chiesl
The Woodlands, TX
USMC Ground

Mike, aka. . .Cheese, MC, Mutt, Miguelito, Mike Dawg. The Minnesota native that claims Texas. The toughest man alive, just ask him. Lethal with Joe Berries, Joe Balls, and buckets of excrement from 7-3. The Lattimer of Navy Football who ignored whistles, yet the kind natured man that loved "Nutz" with all his heart. The only two ways to stop the Terminator are molten steel and Kristin. Despite his overflowing volcano of testosterone, one word from a girl will turn him into a dog begging at the table. Deviant nights out on the town that we all try to forget....ah yes the Deviant Duo strike again, again, and that's it. A wanted man in New York after he single handedly shut off the power to an entire city block with his bare hands. A Big Texan with an even bigger heart that melts at the sweet tunes of the Backstreet Boys.
TD TF DT CE PM JN DR BS KH
- The guts carry the feet, not the feet the guts. Cervantes

Trevor Anthony Day
Fullerton, CA
Cryptology

Trevor, aka. . .T-day, T-nutz, Dia del los Muertos, the runt of the family. Got denied in admissions from G-town, but is running for their class president anyways. He is unable to turn Pat down with a few pokes to the ribs. "Let's run a PFT, No...Damn...OK". Still thinks that velcro wallets and Vans are cool. "Heck, tequila ain't so bad, just as long as you have an eye full of lime." You and Ben were seriously unsatisfied with DC's landscaping, and by God you let them know it. Wielder of the HATE-STICKTM. One of the Deviant Duo. Scares everyone with his late night sleep walks in his tightie-whities, causing his entrance into the esteemed ranks of restricted line. Put the Notre Dame leprechaun in a world of hurt. He has told more girls that he hates them than loves them. Thank God he introduced us all to Big Bertha, Arnold pranks, and Stile. Untouchable to the conduct system. When it comes to throwing covers and hangers, he has no equal. Sharing a room with Ben, Adolf, and Stile in a warm climate. An honest to God UBC lifer. WESSIDE!!! TY, BS, JJ, K, MC, CE, DT, PM

Brett Edward Elko
Charlotte, NC
Navy Pilot

Brett. Brett! Bretttt!! If only he could divide his attention - an introspective mind and a heart of gold. The only guy I know who had women travel several states to see him - strictly as friends. We had to part ways when he decided he actually wanted to graduate...plebe year was the quest for meaning, mp3's, and lost game. Elko Suave... too suave to join in naked hour and plebe Halloween debauchery. Always a sophisticated style, he appreciated the finer things in life - good music, good wine, and good conversation. Selection as CC, no one ever doubted that Brett was destined for greatness. ¡buena suerte! amigo.
-EMM

You were always around to have a good time, except maybe when that whole CC thing got in the way. Maybe if you hadn't kept your side of the room so clean mine would not have looked as bad! Your attempts to 'broaden my horizons' through Techno and Latin music have ultimately proven feeble...sorry man. But seriously, you've been there through a lot of good times and bad and I look forward to the years and experiences ahead. BDS

Charles Erich Escher
Houston, TX
Navy Pilot

Charlie, aka. . . Chazz, Bonez. The only one of us that wanted to go to the Academy 3 seconds after birth. The guy that always gets to do the cool stuff over the summer. Leads the brigade in parking tickets on the yard: too much ammo, too many gate guards. . . those stickers must be impossible to scrape off. His adventures to Baltimore have turned out disastrous for the people who take him. Likes to ride in Pat's brand new Yukon. Lost his dinner and his pants after a memorable night at the Mexican Café. The smartest man in the universe, in a few years he will surely be shooting spitballs at the rest of us from 100 miles up. Best of luck flying those things you've been studying for four years. And don't forget to stop by GNC on your way to flight school. On a serious note, Charlie was the man to help a friend in need. . . all you gotta do is ask, even if your keys are 12 feet down in the sewer. MC, BS, PM, DT, JJ, TY, K.

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

Tyler Wade Forrest
Linwood, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Tyler, aka. . . Gump, Massive Head Wound, Ty. He needs to take a few gymnastic lessons from Tripp. The only man that can listen to the same techno songs for four years straight. He is capable of sleeping for 27 hours in a row. He is a great roommate but watch out for the sticky foot. After his tough Tuesday schedule, and a 12 hour nap, he would search for car audio on the web for the rest of the night. He loves sky blue, but can pull off any color scheme imaginable. They say the first time is the best, especially in a hot tub, this one was by far the biggest. Jersey is so good, you can smell it. The pioneer of the extreme sport of drunk climbing. Tyler don't forget to check your lock again...and again...can you say obsessive compulsive disorder? He will always remain the mayor of Value City. So close to Olympic glory in the 400m Hurdles, if not for the fall heard around the world. "Christmas!!" TD, K, JJ, BS, CE, MC, PM, DT. Thanks Mom, Dad, and Blake, you guys are the greatest.

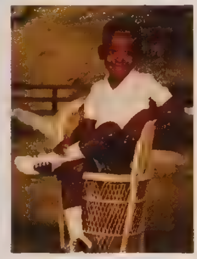
Bradley Dale Harrison
Turtle Creek, PA
Submarine Warfare

A half-pint of Iron City was delivered to Annapolis one hot summer day in 1998. He shared his Pittsburgh flavor with those who would listen, starting his race for the White House early. Ultra-torso man went from prestigious plankowner in the Severn River Beach Club, Spring Break 2K, to tears in the surf at Myrtle, his popularity being a real burden. Though a true victor in high school, his love life skidded to a halt upon arrival. From dry times in the Big Easy, to Wu Tang in Philly, you'da never thought this "chair-itable" young man would shortly meet his fairy grincess. He ditched Doctor Ben, his bedtime friend, who tucked him in every night. Cubby got his N-Star by splashing around in the Lejeune Hall hot tub. With understandable time constraints like that, we were lucky he ever stopped by. The parents were always here, namely to help Brad cash their checks, and to take the Wood out to dinner. Best of luck to the ludite at nuke school. Semper Wood. GAHS, JLC, SPM, ADS, SRH.

Sean Ryan Holman
Rockville, MD
Navy Pilot

Fresh from next-door-somehow with a nomination from WA, a MD address, and a VA drivers license-the Devil came to us in a galloping rabbit. Starting with a Clemson Tiger and a passion for crew, Dev ended up sticking to the Cycling Team like white on "rice." 1, 2, skip a few, roll down the hill, 20!! From drinking to driving, there was never any holding back. Fast and furious, indeed with a mere 26min flat run from Bethesda to the Boathouse. The engineer behind Spring Break 2K's Severn River Beach Club then met with DDisaster, shortly thereafter receiving a battlefield promotion to avoid saluting and calling her ma'am. In Quebec, Diego-meister really LOBbed him an easy hit. He went out in the rain, often without a raincoat, luckily not catching a cold. Three stripes earned him a Greene card, at least for a while. From pensive thoughts to random quotes, he was always ready to win an argument. Who would've thought he'd be back at Georgetown still unable to buy himself alcohol, the Wood always saved the day. BDH, GAHS, ADS, JLC, SPM

Karlton Maurice Holston
McDoungh, GA
Supply Corps



Karlton, aka. . .K, Sexual Chocolate, Starvin Karlton. The son of a Preacher Man. The Best roommate in the brigade with sweet stereo, Sega Dreamcast, Play Station II, and endless food supply. The master trash talker in 22. The Arthur Ashe of badmitton. He has never touched a beer in his life, but give him somethin fruity and he turns into Evil K. He could have been a world class track runner if he weren't so d*** lazy. Smooth with the ladies but rough with the boys in the room. He has the sweetest ride but don't ask him what color it is. "No seriously K, you are the worst performer in the company," that was evident during plebe summer when you got kicked out of your squad for a week. One of the worst swimmers the Academy has ever seen, he managed to pass the 40 year after numerous 0530 wakeups. A truly nice guy to be around and always down with having a good time. And of course a lifetime member of the UBC. JN, TF, TD, CE, BS, MC, DT, PM. Thanks Mom, Dad, Brit and Family for all your Love and Support.

Lucas Mcdowell Jung
Revo, NV
Navy NFO

I am the Money Man! I may not have done much in Annapolis, but I had a condo. Beat that! Wags, after four years I've finally learned that someone else's shower is not a urinal. Cool people use Linux. It can't be crashed. Some day I will be as cool as Bill Gates. I'm sure glad I fooled Jon and Ron when they were out on Ammo watch. Thank God Jon was around when I lost my jeep. At least Joe hasn't gotten a hold of those pictures through the window Plebe year. If it's not Scottish, IT'S CRAP! Contrary to what you may think, the kilt is the ultimate survival tool. I know, I wear it properly. That reminds me of a friend back home...

Samuel Peter Mason
Lakeview, OR
Navy Pilot

Sam rode a cattle train East from the high deserts of Oregon carrying a Bible, a belt buckle and a cord of Cope logs. It seems so long ago when you were b.s.'ing your chow calls and the infamous 3/C Sam emerging from 4/C Mason. Then youngster year and talks of the supernatural on the Shenendoah Valley trail. Later, the responsibilities of 2/C year, a USAFA sabbatical, and the realization of what "...too much tequila" really means. 2/c loan: "it's like borrowing from your grandma!" Course you were the only mid to buy farm equipment with your loan money. 1/C year brought with it the challenges of leading the company...and ignoring Brett when he annoyed you-wait, that wasn't a challenge. Those damn 2/C, "don't talk to me in the morning...ever!" as you huddled over your coffee mug. It's great to have another member of the 2% club close at hand, I know you and Jenny will be truly happy together. You have been my best friend the last year and a half, always there to help me out or set me straight. Have a great time flying "God's helicopter." BDS, JAS, ADS, BDH, SRH, JLC, GAHS.

Patrick Sean McCauley
Dallas, TX
Special Warfare

Pat, aka . . . PM dawn, Nice Hat Pat, SEAL Team Pat. The only man that thinks wearing a crusty old Jack Daniels hat is a turn on for women. He single handedly keeps the Mexican Café in business, "Did someone say margaritr?!?" Wore opponents down in the boxing ring with his face, and the founder of the dare game in Annapolis. Discovered the secret of the margaritas but can't find his way home without his On Star system. Author of the K song. Met the love of his life on YP's in New York. "I don't date any girl that isn't from Texas." Winner of back to back Brigade boxing championships courtesy of the hardest chin in the ring. A tough Texan that is willing to lay on the tracks for his friends.

-I would like to thank my parents for all of their love and support. Mom I wouldn't be where I am today without you. Trapper, Meyr, Big 12, Coco clan ya'll are the best a friend could ask for. DT "the road goes on forever and the party never ends," its been rough at times, but I see many beaches and margaritas in our future.

Emmanuel Michael McKenzie
Galveston, TX
Submarine Warfare

Four years on the scene and it has only gotten better. From day one, the eclectic Mike McKenzie has fought the good fight and now a better man for it. Lover of many styles and many women - Santa definitely called you out: come meet Latino Mike on Mondays, Ghetto Mike on Tuesdays, Euro Mike on Thursdays and Fridays, and western Mike for those odd nights out... Hey, what can I say? Rocco pulled it all off well... So many journeys: into the mind, the music, the city, the open road. Fitting the lifestyle into the underclass years just wasn't "your bag"... I don't think that we were meant to be anything other than firsties... but hey, what does not get you kicked out only makes you stronger, right??? From our grand introduction to the DoD Police to breaking records youngster year making TAPs back from DC...all that excitement! MAN, you deserve a good night's sleep in the car every once in a while! A lot learned firstie year and a solid friendship that has definitely been through the paces... thanks for the last four brother. Only the best for you ...the future definitely holds some great things for dj magic mike, ¡disfrutese! BE

Caroline Elizabeth Nietmann
Huntington, MD
Surface Warfare

Caroline, Carrie, Carebear, CEN, Shorty, Pooks. From our 530 runs to our 730 runs, all we do is run. But I just want you to know that through it all, there is no one I would rather suffer with than you. You have been kind, considerate, selfless, and understanding, throughout our friendship. And then Thermo, and all those other classes us sophisticated, Starbucks drinking, sushi eating women don't need for anything. We will always have great memories and bloody toes. A.L.S.

And then there was your drunken stupidity...coming back alone, desperate, and in need of a date. I jumped on the opportunity and you have made my life worthwhile. From date #2 to Fort Lauderdale, Laspada's, South Beach, the Plaza, Hawaii, the dirty CC, Rose Bowl, Grove Park, Hustler, Nelly, Outkast, Ludacris, suede to leather, granny to nothing, cats to doggy, Nietmann to Kevin, Elizabeth to 4-pack, just remember who asked who out. From 5 feet in front, to the switch, to the highlight of my life, and finally, to the best part of the rest of my life. Jigga what, ok ok, reverse that, an Arabian mocha java and I'm out. DLZ (what-what)

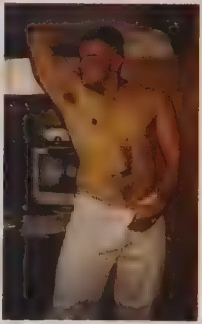
Jason John Nollette
San Antonio, TX
USMC Ground

J.J. a.k.a. . . Nolimit Soulja, J-Joke, The Slayer. The only reason he failed Kemistry twice is because he couldn't spell it. Definitely a proud member of the square root club. Rolls with style (underwear not included). He came to the Naval Academy for the women and women alone. He wanted so badly to meet the class of '06 that he stayed till August. Had a good time on his first weekend ever as a second class. Doesn't know where he will be stationed, could be San Diego, Quantico, or even OUTCONUS. The only man to own the mates desk on 7-3. Busted a hazelnut through the ceiling tiles. Has been chasing Simmy for years but has always come up a little bit short. The first rule of UBC is do not talk about UBC. The man who won't leave a friend stranded in Baltimore even if it means his ass. Thanks to all the people I have made friends with over the past 4 years. You all mean a lot to me and I wish you well as we embark on the next chapters of our lives. "We sleep safe in our beds at night because rough men stand ready to visit violence on those who would harm us." Col Bristal, USMC

Jonathan Raymond Parker
Bellville, OH
USMC Ground

LISTEN UP! THIS IS IMPORTANT! I am a Marine. HOORAH! Don't think I don't remember everyone who laughed at me when I got a Mohawk Plebe year. I will get you! Now that I'm a Marine I don't have to worry about hiding the fact that I'm going bald. I hope I don't ever have to do another weather prediction. If my troops ever have to rely on me for that kind of info, they're screwed. Good to go? Stinking feet, what are you talking about? It doesn't bother me. I love garlic.

Steven William Ranes
Phoenix, AZ
Surface Warfare



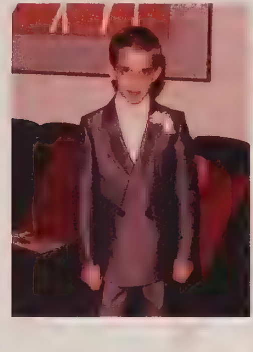
Steve...aka Stevo, Stevus, Raneman, and Fat Steve. The only man on earth that has thighs that can compete with tree trunks. From the Lazers of Plebe Summer to the Patriot League shot-put champ, Stevo has been the pride and joy of all big body jokes. The man that really knows how to throw weights around, including his own. Advice: don't piss him off. He doesn't like mice, but that's ok we wont hold that against him, not forever anyway. The only man that can successfully shave an arrow into his chest and stomach....please don't ask which way its pointing. The Navy now has a new addition to its arsenal "Stevo" with iron ball - range: 60 nautical feet. The only thing bigger than Steve's thighs is his heart. Steve is a man to go to war with and an even better man to be friends with. MC, TD, CE, BS, TF.

Andrew Darrow Satorius
Shenandoah Jct, WV
Submarine Warfare

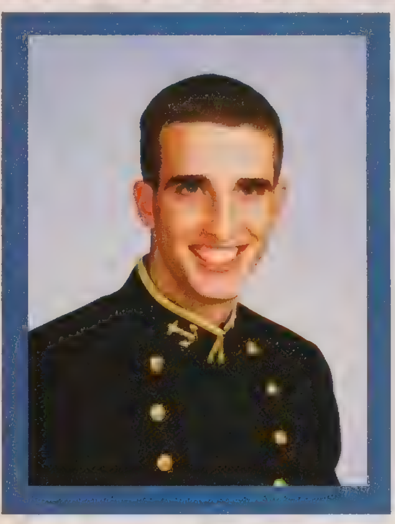
After proving his family tree actually forks, RAT scurried from West Virginia to the confines of the Boat School. He was plebe of the millenium and THAT guy at every party; fortunately he will have the last laugh. From making the flip-cup team to having oranges stuffed in his mouth, if only to make things interesting. Oh well, I guess you really do have to drink to have fun... One, Two, Three...times up, guess I should have stopped smoking. That's a nicotine delivery system Drew. Adhering to the gospel according to Mark, he followed the family traditions and chased a girl closer to the roommates. "Crepes Drew? No I prefer Quiche - hey she didn't call safety" To a man that always takes the moral high road, course you were able to convince your parents to do a keg stand. Remember the Wood. GAHS, JLC, SRH, BDH, SPM

George Acton Hervey Schmuke
Washington, DC
Navy Pilot

Fresh from the sheeplands down under (aka Missoura), a svelte 155lb Dingo arrived carrying only a $150 yo-yo. He blew your candle out so his would be brighter, and according to him, every red light eventually turns Greene. A Plankowner in the Severn River Beach Club over Spring Break 2K, he sled-dogged his way through the Brigade to double-digit unconfirmed kills. He fell in love with a Muskrat, but eventually had to put it down. He extensively toured New York and Pittsburgh real estate (not to mention Philly fire-escapes), you might say he had a monopoly on the market (as such). From inflating tires in the bike room to the general's daughter at the Wood, Dingo has developed a certain, what the French call, "I don't know what" with the ladies. From crew to cycling to skiing to intramurals, he was always the confused athlete. Firstie year arrived with yet further scamming. From Summer Seminar firstie brass gets youngster _ _ _ to Brigade drinking officer, using his plush off-campus housing to monitor libations in DTA. Always ready to play the power card and rubbing the golden horseshoe all the way to Moody AFB? Single seat-the only way Dingo flies! The Wood was always faithful. BDH, JLC, SPM, ADS, SRH



Bryan Wayne Schneider
Staten Island, NY
Surface Warfare



So There he was, doing the 0800 in Senior's office...Sorranno started the demise of lil' old Bryan; AKA Slim, Schnids, B, Skinny. If only the walls of seventh wing could talk; from the mafia to the antics of him and JJ-every rule and then more. Whose lung breaks while they are sleeping, come on now?! He went "hunting" for the first time at USNA-and picked up a new past time of "ironing." Bryan what position do you have this semester? Oh you are still the Brigade Friend? And whose laugh can be picked out by any person walking down the hall, and who would always tell people how great NYC was. Learned it's hard to be humble when you're from West Virginia was nothing compared to Bourbon Street! Many good times had on the USS Nasty, the range and Russia-where he met my wife to be. His ex-girl Roberta, what a, well you know! Bryan still true to your friends like you always has been. Keep laughing, making people smile, and calling girls "Sweetie." Thanks to my friends, mom, dad, brother, grandma and grandpa for being there in my life...Good luck and God Bless...9/11....

Charles Anthony Shehadi III
Raynham, MA
Navy NFO

A valuable addition to Hotel Charlie, Chuck brings the work ethic only an old, prior-Marine Sergeant could: he's one to work smarter, not harder. He has a personality that amazes those around him; you wonder where his energy comes from, and then you laugh because he inevitably does something silly. Now only if he'll quit talking funny, then maybe Boston will finally win something. He is a man with no moral dilemmas-his conscience stopped putting up a fight a long time ago. He was the first to know everything, and always the first to find a legitimate way to get out of it. You can always count on him to bring a group back to common sense and rational thinking. A determined man, he knows what he wants and will not rest till the task is conquered. He is a genuine friend that can offer valuable guidance in any subject. Coming to Canoe U. as a Recon Marine, he now chooses a laid-back Navy life; he has finally seen the light. As he takes the road less traveled, Mr. Bigglesworth to some, Ducky or Lance to others, he will be an overachiever in whatever endeavor he chooses, in the Navy and in life. To ensure peace of mind, ignore the rules and regulations. -George Ade... Civilize the Mind, Make Savage the Body. -Sun Tzu-

Benjamin Franklin Simones
Prescott, WI
Submarine Warfare

Ben aka . . .the Wookie, Dirk Diggler, Simmy, Green Turtle Monster, Peter Pantless, and the only man ever to be kicked out of naked hour. Oh that ever-present leaf seems to keep on turning and turning for the only proud Wisconsonian we have ever met. Never one to think before acting. Inventing the LIME IN THE EYE with Trev. "Out of tequila? Heck, just use some Jack!!" Pulling the Jackass Jump into the bush before classes, sticking the double-twist on the landing. Spring Break 2K in Bancroft. You and Trev forced DC to landscape the entire city. Close calls with the one-legged cop in Orlando. List of priorities: video games, prank phone calls with Al Pacino, adding to the ever growing list, "Me, Trev, Adolf and Stile rooming afterwards" conversations, tee-shirt designing, sleep, coughing, and finally the Naval Academy. The only man to be able to ace all his finals after countless hours of playing Thief II, the only man we know to squat 400 pounds without spending any time in the weight room. The best damn karaoke rendition of "Bad Bad Leroy Brown" ever, and a helluva UBC player. MC, CE, TD, TY, PM, DT, K, JJ

Natasha Lasalle Sistrunk
Columbia, SC
USMC Ground

Caring, intelligent, athletic, trustworthy, dependable, VIRTUOUS, beautiful, witty, loyal, ambitious, funny, focused, loving . . . Look out for This U.S. Marine that's dressed to kill, whether in Blood Stripes or suede boots (with the matching purse and hat of course), Natasha Lasalle Sistrunk never goes unnoticed. She was born to lead. She's my best friend, my sister, my spiritual advisor, "My Help," my role model. The world is not ready for you girl!!! But that's all right, 'cause it was you who first taught me that, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord, who are called according to His purpose" (Romans 8:28). And with Mary thinking that you are the BOMB, what else really matters? Question: "Anybody got any Bazooka Joe?" Comment: "you know that ain't sexy" . . . "Secure the tears Waters!" From secretary to PAO to VP, your hard work alone will continue to impact the voice of the Naval Academy Gospel Choir for years to come. Thug Passion in action, now that's worth seeing. I'm glad to have front row seats. I'm proud of you. Love you girl! And may God bless you abundantly for the love that you so freely give to all those around you. T^2 forever. Love, T2

Brandon Dee Smith
Blanchester, OH
Navy NFO

Cincinnati Rules! From the stix of Ohio Brandon came with his eyes focused on the sky. Spent most of first semester trying to get off all-calls. Never wrong about anything. Competed with Sam to see who could spend the most time phoning the wife. Out in DTA he became too friendly with door at Riordans. Look forward to driving you around.

B...marshmallow...married? Finally announcing it, "for real" I'm really proud of you. 2/c year we were a bad influence on each other, "Ooh, this looks cool....I'll buy it!" Firsties...ooh-rah?! We could go skiing, wait, nope, can't do that, thanks MilMed, but you did avoid the PRT. At least we got Spring Break. Hang in there, all the way to Herndon....I mean graduation. Brandon Smith: could a man have a bigger heart?? loyal to the core, you have been a great friend over the last four. From making our way back together from DTA one step at a time to learning about life and the lessons of the academy, we have definitely been through it... old wing rack-vaulting, surprise b-days with wrappers left around, tailgate hopping, ring dance cruisin and boozin... a quality experience. Hang on to what you got, no doubt you will do great. Looking forward to what the future may hold. JAS,SPM,BEE

Jeffrey Alexander Smith
Charlotte, NC
Navy Pilot

Jeff-dog, stork, wha!!! It's been a crazy four years, can't believe we are almost there. Plebe summer, tons of fun, topped off by your favorite 2/c J.C. Started out as Scared and Stupid Smith(I think we proved they got that one backward) followed that up withall calls for what seemed like forever, side by side. Youngster year, "No, I can't go out with you guys, I have sailing." Oh well, guess you'll have the last laugh in Bermuda! We certainly had our patience tested, still can't believe the four of us lived in that rat-trap of a room. The rudest awakening ever, "AWWWW my eyes, you... its in my eyes." We still got our licks in and had fun, "sure, assign me a flaming chow-call station...riiiigghtt." Surprisingly, here you are, poised on the edge of a successful and enjoyable naval career. You are going to make an awesome flyboy, just stay away from those P-3's! You are a great friend and I look forward to further shenanigans in P-cola! SPM, BDS, R.I.P. AEV

Nathaniel John Swift
Cross Plains, TX
Navy Pilot

Sieg heil! M-O-O-N. That spells Nate Swift. Do I have my toothbrush? Sir, I have my toothbrush Sir. Swift!, was God playing a cruel joke on you? More like "Not so Swift". Fun with Wihlem at Duffy's! Yeah that's right, I have a bigger arsenal than you do! 20 round mags? we don't need no stinking 20 round mags! Dangummit, Parker's duck is on the loose again. Wow someone actually thinks I can fly a jet plane. Thank-god I am out of Rickover! Gun running to Texas! TEXAS! YEAH I'M FROM TEXAS! SO DON'T MESS WITH ME!

Daniel Nicholas Tereshko
Berlin, MA
Special Operations

Dan likes Jumbos...Jumbo nasties. It was a simple phrase written on a wall and had no meaning, Dan however proved it to be true. Remember the "MBF incident" at Ring Dance. Dan has a style all his own, sporting plaid pants, summer white shoes and Tyler Durden sunglasses, but despite his style, he needs Petey to help him work his game. However, he has been seen macking at Baskin Robbins. In the boathouse he is the crazy man in the bow who never washes his rowing trou. Dan has a very interesting relationship with women, he likes big red heads on the GW crew team. "Why won't Vanessa kiss me?" Sold his soul to Don Nelson for Summer Scaminar. "Summer Scaminar, Good for Recruiting...and Slaying" A Mass-hole born and raised, but goes to D.C. a lot. Unfortunately he could never find anything in D.C. i.e "Pulling a Danny-T" He might go there and drink a forty or two. He doesn't remember the rest of his 21st B-day and was "sick" the last day of spring break. Maybe he had bad cream cheese. Dan was the proud owner of the most unused party house. THE RUSKIE, "Boston Whaler incident". Dan always arranges fun activities for the Brothers..."We Band of Brothers...Greasers"

Daniel Joseph Thomas
Plantation, FL
Navy Pilot

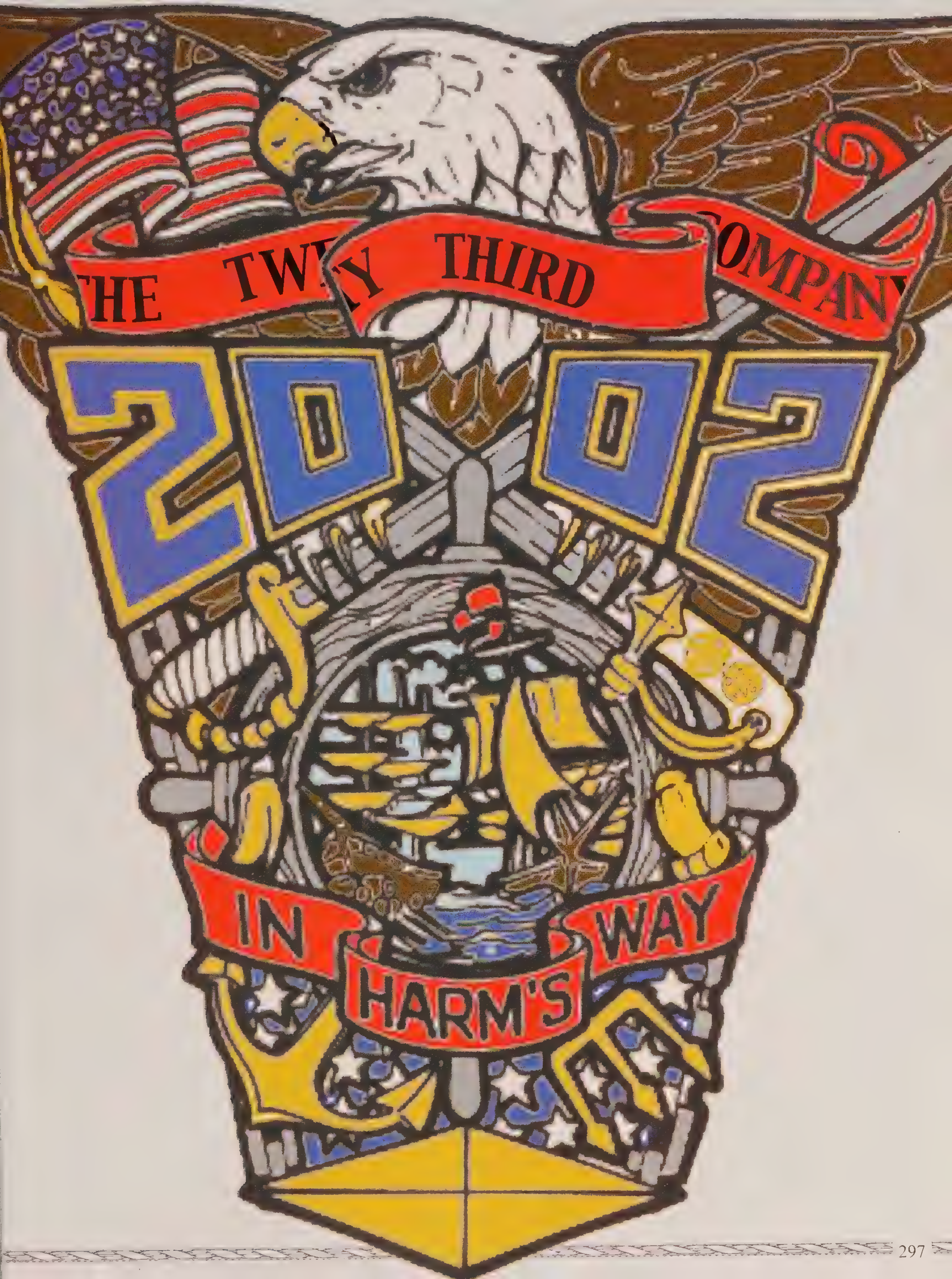
Danny (DT, Wop, Wop-Tip, Daper Dan, ADT). The most unexpected company commander and the John Madden of 22nd Company, but didn't understand the simple difference between a lion and a tiger. DT looks like you need to take it back to NAPS. The proud owner of an eagle scout gold card, and didn't hesitate to pull it out for proof for us or the ladies. Classic DT quotes: "It's like I service selected sh*t." "DT is key...OH!" "DT strikes again." Couldn't stand Castro so he decided to pack up and go to the Academy. They say the camera always adds ten pounds, but with DT for some reason it always goes to his neck. Oh DT, I heard the gate guards are going to be out tonight...the Eagle Scout was always too scared to break the rules. The Florida boy with a natural tan, always smooth as the ladies man and by Lord did he hate MaryLand, that's our friend Dan.

Kathryn Marie Windstein
Lancaster, PA
USMC Ground

The Navy definitely wasn't ready! Plebe Summer: some trouble with shirtstays and broken feet, but she got to sing next to the choir w/ MH...my best friend and "twin", and roomed with the future BC-AJ, and awesome friend...Plebe Year-filled with traumatic run-ins with certain 2/c (and awesome roomies!)... then Spring Break! "give me a boy, quick!" met an awesome guy, Ben...blue eyed, red-haired...tried to leave him at McD's, ended up stuck with him for the rest of my life. Young-star year...love chits. 2/c year, turned Marine, got engaged.... Firstie year-alternative education plan at St John's...am Practices get a little bit harder.Navy Swimming memories...KMW-at least you won't have to change your initials! Don't ever lose your love of life and desire for happiness...I'm banking on it! -BPW. kate! my best friend throughout college years... may not be a night owl, but makes a wonderful swim team roomie. her patience and persistance will not go unnoticed in the USMC. On road or in woods, "her mind not only wonders, but will leave her completely." Don't get lost! Ben you have an incredible wife who will coach you through the many strokes of life. Godspeed—MH

Ronald Eugene Young Jr.
Clinton,UT
Navy NFO

I was raised on the hard streets of Clinton, Utah. Liberty every day 2/c Class year. Enjoying the metropolis of Annapolis with my mistress. Drill is Life, the rest is just details! I know, let's drive as long as I can and see how many times my truck can flip in one crash. Light pole, what light pole! Yeah I'm driving for an hour to go "running", really guys I drive for an hour to go "running". Orgasmo will find a way! What can I do now that I am finished. I KNOW! LETS BUILD A SNOWMAN!


THE TW Y THIRD OMPAN
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Megan Elizabeth Ahr
Mount Laurel, NJ
Surfare Warfare

It all started on Big Pete's boat, and then it started on Big Pete's boat—I guess we should thank him (and B&SheD.) Can you believe what we've done together? Sailing in Chicago, camping on the Rappahannock, Skiing in PA, and countless weekends in MD, NJ, and RI. The past has been fun, but the future will be better. M&M loose in San Diego; this could be interesting. Good luck to my favorite SWOrrior, 143 - Matthew I truly treasure the friendship we have developed, and how we have been there for each other while we struggled through this place. Only three years ago we were giving chow calls and trying to deal with Lauren P., while LT Rob rode into our room on his bike, and now we go to spinning class with the imposing Yancy. Our lives are full of change, and we've grown up quickly, but the important thing is that we will be there for each other through whatever may happen. We've made it through Service Selection and we'll make it through many deployments; we're ready to bust out of here and do something beautiful and spectacular in the world. I'm proud of you, SWO Mama! -Lauren

Derek N. Cassadine
Columbia, SC
Surface Warfare

You think you know but you have no idea. "Cass". "Dine". "P.Diddy". "Tiger". No matter what you call him, this kat is the prettiest brotha at the Naval Academy. What can I say about Dine? I'll never forget what you told that girl at Confetti's when she looked at you crazy and said she didn't want to dance. Miami is his Academy getaway. I respect you for going EE because even though you struggled you stuck with it. Best damn wardroom rep. How many times can some call you P.Diddy? This International Man of Mystery has left many broken headboards all over the Mediterranean and Japan. Why do Australian chicks love this guy so much? If you don't know-ask to his infamous pictures! Did anyone else think that 4/C Cassadine was the baddest MF during Plebe Summer-he wasn't afraid of anybody? Shaft's DNA was used to give life to him. Demerits-260. Black N with Star. Could this Mid have gotten into any more trouble as a Plebe? Get the Japanese oil message! Banana Republic's most loyal customer. This man is a friend who will stand with you in the face of any adversity. Did I mention you look like P. Diddy?

Dan Cnossen
Topeka, KS
Special Warfare

DANger, Disco Dan. It's okay, we got your pack set up perfect for West Virginia. You puke, you pay. LT Goon hooked you and Jimbo up . . . right. Show N Tail before the big race. The worst decision ever: "I can't come over because I've gotta make it back by taps." And who said you can't dance! Hooters girl, interns dude. Forget the 8-hour diving rule. So how about this theory on girls? Lost in North Carolina woods, helped kids riot at local college, weekends at Great Falls getting tangled in the ropes. Look out, Denny's. Always had the best birthday. "I'll take you all on!" Late night swims to the spider buoy. Boat Crew 6. Look out Coronado, we're not in Kansas anymore Todo. If we just chill here they'll come to us-and they did. We've been through everything here together. Give 'em hell on the strand, brother.

—MT, RB, DB, GK, BZ, DM, NS

Paul Joseph Coco
East Hartford, CT
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Coco came to USNA on the 5-year plan. Having good times in Newport and Scuba diving on the weekends helped him graduate NAPS. Plebe year "the wonder years" opened his eyes to real life at the old school by the bay giving him his napster attitude. Singing the CoCo the monkey song, chow calls in Spanish, football recons, and pro-quizs summed up Plebe year. Summers spent with YP's in NY: always the under age drink fest, Two trips to Hawaii: on the Academy's vacation package, playing with marines(YUT!!!), flying in P-Cola, messing with the JSF, leading 8 youngsters to their death on the high seas, and being bribed to be a bubble head. Chilling at parties with the Johnnies and single life ended in Sept of youngster year. Weekends involved many trips to WAC, Towson, Catonsville, and eating healthier. Keeping out of all the asskissing and politics in company, living in Rickover aero labs creating THE MONSTER with the aero crew of '01. It flew like a dream until it crashed and burned, and so did all desire to go Navy Air. The wife joins the Navy Nurse Corp and Coco goes NUC-SWO. All the good friends of 23 RM,SM,JV,LC,BR,DS,DC,SS keep the good times rolling, Norfolk should be fun. MEM hope you can put up with me for the rest of your life.

Lauren Coia
Uniontown, OH
Naval Intelligence

You were the best thing that happened to me the summer we were roommates. We used to study naked, drink straight chocolate syrup, had adventures on YP's, and have stayed best friends since. DRC. I always knew that I could come "vent" to you and you would always be there to listen. The White House and Black Market shopping night was a blast - champagne, chocolate, and sexy clothes! Take care of yourself, Babe — Love ya! DEF. Together, we've been to countless museums, restaurants, cafes, theaters, crowded streets, lonely streets, bizarre shops and hilarious situations in dozens of wonderful cities. We'll do the same in countless more. I would walk the earth and walk it again, but no matter how many journeys I make, no matter what wonders I may encounter, I know the greatest place I will ever be is in your heart. To the woman sweeter than the chocolate she so dearly loves, more loving, funny, weird or tough than any character in the scores of books she's read, I am proud of you and always will be. To my little woman with a great big mind, heart, and soul, I love you and I'm proud to be yours. MAP.

James Vincent Consalvi
Canton, MA
Navy Pilot

JayBird: bullet-swallower, plane-crasher, salt-trucker, un-requited lover. A bit husky entering USNA, Jay's love of truffles was quickly exploited by his detailers. Youngster year brought "the M3" and he went from 0-to-Love in under 4.3 seconds - a hair faster than his car. Skippering the three hour Bay tour that would rival even the most off the wall Giligan's Island, we're convinced Jay was trying to prove his SWO-less-ness. Being a man that has stared death in the face more than the average mortician, let's hope his comfort level doesn't lead to a NAFOD or two. Like a kid that never grew up, he's blown through more hobbies than Thomas Crown. Sure he's no good at any of them, but hey, you gotta keep life interesting. As the eternal optimist, Jay said, "Eric, any landing you can walk away from is a good one." Spring Break South Padre set him on cruise control for the home stretch. When the docs at P-Cola finally came to their senses, the last hill had been crested - Thank God! What a trip.
Mom, we made it. Trials, now tribulations! I wouldn't be who or where I am without you. You're MY BEST. To the rest of the crazies that I am so proud to call family - you are the best friends I could ever ask for; you are my life. I love you. Dad, you are always with me...you can be my wingman anytime. the BOYS.

John David Dirk
Ovillia, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

In spite of an acute irritation of the epidermis, John Dirk was allowed to remain at the Naval Academy. This is where we became acquainted with his mildly loquacious nature that would endear itself to us. "Did you know that" Dirkus Aurillius knows more randomly obscure facts and current events than God? "And get this" he'd be more than happy to tell them to you, all of them, forget he told you, and so tell you again. This infinite wisdom stems from his advanced age as evidenced by his love of pipes and disdain for that worthless popular culture. Only the finest scotches and most classical of music can satisfy this Texas gentleman. As a faithful Adventure Buddy he has led us to railroad grades and diamond mines that we may never have known existed. He enjoys dabbling in the transcendental from his beloved thermal neutrons to his Ring Dance date. He decided against going SWO, and a possible future as captain of the Freedom Ship, in favor of the beloved Corps. As the most notorious Company Commander in the Brigade he refined the art of creating a "positive, fair, and predictable environment," which he plans to provide for his Marines. the BOYS.

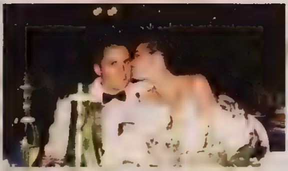
Daniel Patrick Floyd
Greensboro, NC
Surface Warfare

Daniel Patrick Floyd, but never called anything but Floyd or gunny, even by his own mother. Hails from the boro. 4 years of varsity athletics without quitting? Unheard of. I'm trying to catch people jumping the wall. You only live twice, silly crazy tricky. I like this place I think ill buy it. TAH brothers. Three beers in the shower, TOOL noone believes that I can quit. Frisbeen corps. Fifteen days for music. Ring dance date swapping. Comp sci major can't make a web page. Oley allstar. Needhamizer. Worms, and Kart undisputed champion. I blame Slaaaaavi for the shipwreck. Silly communist. The borrowing of my car must stop. Noone in this company will do homework. No roommate of mine will get scurvy. You need to speak Spanish in spain? Spain motorcross, Californian poison ivy, welcome to California. It's hot in here. Halili, are you done yet? The importance of a pad and pen, command by negation. Is he going to be drinking? Roomates 4Life. I declare shenanigans on Key West, the swim team, this room, my roommates, and the world. Thanks mom, dad, auntie, uncle P, sisters, brother, friends one and all, couldn't have made it without you. the BOYS.

Kurt Nicholas Fredland
Houston, TX
Navy Pilot

Fredlandee started out on the right track at the academy. A varsity athlete with promise getting kicked off the team not once but twice. Yeah so you get strep once and people think you got the HIV. Youngster year was half as long and twice as fun, but dude...I'm his roommate. It brought about the birth of one of the greatest USNA traditions-the frisbeen corps. Do you think I look like Pat Riley? 2/C year snowboarding and that damn CD took up about all of my time. Spain wasn't ready for us, neither was Mexico and I heard the president of the Spanish Honor Society doesn't even know Spanish. Firstee year who said we wouldn't make it...ok they just said that about Torres.

I'd just like to thank the people who made this possible: Mom, Dad you guys are the greatest. Mari and Jon you didn't do much but that's what sisters and brothers are for. To my roommates and the brothers that I made here...I love you all and I'll miss you. the BOYS.



Guy Douglas Glennon
East Millstone, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Guy Glennon, the man has a unique way with words and predictions. His first year on the Bay was filled with numerous trips to the Express Office and outlandish forecasts (you're going to have a tough time come Ac year; next Vietnam?). As soon as he was issued his computer he had sold it, bought four more, got fried for advertising to sell three of them, and started construction on another two. He was always finding some shady deal, forcing a deal, or finding some poor schmuck to stick with a bad deal. Youngster year he became quite fond of building computers at all hours of the morning and throwing things at his poor, defenseless roommate. His literary prowess made great gains as he finally straightened out the difference between a scapegoat and an "escape goat" (after we rob the bank we'll hop on the escape goats!). The summer of 2000 he worked the best deal of his life by convincing his longtime girlfriend to marry him two days after graduation. His second class loan was quickly wired off to numerous overseas accounts prompting late night phone calls from Caribbean bankers. Guy inherited the reins of 23rd Company as the second semester company commander after a stint as the first semester adjutant. Now it is off to the ocean depths with him, he'll surely do well having already passed Nuclear Power School and being familiar with closed economies like that of an underway submarine.

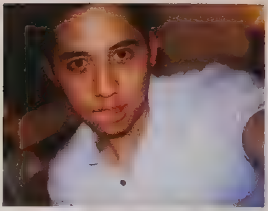
Royal Polk Gordon IV
Virginia Beach, VA
Navy Pilot

Royal Polk Gordon IV came to us from Ole' Virginia with dreams of hot fire and cold steel to fuel him through Camp Tecumseh. His time here was spent dominating the intramural field and leading 5th Battalion to glory in his last semester here. You will be hard pressed to find a finer gentleman on either side of the Mississippi. Truly he is a great friend to all who know him. His second and first class years are where this Virginian truly shined. No woman south of the Mason Dixon line could withstand his charm. He also handled repeated accusations that he liked the drink too much and that closing down bars was no way to go through college, bless his mother's heart. His roommates in all honesty truly value his friendship.— My life is in shambles, My life is a novel, Lord of the Dance, Fighter Pilots don't make mistakes, She's a moon goddess, History is the future, Cold beer here, Hogging: The Brick, Post weekend Bible readings, Thailand enough said, Where ya gotta be?, Rydo, don't tell the CDO, Jefferson and Observatory, TAH brothers?, Death Squad II, As the sun rises on the 21st century, I'm looking for a wife, The Batmobile, It's a fine Virginia name. the BOYS.

Kenneth Augustus Haik
New Orleans, LA
Surface Warfare

Cap'n Pecker the Party Wrecker needed only his brain and a fan to occupy him for an hour or so. He spent more time in the shower than a bottle of shampoo. This fine Nawlins gentleman had a grin that bordered on insanity and a propensity for throwing burning scarecrows off of buildings. Our little peanut was quite the gymnast sliding down the roof to save Mother B from conflagration and his Colonel Ripley reenactment over College Creek earned him a tour in the Rotunda. Fond of pontificating the disposition of the Academy between bouts of lunacy he is bound to be a top ranking policy maker. Manwar? This is Haik, over. Peanut, after much pursuit finally wrangled his Louisiana queen ("sit down a-hole") from her thrown. Fearless leader of the Combat Pistol Team, the arsenal he trucked around was more significant than our DEFCON 4 Marines (2/C Loan = guns). His generosity is exceeded only by his ever-present credit card debt. The DVD ringmaster augmented his collection through various mail order club schemes, fully utilizing the credit cards of the entire company. Standby Navy, ENS Gus is coming. the BOYS.

Ronald Mariano Halili
Ewa Beach, HI
Submarine Warfare



Whaddup, I said whaddup. I came to the Academy cause I wanna be a med student sir. Then our limo had a flat. Which led to the Leila Saga, "You're late for what?" That caused me to be Sony's public enemy #1. And we held Teen Tryouts #5 in our room. Wandy's ring dance date won, "I love you Rip, but you gotta go." The real winner dated the shocka and was in my swim class. Next class Erin and I launched the hot beef injection, "What do I do with this thing?" Then Guns asked, "Are you done yet?" and I said, "Hold on." "Let me answer the area of a circle question for $10,000." Thank-Goodness-It's-Friday Cass. It's been fun, right Rhyno? "Palabra...Verdad Verdad." Off to Dillo's with the boys. Okay...Peace out. Tay and Mother (mommy), I am the product of your hard work and love, mahal kita. Val-derie, we've had our ups and downs. I love you see-star. Butchie, my shoes aren't hard to fill. IMOP love to Guvnah Dex, My name is Brett, Peachy, Junyah, Brad Naman, King Stroka and Cruza. Missing the Kuzma Family. Oose-nah crew. the BOYS.

Courtney Stiles Herdt
Florence, SC
Navy Pilot

Born and bred in the sticks of South Cackalackey, Courtney got the crazy idea to go North for school to Annapolis, MD. July of '98 was met like a deer in the headlights and Courtney was replaced with Stiles as the southern accent slipped away. Stiles' first year brought him face to face with the infamous 2.0 as well as many female midshipman. While many didn't understand him at first Stiles, the model gentleman said, "Well, that's just how we do it in the South." With those momentous words all was deemed proper and good. As a die-hard Parrot Head and Country fan, his roommates were continuously blessed with his exceptional tastes in music. Time flew and before he knew it was time for 4 years in review: Joker, Herndon Herdt, The Original Death Squad, 1st to strike...Persico, Slayer, quality time in squad leaders room, youngster lunch with RIP, pre-wub, triad-bomber, intramural temper, shower babies, room mascot, bed by 10...no exceptions, RDC, men with girlie names unite through Europe, 'kill yourself', the Brigades little black book, and The Herdt Locker. Finally with a little love and luck he was actually given the chance to fly. He made it through with a BS degree in Oceanography and pulled chalks. Tempus Fugit. Vaya con Dios USNA 02. the BOYS.

John Wayne Hoeck
Fargo, ND
Navy Pilot

The man, the demigod of the CAP, the only North Dakotan we know, or have ever seen for that matter. From far off Fargo, this flinching polar bear arrived in Annapolis aspiring to command a battleship. Of course, he is apt to wonder in nostalgia and after realizing battleship are no longer in commission, his eyes fell on aviation. Our first summer together raised many questions about this man incapable of drinking water. But Plebe year placed the Hoeckster in Death Squad and arranged his first meeting with a one Brian Ellis. Brian molded our boy through hardcore self-training and time at the nightshift. Liberty call took Wayner marching through the streets of Annapolis and down the Hoeck Chi Min trail, taxicabs simply would not do. Ellis's wedding arranged a chance meeting with the old XO's sister, later to become a lively nocturnal Ring Dance date. His hygiene habits came into question when only three towels were discovered amongst four month-old roommates. But he has shown strength in other areas, namely single-handedly dragging Ripster and the Mexican through the history matrix. Now he's off to fly for the navy, soon the North Dakota Air Guard. MIDWEST 4 LIFE. 4 years, from punk lax player meets flat-top farm boy to navy and marine pilots departing. the BOYS.

Erin Kellogg
Longwood, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

Coach, Erin (mom really wanted a girl), the company Blond and Blue Aryan. Killer with the ladies until he opens his mouth, he earned distinction with the Jack Handy Hoover face suck of the year award (FrontPage 2001). As a caustic ahole with searing wit, he was always ready to end an email war with a quip about the Olson Twins. From stealing the clothing of a poor Filipino boy to maintenance of the biohazard jug, Erin always kept his roommates on edge. The ultimate warrior tried to convince himself that subs, EOD, or nuke SWO were for him, but from faked interviews in high school to his final service assignment only one place was for him. Eating only lettuce and weighing in at a hefty 155 Plebe, year he grew to a solid 185 lead by his voracious appetite ("are you going to eat that?"), leaving him only one choice: O'Bannon Hall chow. From Lax to Crew to club Lax and finally to coach of the company championship Disc team, E-Log has the ability to punish his body like a prison guard. The powerful LOG-O of the Ring Dance rolling bar debacle ("where is Manwar anyway?") he calmly diffused a potentially dangerous international situation in a DC four star. As the fickle Adventure Buddy, Erin need be absolutely convinced of warmth and limited costs. He will make an excellent Officer of Marines as long as he can loose the XO choad voice. the BOYS.

Bryan F. Koehler
Lutz, FL
Surface Warfare

Bryan is a crazy Floridian who is always more than willing to wrestle with anyone when in a good mood. It is hard to miss the loud Neanderthal growl from around the corner. Easy going and relaxed with a barbaric overtone, but underneath the exterior is one of the most thoughtful and caring persons a person could meet (especially with the femininas). He is a great friend and someone who is always willing to lend an ear or a hand.

Should he ever find himself 'cast away' on a desert island we know he will be fine as long as there is blue label and someone to head butt. Don't worry, we're in negotiations.

One day he will be sitting behind the highly elusive Large Mahogany Desk, involved in some way with the World Wrestling Federation, or taking sporadic trips to Atlantic City as a professional gambler while managing the funds of Major League baseball.

Daniel Derrick Kuitu
Hobbs, NM
Navy Pilot

Our very own giant Hamster with significant nesting tendencies. The world's fittest fat man arrived at the USNA with the looks of Baby Huey after a year at NMMI. Kuato deftly led the mutants through plebe summer often reporting their status as "restless". The domestic scents wafting from his living area contrasted strongly the man who carried out vicious rack assaults on an unsuspecting Columbian. The numerous cabinets of Bancroft provided him with ample storage to hamster away anything he might need, you might need, and many things neither ever will. Among his collections, his roommate's sister for a Ring Dance date and a certain 4/C Notso, Notso bright and notso much a midshipman anymore. And who could forget the perilous duel with the tower. Spurred on by Van Halen's jump, the men and women's swim teams, several supportive shipmates and Sulli our hamster raised the roof of Lejune as he conquered his fear of heights. Doc's Dirty Dozen, Kelly's Heroes, or even Doolittle's Raiders could not hold a candle to Kuitu's Chunky Monkey Brigade. He rose quickly through the ranks at the approval of the Marine Corp's fittest man to lead them to passing PRTs, dignity, and a newfound waistline. He no longer heads this esteemed brigade due to his physical but is surely held in high regard within their elite circle. Look to the skies and you'll soon see the world's first flying hamster as the Navy trains him to be a pilot. the BOYS.

Jeffrey Quen Ying Lam
Bellevue, MA
Surface Warfare

Lam-AB-Buddha-Asian Balla-QuenYing-Chinaman-21-45. KOR spclst. "Never beat my avg."(ER) Who got the tightest spat? Seattle representin. DUI instigator. "Sike, Oh snap" Mini-me to jacked up AB double fistin in wife beater, "yo, what's crackin?" No hookups in Cun...yet fell in love. Tight fades-more like got mowed. Super amp=Super farts. 12tacos, noprob. Meat, thanks for new comforter. Swung&miss, don't worry, he hit later at the carnival. Navy Lodge to Mainstay to Hyatt VIP...thanks for hookin it up Pani. VaBeach: 15 coats of paint mixin, to small car wreck, to brawlin w/ Bow, to Reed, "I dare you to..." "Lam, what are my chances?" Free cable, but leave the friends at home. Wall hoppin balla's. Peepee in the Expo. Hood & KY trips-negative. Trip to OC=butterknife failure. Trip to A-town=booted in face but balled on slopes. Wags, can I borrow your car?..all time record holder 33. Who would jump off the ship? Lam would. Pani, one more year "E-dog." I'm Woozy, lets play creditcard game. To the family: I love you all. Roomies: turn heat down & get off Asian ave. Balla's-BR DK DV MG ER MW TR JS JM, just know this: You made these 4yrs the best of my life-Thanks. "Ballas/Brothers for life"

Martin Lewis-Gonzalez
Amherst, MA
Surface Warfare

Martin Alexander Lewis-Gonzalez came from about as many places as he had names. He was from Amherst Mass, no wait, Austin, check that Colombia?, or was it The Big Easy. The former Army cadet came to Canoe U with hoo-rahs in his heart. All it took was a skirt and his mind was forever changed. Banned from CDO, his overarching sense of duty led him to ignore all of MIDREGS. His activities included 3:20 hacking, martial arts, being one hell of a friend, and quite possibly being one of the only men to have thrown up all over a bar and not get kicked out...that's what we call charisma.

Satan, Satanas, Dark Angel, Dark Prince. No really, he is a morning person. Darkside with Kennerly, Tasty cake anyone? nothing like towny highschool girls, anyone know Kate Hill? Danikins and Club Orpheus. We're Mr. Manson and the Fun Police. Hey Plebes, go jump in the Severn! 15 Days. What do you tell Halili with two black eyes? Presidential Suite for two - Hotel George. Recommended with reservation, cuz that boy is "Peculiar." TAH Brothers. That was Floyd's Car Man! 3 Cars down I guess. Blood rock from Cuba. Fry me, I don't care, I'm going to New York. Warcraft, Quake II, Starcraft Diablo. the BOYS.

Nathan Clinton Matson
Grand Prarie, TX
Navy Pilot

Oh Pokie, if you could only see the metamorphosis from Ernesto-Bad-Guy to Nate Dawg. This profusely sweating hundred and fifty pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal, hailing from Grand Prairie, Texas, raises his art far beyond Walter Mitty. Plebe Summer resulted in his promotion to Chief rather than Midshipman, on two separate occasions. An electrical (engineering?) personality, and the only MID ever to bring the OOW to tears. Our shy, smiling Sketch Chief in for sixty and six, (Mom I'm going to Summer School) who characterized a Firstie junket to Vegas as "heading west" (as in "Mom I'm heading west"). At times Nate Dawg would pay us a visit. Sporting loud clothing and menacing glares, Nate Dawg was known to go big, throw big, and go home — otherwise Neutral Nigel would prevail. A dedicated friend nonetheless who strictly adheres to the Chiefton motto "Semper ::Freakin:: Shabbats." He's off to flight school to get his pilot's wings, soon after he'll be receiving his driver's license. Graduation has come so now Nathan you can go off and get drunk with your friends. the BOYS.

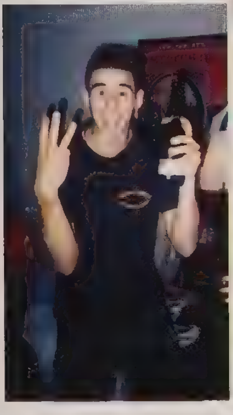
Richard Thomas McCandless
Winter Park, FL
Submarine Warfare

I spent four years here by the Bay: splitting time evenly in 11th and 23rd Co's, living in 7th, 8th, and 1st wings. I was fortunate to room with Lewis-Gonzalez, Matson, Bryant, Koehler, Pait, Szerdy, and Van Meter. The gentlemen who I had the greatest pleasure to know at Annapolis were GNYSGT Sullivan, Jeff Weir, and LCDR Drake. I admired Joe Rysavy '99 as a person and was honored to have his friendship, especially during the tough, first year. To Nick Fredland I owe so much for his kindness and patience that he showed me. To my mentor and friend, Rus McFarland, I dedicate my service to our country. During my tour of Bancroft and the Yard, I was a proud member of the Drum and Bugle Corps that took me from Canada to Hawaii, then tried Sprint football but didn't make it to full pads. ::grins:: I finally found a niche at street hockey playing goalie for 23rd Co, winning Brigades. Plebe Year: "Where's my anchor?" Youngster Year: Jamie and Rich together again. Second Class Year: Dant's List and Ring Dance. Firstie Year: September 11th and Pittsburgh's Super Bowl run. Thank you, friends and family, for your love and support. Classmates forever. BOYS.

Donald Muller
Phoenix, AZ
Surface Warfare

It was a great four years. Thanks to everyone for helping me get through it.

-Chubs
-Rameljoe
-Rameljose



Ryan Joseph O'Connell
Arlington, TX
Naval Intelligence

He hailed form the land of Shinerbock and Lone Star and made sure that everyone knew not to mess with Texas. Being a black Irishman, he inherited a quick temper and a flavor for the drink and Crabtown knew it. He led with his face in both his boxing and academic career; bloodied but always victorious. A quick draw in the head, it was his high watermark for time management. Ryan possessed a quick wit and a remarkable capacity for inflicting grief on all unsuspecting invaders of his room. He was too tough for the Corps so he has decided to be a spook. He will no doubt be the toughest they have. A decent roommate and an awesome friend, we will miss you when you are gone.

Ryno, Tough guy, Palabra Verdad Verdad!, TAH brothers, No little eyelash don't drown, Mario Kart...Fat kid domination, Have another potato chip fatty, Jedi 'til the end, Yes Mrs. Gordon I'll take care of your son, The Great Procurer, Field sobriety test, the Shaman, no nalgas, I make Varsity sports to quit em, Shantytown, 4 bottles of Totts (no lie), Le Resistance, a week in San Antonio by herself, Tulips to you Jessichica. the BOYS.

Brian Emery Ray
Plano, TX
Submarine Warfare

Brianray came to Anna-polis from Plano, Texas, and from room talks, to room outings, to gallivanting around with "the crew," the skinny boy learned a lot. You must always respect my port authority, remember that INTCOMBROKE and never forget that the rack will set you free. He could often be seen wading in the velvet sea, having ADD conversations, or up late nights at Sean's trying to write that last minute application. His biggest accomplishments were realizing that global warming is good and that scholarships are just a compensation for lack of —...until you get one, unless you're Emmy, "YOU'VE HAD —?!" He was once sighted studying, but only after Brian asked "Can you help me with programming....again?" He is a smitten fool often seen philosophizing about the future with a Cubano at the magic sound place. He's been picked up and thrown down in BWI and still thinks Ben can run to Ricketts in five minutes. While JJ's shoulder dancing, he'll see you across the pond, but the sailor will never forget that "IN THIS HOUSE WE OBEY THE LAWS OF THERMODYNAMICS!!"

Amy Virginia Sadeghzadeh
Estes Park, CO
Navy Pilot

This prior interpreter came to the Academy thinking it was okay to correct her detailers. Amy, an "overachiever," was sure the double-arm interval was the way to go. Rumored to collect social security during her firstie year, I guess we see what you meant about being more wise and mature as you gain life experience. An atheist dating a Christian rock singer?? "I'll never date a younger guy." "I'll never date a mid." "You guys are a bunch of third graders. We're just friends. Haven't you ever heard of a platonic relationship?" Why is their canoe so far behind everyone else's? Only person to get a $500 check from the Academy for civilian clothes. Willing to drop everything to help anyone-always there when you need someone to listen or lean on. "I live in West Virginia, but I'm not from West Virginia." Jeep Stealer. Some say she always looks pissed. Three hour long questions during plebe summer. Never takes crap from anyone. The bench that you ran into at full speed must have jumped in front of you. Great at getting beat playing chess. Never shies away from a challenge-marathons, rock climbing, backpacking, etc. Thought for sure was going to be picking a ship, but picked a flight school date instead. Thanks for always being there and being such a great person. Go Navy Air. BTS, TU, JQ

Megan M. Smith
Waukegan, IL
Navy Pilot

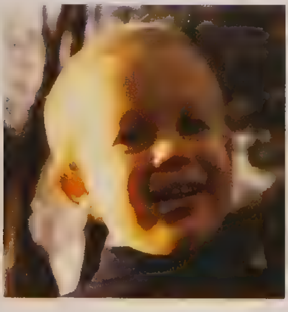
Just a Girl from Chicago...so she claims, always up for a coke and a smile on watch. Plebe year April fools day "Uh Ms. Parker Ma'am..Can I talk to you?..." True Love found at chow call station. Scaminar insanity. Colliding YPs. 4 years as Switzerland among her numerous warring roommates. She proved to be the smart one long before now, trading shoes for wheels and golf courses for asphalt. Don't ask about Temptation Is. Time for a ride before studying. Orlando- running down the freeway to make march on. "Play in the snow without a 30mph wind drift!" 2/C Cruise with Mike in Hawaii. A scholar, runner, trainer, cyclist, darksider. All night astro projects. Long drives to Norfolk. A first class E.T. impersonation. F-14s? 1/C cruise- that wasn't me! REALSAT She was a great friend always willing to listen to other people's problems and offer suggestions. One of the most level-headed and understanding people I have ever met. Careful who you give your rep to. She can just plain deal while under pressure and that leads to a top gun pilot in the future. This country's parents should feel safe knowing that Megan defends their skies with a firm hand yet cares for their children with a compatinent heart. Bertha, Erin go Bragh, miles, Big 10 sports, more miles and Chief Illini. Here's to Lake Woebegone and strong women, Irish luck and midwest roots. Watching my Marine's backs. Fly Navy! SAS, KHK, SMS, KFA, JVM, BFK, MAK

Sean Abram Stein
Hackensack, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Inquiring minds want to know. . . Who IS the man behind the goat? Sean came to the US Naval Academy from the streets of Hackensack, NJ. Those rough beginnings only ensured his later success as a Midshipman. Although he was tempted more than Luke Skywalker, Sean never crossed over to the dark side. Most of his time was spent sweating it out as the favorite "Bill" or secretly living in Ricketts under the alias MISLO where he heard countless times "Ahhh can you please fix my computer!" After numerous near death experiences, including a tip to Philly to see Pat McGee, he somehow found time to develop a taste for liquid c.... discovered fire in one of the local Annapolis bars, and numerous trips to Taco Bell. He officially entered military service as G.I. Jew, Real American Hebrew and proceeded to take on Eastern Europe with the Jew Crew. A true friend, who always believed in people, would drop everything to help someone in need, including the VIP spot. In fact, the only thing this mascot turned submariner loved more than his music was his endless pursuit of cheerleaders. Yes, this is Super Stein. MMS, MAK, LMQ, JVM, BFK, BAD, DSS

Carrie Elizabeth Stocker
The Woodlands, TX
Marine Corps Ground

Carrie Stocker n. (without accent)[yet of Tex origin] 1:Song of joy 2:a female fox 3:a person having a passion for success syn see VIXEN
On the first day, the infamous 4th squad was created...the team they tried to be; what fun they had.Soon, someone came over for brownies. There was chemistry; wonder how that quiz ever turned out. Where did the next 4 years go? Who cares...she's a US Marine now. And to think: it all started with a boy and his ...yeeeah. A few memories: fox force five,yellow sweater...gone,what's reville?, dahlgren dates,mitten dances,spagettios at 2am w/ Helicoplacus guthi...toobs,concert liberty/happy hour, Army/Navy 99,ace to base&britney,dude..that's not a llama,trash tours with K.K.,"that sounds like a porn star"(MB) pimpin' in my khakis, ewoks,King Hall WHAM concerts, silver sequins, reindeer games w/ prancer,what did you get for Christmas?,Harry Browns, FP...a little snack, just slip into the role...no no no, 02 halters, u r the coolest guy you know,Yay Texas!!,PUPUTS!! To Ken: bestfriend, cartographer, inspirational, strong, gentle. You are forever in my heart and I will love you always. To my parents and Charlie: thank you for love and support. Here's to 4 awesome years by the bay w/ friends for life...best wishes to all...Semper Fi!!!



Darren Steven Szerdy
Orlando, FL
Marine Corps Ground

The halls of Bancroft will forever echo with the laughter of Darren S. Szerdy. Originating from Orlando Florida he arrived at USNA with a positive attitude and a strong heart. He joined the crew team during plebe year to make his four years by the bay more exciting. With every weekend spent rowing and every spring away from the academy, the crew team has dominated his life. Four years and over a million miles later, he has a deep appreciation for his teammates and his coaches. Their unending vigilance, commitment, courage, moral strength and ability to physically go above and beyond form the foundation for success. The brotherhood developed on the Severn River is written in the walls, in the floors and in the hearts of every rower past and present that call the Navy boathouse home. He has strived to follow the example of three great people whose example has deeply effected his life; his father a foundation of moral strength intelligence and leadership, his former rowing coach Dale Hurley a man who inspires and amazes, and his mother whose kindness and love never cease. Four years of school, a varsity letter, a mechanical engineering degree and a commission in the USMC.

Andrew Torres

La Canada, CA
Marine Corps Ground

"If you graduate from here, I will throw my ring into the Severn." Scotty O your invitation is in the mail. 4 years of living with Guns and Fredland resulted in C's in performance, oreo cookie wars, and two life long friendships. "It's pretty big for a Mexican." Your damn right it is. Youngster year, rules were for other people. Nite caps with jay. Did we ever take the same route twice into DC? it's 10 pm I'm sure we could get a cheese steak in philly. "You mean you're not a frat brother". 2/c year- "the cougar was running? You better write down the date for posterity." Ride or die snowboarding . Shipwrecked on the cheasepeke. Ring dance had everything, sex, booze and drama, plus we got our rings. "They speak Spanish in Spain, Gunny." Hablandoing in mexico where it was legal. 1/c year kart games and Wednesday night Oclubing. It all over now, and we have to grow up what am I going to do with out you guys. Mom, Dad I will never be able to repay you for the unconditional love you have given me. Bubba, I am still your biggest fan. To everyone who has been a part of this fiasco, thank you for the support. May god bring you life, love and happiness. THE BOYS

Johnathan Van Meter

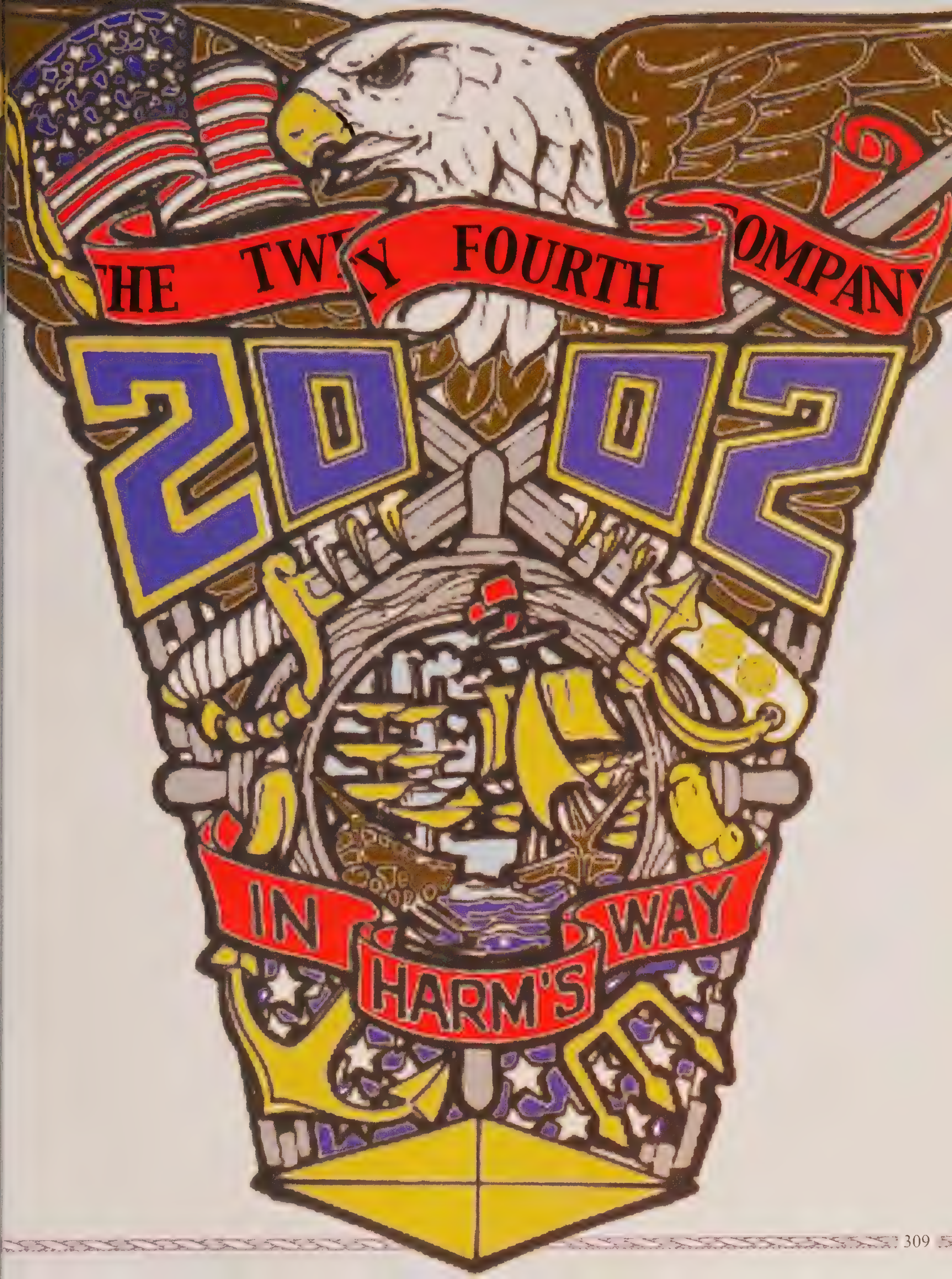
Brigantine, NJ
Surface Warfare

"Silent, gunnery sergeant...mean, gunnery sergeant", were this guy's first words at USNA. A true hardass, but you'd never know from his laid back style. From NJ, wait, maybe that was Kansas or maybe NMMI, wherever the weak are killed and eaten, John's known for more than the spot on his head. He was thrown into the chaos that was Death Squad, and survived the infamous squad outing(What are the statue of limitations?). A disciple of the Tao of Boehmer. (3 marathons/3 weeks, JFK 50 miler next weekend? You're crazy!) After a brief stunt involving a diaper, shaving cream, and the Commandant, John learned he could avoid confrontations and get away with anything using the phrase "If you believe that." Majored in History to allow maximum time for PT. "Who does 8 count bodybuilders for fun, John?" He invented "Don't Look Left" with Dan, was a legendary NAPS detailer and always late for mini-BUD/S(Alarm clock!). Nice inspection whites, hit the surf, sir! Marijuana Iguana on YP's. Never missed a chance to mingle with the ladies. "Can I get a conversation?" The great Twin Date(Who said anything about a girlfriend?) Spent weekends in negotiations with Bryan & Meg (Midori, Tequila, Scotch-Wanna head butt?). Service selection went awry, but he never quit. He left a SWO, but we know he'll return a SEAL-The Gang

Andrew Neil Winberry

Joshua Tree, CA
Navy Pilot

Wandy, Wingnut, a great paradox of a man, he hails from the desert and yet is as albino as a boiled egg. Although his roots are in leading the fourth squad of the Plebe summer company ("Sir, all present or accounted for."), he has turned out rather nicely. The adventuresome type, he has gone down many of the Academy's not oft traveled back alleys, and Oh Man does he love back alleys. A cruise to Alaska (is that really training?) and a Christmas in Antarctica exemplify his venturesome spirit. Thanks to the dedicated services of the USGS: 2 down with 5 to go. He also survived a trip to the top of Mt. Washington under rather precarious conditions. The weather and an ice pick wielding mongoose trailed this particular snake as he slithered to the summit. Even an incapacitating slug and a poop-laden python have failed to quell this Adventure Buddy's lust for excitement. A desire rivaled only by his unhealthy fetishes for gear, pop music, and that which is in general bad taste. Though his heart was nearly Shanghighed by the sub community, he didn't feel quite at Holmes there. He has demonstrated proficiency for being a long-winded Chief of the Boat, but his spirit and service selection will make him a pilot. You made it Dingle, but now is the time to rally! the BOYS.


THE TW Y FOURTH OMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Darren John Bounds
Manassas, VA
Special Warfare

Darren "The Baron" Top shelf and livin' large. Write the big checks, spare no expense. The nicest mean guy you will ever meet. His yes means yes and no, no. Scared us at first but we all got close after Boat Crew 6 (leads the way) and a few trips to Ram's Head, Skullsplitters around please. Scuuuba! PC, FL: 4 mile walks to the beach. Where did this $300 come from? We have to get up at what time!?! All the food was in his tent when the wolves came Denny's runs, beer runs, runs through the woods of NC. Nice sling, still going to Bar? Made friends with West Virginia hillbillies, Costa Rica diving, Bahamas-lets get it right this time. 36oz Porterhouse at Ring Dance, Hungry? General? Ok. Sorry about your Mtn. Bike dude, nice car though. Roll out like Boondock Saints, 4 for 4 at HJacks. ShowNTail before the big race. I see you baby...spendin' that cash. How'd he break his hand? MiniBUD/s: Heart will explode in under 24 hrs. Federales tried to take you away...that's enough TJ for life. New Years in Key West: Kiana, MTV, and only the finest champwone. Keeps everybody chilled out and taught us about hunting thrift stores. The guy you want on your side no matter the odds. The best swim buddy. You where always the lead ghoul and the detonations will continue. (Ben, Chris, Craig, Dan, Garrett, Marty and Rob)

Tolin Bex Boyd
Blackwell, OK
Navy Pilot

Probably the only midshipman any of us would let date our sister, Bex may be one of the most genuine "good-guys" we've ever met. His small town roots and solid values were a good influence on us all. Not that any of that ever stood in the way of having fun. He skydives, rock climbs, rides motorcycles... crashes motorcycles. He may have also been the best non-varsity basketball player on the courts. Bex could always be counted on to take care of one of us when the partying got a little out of control ... but it took all of us to take care of Bex when he got out of control...BMC

Brett Marar Chamberlin
El Paso, TX
Medical Corps

Texas and football, those two words are Brett Chamberlin. He has a cannon for an arm and his career is like wine, which only gets better with time. Brett is a man of Principle, even though we don't understand most of them. He claims Texas as home and lets everyone know how great it is, but don't let that fool you, Brett has been more places and has more culture than most of us. Brett is a great friend that would do anything for anyone, one of the most genuinely selfless people at this school. What was Brett's was yours and you better believe what was yours was Brett's. Brett was all about the good times and his laugh could be heard for miles. He was free and hated being tied down. The master of road trips, Brett can best be summed up by Pat Green's "Threadbare Gypsy Soul...Likes to dance and go wherever the wind blows...got a little wild streak in my heart...I like to hear the highway sounds and I don't think that I'll ever settle down...I wear these crusty shoes upon my feet and I could write a book about the places that they've been." Here's to Brett, keep the good times rolling.

Christopher Jean Coderre
Riverhead, NY
Surface Warfare

And now the end is near. ETTH. Prime time Prime Rib. R, you know how we do. The way I think should two be done, one more time. BMORE, DC, the world is next... Nick, Paul, Charles, lets grab a cocktail on the balcony, its sunset time. RCH come back. Mahon-welcome back NMMI 970- enough said. Who loses their phone?! Chucks in a T-Storm, the six to six, Ensign sterngate. Hillsy Lam Hambone Rashaad, time in paradise. Canu RIDES! Meg, Waldorf, it was a dream. Thank you. 24-2002, thanks. Boys on the diamond, thanks. Frank, Mark, Buku, Benton, and E, thanks. D-BO, good man. Ding Ding, pooner, arriving! Hope you had fun at your grandparent's Aoccasion! Sunset appetizer tours- Garrett. SACHEM PEOPLE-Thank you! Thanks teachers I've had Hey God, I owe you one. Kim Love ya kiddo! Hemmy, good life you live. B.W.-thanks fellas. Im glad I could be a part of it, New York, New York. Well done Yanks. Lastly, my family..... I don't think I could have done this unless I was brought up by the best there is. C.J. turned out allright. I did it my way.

Leah Nicole Demberger
Springfield, NJ
Surface Warfare

Sunnyview9, Shalom, Swimberger, Dumberger. It all started with Rachel, then Andy. It only got worse with Yerodin the Stalker. Erin finally left, leaving you and Tasha to become Ebony and Ivory. 12th Co.'s plebe femme fatale; Dave Bailey's double take. Youngster year: A/N game in Philly, almost fell under Yoda's Jedi mind trick. One half of the Ho Train; SS did a double take, too! Is it great to know that CM shreds parmesan cheese nowadays? Junior year came, and so did the loan and shopping sprees. Oodles of Boodles and Mojo Jojo!! The crier (Why are people so...mean?) and the liar couldn't break up the band. Senior year, 21st b-day @ Griffin's: "It'll only take 15 minutes."- A.N. Bring back the turd blends, Louie Anderson! Ever the fashion plate, I'm sure you'll fit right in SoCal. Good luck to you, and like the GG's say, "Thank you for being a friend." ~ FDL YPs-Rudy's & Nate, our hero!!(GW)...A/N who are those civilian chicks? 6-3 bathroom...one of the finer moments (j/k). We fought the good fight against ASBESTOS in 6th wing. Club signups in 6256 or 7106. Flair for older men, how's Ross Perot these days? Untouchable face- Pitt road trip for ANI. "Welcome to the freak show!" Drinko de Mayo- jello is yummy! RD slide show tunes. Summer in St. Maarten, we're beyond-the-beach bums! To all the loves and losses; that's what friends are for. ~ JKF

Dustin Eugene Evans
Ashland, KY
Navy Pilot

Not my first choice, but after four years it is finally done. I have achieved what I have wanted since high school, a commission. The sidetrack to the fleet and NAPS, proved to be a great experience, however the people I have met here and the experiences I have enjoyed will forever shape my future. Brye, thanks for your friendship and don't worry, the soccer sessions of Nintendo 64 and sleeping in the locker room only made me a better plebe. Hopefully this friendship will continue passed these academic walls and into the Navy - well, for you the Navy will only be a five-and-dive memory. Your passion for Walt will optimistically find you working in Disney's Imagineering Division. You definitely have to remember me...I might need a job after the Navy. Danny, thanks for the use of your home. I really don't know what I would have done without the support of your family. You have been a great friend for five years and I wish you and your family all the best. Nate, your mental strength was an inspiration. From the morning swim workouts to the sick abdominal torture you would pull unwilling suckers into, your strength and confidence helped. You even proved that a heterosexual could own teddy bear rims on his Miata. There are just to many people to mention in 24(12) and out that have made a difference in my life, thank you all.

Spencer M. Fields, Jr.
Coopersburg, PA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Spence, Spency, Swodaddy, Ace, Scheisse... and deep down, Michael Flint. Lover of History, all things refined, and especially European women. I think the tour started off in ze Deutsche, swung through Latvia, then a little corner of Russia, and finally landed right at home in Czech. You came here off your distinguished tour as JROTC Commander to score the most confirmed kills in I-Ball history. History, now there's something you know a little about. Spence, quick, how many men died from bullet wounds to the left knee at 3pm on April 12th, 1916?
Seriously though, some of the words I would use to describe Spencer Fields would be: determined, analytical, STRESSED, brilliant, loyal, always thoughtful, impatient (at least with me), successful, STRESSED... and friend. He's a man of resolve who's always done what he knows is best. He'll always help you out in a pinch. You'll hear about it, but he'll always be there. You couldn't find a truer and more devoted friend.
Best of luck in your transition from Historian to Nuke, and I know someday I'll see you as Admiral... but will it be as an American or German? -DBM
Oh, and next time don't stop 'til you get 10.

Michael Dohn French
Ellicott City, MD
Navy NFO

Well, I think you're a great guy, Mike. You've been a wonderful role model. Keep it up, and good luck in the future - and I don't mean with your "Excellent Seminary Adventures." AMV... He has an unbeatable quite spirit always trustworthy and faithful, a true brother in the Psthd and friend. Mike is where, running? Ya right!! Light jog, 20 miles it was great, I would be dead, AJB... Big Mike French, the only person in USNA history to take 6 years to graduate with 21 credits every semester, no free periods, and competing in varsity athletics every season. In spite of his overwhelming academic and athletic workload, he was still able to remember the important things in life. Decisive and direct, Mike always found a way to get things done. As stated in 2Tim 4:8 Mike ran a good race, he has finished the course, he has kept the faith. Seu amigo, JB1

Brye Tyler Gerhardt
Solon, OH
Surface Warfare

4 years here have gone fast, and thank you for that. Thanks to varsity soccer, I was almost able to get my goal of a 4.0 while I was here. I only fell short by about 1.7. Dustin Evans, thank you for always taking my chow calls, cleaning my room, and making sure I got places on time, without you, I probably would have been the worst plebe ever... Of course, because of you, I was able to play Nintendo 64 while you were taking my chow calls. Nathan, if I could have had a third roommate, it would have been you. Here's to all the soccer trips, practices we hated going to after school, and to our many trips to Benihana and Chart House. Good luck, and keep in touch. Danny Curran, thank you for giving us a home whenever we needed to do laundry. Also, I hope you didn't mind getting kicked out of your bed. To all of those on the Navy soccer team over the past few years, thanks for being the best group of friends. You made the USNA experience a lot easier, and at times, I think we even forgot what it was like to be in the military, only to have that moment crushed by those late Sunday night bus trips back to the Yard. Going to be a SWO, then onto bigger and better things. I will never forget all of those trips 2/C and 1/C year that put nearly 10,000 miles on the new car. Love ya. It's been nice, but it is definitely time to move on.

Elaine Morgan Jensen
Coarsegold, CA
Surface Warfare

Whether you know her as Elaine, EJ, JENSEN!, Morgan, or Viking, Jens is the nicest girl with the most caustic mouth. Everybody learned her name quickly during plebe summer because all the detailers had it on the tip of their tongues. Jens set a lot of important, but little recognized records during her time at the Naval Academy. Most sarcastic "Sir, yes, sir" on record. Award for never turning one paper in on time. Outstanding ability to keep a top drawer messy. Best roommate to have during Army-Navy week rumbles. Although Jens was always working her butt off at basketball practice, she always had the greatest teamwork when she could be around. If there's anything that has to be said, it's thanks EJ from CA for being a true friend! KLK— Many argue that a true friend is hard to find. You are that diamond in the rough and many would be hard pressed to find a friend more faithful and loyal. I have been blessed to share the time that I have with you. Stay on the Straight and narrow road, unlike me. :)ZNH— ejfromca! What kind of screen name is that?! With a smile that brightens up any room and heart that can comfortably fit the entire universe, Morgan, as I know her has tremendously changed my life. The times we've shared have been great and the ones to come will be even better. From the bottom of my heart thank you for making me whole. RTB

Katherine Lee Keller
Katy, TX
Surface Warfare

Killer Keller, Helen, Tuttles. Kati from Katy. 4th Squad. You had them fooled, but you didn't know a thing. Psycho Hose-Beast. Only you could get an O-6 to do the Donkey Dance. The Intrepid Museum - the carrier deck under the moonlight. "I don't have unlimited weekends?" Monkey soccer, the Sober Welshmen - you made intramurals...interesting. "I swear it was only 5 mph. The deaf one-armed man hit me!" Going to the library - come on, what does an English major know about MechE? Mista DJ-mon, tequila, more tequila - how did you break your hand again? You were a great CC and will always be a great friend to us all, your borderline insanity not withstanding. The 8-stripe couple: the only person who could always make me smile and drew laughter just by her "evil" smile, the truest friend with the biggest heart and warmest hugs and kisses . . . "yeah, we're gonna have to work on that." NS, TU, BZ, JQ, EB, EJ

Meghan Anne Kennerly
Indianapolis, IN
Marine Corps Ground

With both parents Army JAGS, but looking better in Navy Blue than olive green, Meghan came to the Academy with special orders from her mother—be all that you can be, except a Marine. Only three short months into her Plebe Year, she called home with the bad news; "Mom, I am sorry, I want to be a Marine." As an English major, Meghan was always willing to help critique fellow mids' papers but never learned how to spell herself. Her room was easy to find due to the large assortment of Donald Duck paraphernalia, just as she was easy to spot as a Cheerleader on the football field or on the Mahan stage with Masqueraders. While holding the Academy with deep affection, she leaves with several physical scares-2 knee surgeries and the impression of a 5.56mm round on her neck. Meghan thanks the Navy for her new set of knees and hopes not to ruin them in the Marine Corps. LGB

Francis De Perio Lansangan
Angeles City, VA
Surface Warfare

THE GOONIES
TRUFFLE SHUFFLE

2% Club President, Mr. Vice, and king of Jeopardy knowledge. He started as Fourth-a-Class-a-Lasagna riding the Tomahawk like a cowboy. "Where are your roommates?" "AT HOME!" Plebe Summer equals khakis and Maxim. "I don't rate the rack. I'm a ratey plebe." The Juice It Up obsession began...you've single-handedly kept that store in business. AH font was a favorite among some during the soap opera that was 7126. Your lounge music must have gotten you through...because sleep surely didn't. The Pimp got his Ho Train for Halloween. A/N '00 in Philly, unforgettable. "Drink the water...vodka's on the bottom!" Tequila shots and fun had by ALL. The Exorcist was watched more than once, but not everyone had their eyes on the TV. "Um, you're packing a blow dryer for Protramid?" Glow-sticks are cool and the curtain of stupidity baffled no one. The pen is mightier, but it only works when it's 10 minute until the deadline, and even then it doesn't alwa do the trick. Rodent King, a hungry rat please? 2/C year wouldn't be complete without turd blen from the Hart Room...bring them back Louie Anderson!!! Banana Republic became a staple and yo loan went towards keeping another Annapolis establishment in business. JTC you're the male Imel Marcos. TRUFFLE SHUFFLE!! Good luck in Va Beach with Freddy. LND and MES

Natasha McEachin
Fayetteville, NC
Marine Corps Ground

Queen Tashas down USNA Memory Lane: We met during a platoon run over Plebe Summer. We we on to the chapel on Sunday mornings to sing in the Protestant choir. At that time I found out that we we both "Southern girlz." We went on to the football games during youngster year where we bounced "Tasha, What? Tasha, Who?" Jigga Man has nothing on us. Getting up early in the morning for the te meter jump was crazy but God provided. We went off to (NAPS) - Not All People Survive Sistrunk. Oo Rah 2nd Company! By 2/c year you graduated from diva training and became a diva in your own rigl Then of course the most important thing was that you had a new birth and your own testimony (Psal 121) Who would have thought that we would have grown as much as we did 1/c year . . . and "they" sa we would not make it. Class of 2005 Regimental Commander, What! For all those that don't know, the can always catch your angelic voice on the USNA Gospel Choir's title track, "Glory and Honor." R member that doubt has no place in your life because of the Master that you serve and the fact that you a a United States Marine. Semper Fidelis. All Hail to the Queen. Love you, T1. We met in line on I-Da and I haven't been able to stop laughing since. Just remember that Marines don't go by Tasha tim booch! You've always been a great friend - I'll miss you in the fleet, but the best times are yet to com -BZ

Paul J. Miller
Pittsford, NY
Surface Warfare

Very few people could negotiate the path that life has given Paul Miller, with quite the eloquence that he did, during his 4 years at the academy: the rarely-chosen the path of least resistance. Instead, Paul had uncanny ability to get himself (and those around him) in and out of trouble, in the same instant, without even realizing what he'd done. Whether the problems stemmed from plane tickets, parked Mercedes-Benz's, plar tickets, keeping normal sleeping hours, or simply trying to get back into his own room without gettin splashed in the face with water, Paul continually flirted with disaster but always avoided it in a gracefull delicate way that seemed to signify that he was in control of things all along. Well, except for that or time with the water... Paul's loyalty to his friends, his unquestioning attitude towards those around hin his upbeat outlook on life, and his unbreakable sense of humor have made him a favorite in company an around the brigade. In the end, I could not have asked for a better roommate or a closer friend. You ai going to make a spectacular Officer, Paul, and you'll always be my nearest friend... NJV

David B. Myers
Burleson, TX
Navy Pilot

Dave Myers, a Texan. That is almost all one has to say. He talks big for a small guy, kind of like Tom Cruise. After all the hype, they're both just 5'9" and 160lbs, but at least they both can fit into a cockpit. That's where Dave will truly feel at home, reminding him a little of those countless hours spent playing Everwaste and such. I don't think there are too many Canes of the Tranquil or Celestial Fists onboard a Hornet or any other U.S aircraft, though...He'll go until 0400 trying to "make the next level," then wonder why he is so tired and busy the next day. A true creature of the night, he spent much of his time hidden in the engineering buildings and sleeping in the daytime, or talking about girls that quite frankly we don't think existed. For fun he'd drink three beers and, well, ummm, that's all it took. There wasn't ever a bad time to play some football, true to his Texas style. Dave is a hell of a guy and a great friend, and he'll tell you that too. From those of us in the air, on the ocean and under it, and those on the ground, we'll all be flying with you - good luck Davey and giv'em hell wherever you go. - SMFJR, TU, JQ

Samuel Kenzo Nakamine
Lutz, FL
Submarine Warfare

Naka, Naks, Naka-weenie, Not gonna work here no more. Ha Ha.. a new nickname every week. Half Japanese and half Redneck...2% club maybe?.. Day 1 Plebe summer...neat! they left a canteen full of water for us! Don't crush more than three cans on your head at once Sam...Dude, look at your closet, how do you find anything in that freakin mess? ... while we're on it, how do you eat so much without getting fat man?...Hey, the Bucs suck ok?... Probably the last firstie to get a car...Always has an opinion but smart enough to wait for you to ask ... "Cross dressing on Halloween is gay" ... "Bros before Hoes!" ... "If it's free, it's for me"... "You swim faster? Well, I can still break your neck"...The All Asian Squad...Whatever happens there, stays there...We'll be six nines forever boys...Proverbs 18:24

Kenton McMurray Odgers
Western Springs, IL
Navy NFO

I hear that when people find it hard to write something about them, they usually end up doing it in some form or another. How about a eulogy? I'm not really dead, so relax.

Kenton M. Odgers, USN, died tragically, because everyone dies tragically in the good stories, after he successfully saved the Navy and the entire country from certain destruction. The nature of his mission is still classified, as most everyone is trying to figure out what exactly he did. There have been rumors circulating of chewing gum and a rough shave, but nothing has been verified. He leaves the Navy with an appreciation for German automobiles, loud, repetitive music, the most enormous cell phone bills to date, and pure randomness. Of those who knew him, they have said that he always wanted to be smiling and having fun. They followed this up by his obvious lack of maturity and made sure to point out his large collection of toys and gadgets while he was at the U.S. Naval Academy. The following will appear on his headstone: Contains concentrate from Florida, Costa Rica, and New York. Oddly enough, if you mix three, and later four of the most different and diverse people, you end up with a pretty good combination. "Hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things... and a good thing never dies." Carpe Diem.

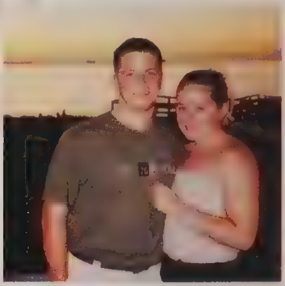
Eric John Olsson
Chandler, AZ
Navy Pilot

As I peer over the ledge of the bridge and contemplate my possible death, I stop only to think... a 60-meter drop, my future, my past? Besides thoughts of clearing the bridge, I begin to reflect on the past six years... From the days of boot camp, NPS, NAPS, and Plebe Summer to the climbing of Herndon, from the Marine Corps Marathon to boxing tournaments and pickup hockey in Dahlgren, from a UA to a 30-day cruise to a 13-day cruise in the Caribbean, from a semester of soaring and jump at USAFA to a 3-day weekend in the Severn, from summer school in Spain to mini-buds, and from company XO to service selection, my professional endeavors have exceeded all expectations. From to road trips across the country to foreign nannies, racing from Baltimore in Batmobile for taps to diving exits out of the otter, del Cuartel a la Plaza Mayor, from Ski Liberty to Keystone, and finally from Lighthouse Liquors to the lounge, my social experiences were second to none.
From Chandler to Great Lakes, to Orlando, to New Port, to Annapolis, to Costa Rica, to Boston, to NY, to Vegas, to Dallas, to New Orleans, to Cozamel, to Quantico, to Pensacola, to San Diego, to Costa Rica (USS Doyle), to Colorado (AF), to Baltimore, to Spain, to Coronado, to DC, and finally back to Pensacola, it has been a tremendous voyage. And to come... only God knows.

Brandon Christopher Otto
Federal Way, WA
Submarine Warfare

Brought to us from the Pacific North West, weighing in at $1.20, this bookworm looking lad finally realized that the only real corps is a reactor corps. His past is somewhat mysterious and full of fairy tales of the Admiral Larson days that prevailed when he first became a Midshipman in the summer of 1996. After spending two years in Taiwan converting Buddhists into Mormons he joined the Class of 2002, only to find out that his new classmates' detailer was his plebe summer roomie. Despite the fact that some classmates call him grand daddy and his only gray hull was on the aging USS Narwhal's final voyage, this guy occasionally shaves some peace fuzz off his face and (though he never drinks) often gets carded just trying to buy a movie ticket. Thanks for adopting me 24. Godspeed.

John Patrick Qualters
Falls Church, VA
Navy NFO



JQ, JQQ, M, J-Johnny Q, Quality, Qualters Quality. Hailing from Falls Church, you could always find him in McLean that first year, slightly past the 22 mile radius. "Hey Mr. Photogenic, Mrs. Photogenic is on the phone - I think you're in trouble again." Down to Atlanta, up to Philly - 2% all the way. "Wake up, John." Reactor physics?!? "Wake up if you expect to pass my class." Never one to withhold his true feelings, this Devil's Advocate often had to be confined to his cage. How do you quiet him down? Ask him to spell recent, or is it resent? "John, wake up." The "dirtiest boy in company (the rootbeer-blowpop incident);" call him whatever you want, but he always had a smile on his face - like a chimpanzee, in fact. "John, what are you doing crawling around the ceiling? There aren't any bananas up there." John always has and always will be a man of conviction. In fact, the one time he admitted he was wrong was 1542, 30 January 2001. "Wake up." Never a better roommate nor a truer friend could one ask for (well, except for his). TJ, BZ, EB, BS

Peter Scott Scheu
Lancaster, VA
Navy Pilot

Peeetaaaaaaayyyy!!! Scheudog, the Shooooo. Heeeeeyyyy baby, who's my cupcake? This guy is the best 8 seat in the world, if he isn't double fisting Coronas that is... how many times did we beat the 1V together? Row, row, row your boat, all the way to a gold medal at Nationals. You know, I really think pete need's to stop lecturing the rowers. Oh yeah, and how many times has he been asked for his sister's number? Congratulations Mr. Shoo, The Navy Pilot Community welcomes you. He's Alpha Wiskey, a great guy and a good proofreader for the genius, but not too smart when it comes to flipping his single. Casa 126 is the place to be... McGarvey's, Happy hour, Lewnes's, Polar Bear Plunge, Bell Burgers... and on and on. I think too much fun was had by all... wait Pete, you forget, you can never have too much fun. Go Naveeey Siiir... Pete, we could hear you coming from a mile away man. It's 2200 and Pete's asleep?? What's his problem- why doesn't he just learn to go to bed at a "normal" hour? Because he's not "normal," and that's what we like about him. Fly well Pete, and we all wish you the best of luck - you are a man of honor and that will take you farther than you could ever imagine.

Christopher Paul Sillman
Jacksonville, NC
Navy Pilot

Christopher Sillman (KRI-stä-fer SIL-mahn)- 1. a. A dependable, faithful friend; one who can be trusted with trying experiences and "memorable" memories. b. A deeply loyal person. 2. One who is a true ladies man; one who finds ample time to hang out with friends or, more often, cruise for women (until he settles down with one). 3. A rocket scientist, or one who is more interested in so naming himself than interested in the study itself. <I'm a rocket scientist> 4. a. A true world traveler who knows the words to "Our Director's March." b. One of Talley's Hero's, true to the end, and sampler of fine beverages across the globe. 5. A stalked sophomore specimen of the Naval Academy, primary prey of the female Johnnie. 6. A trustworthy and hardworking individual, with a will to succeed wherever he wants to go. 7. One who is arbitrarily appointed to the presidency of a club or two, vice-president of a couple more, and chairman on more than three committees. 8. A rebellious person who has "left his mark" on the scoreboard and strutted down Stribling with a stogie in his mouth like he owned the place. 9. A person who escapes the other prison in Annapolis with a degree in aerospace engineering, a commission in the United States Navy, and a ticket to FLY NAVY in hand. (F.N.GEE, BOOB, W.BANK, SPARTICUS, QBALL, UHL-LOG)

Eric Sorensen
Rockwall, TX
Navy NFO

If the rest of us got nothing else from our four years at the Academy, it was that we got the chance to meet Eric Sorensen. Truly a one-of-a-kind, there just isn't a way to explain the man. A surfer, a cowboy, a mechanic, a pilot, a hang-glider - there was simply nothing Eric couldn't do, drive, or fix. Every guy wanted to be his friend and every girl usually wound up wanting to be more than that. He was always the first person we went to when one of us needed some help. Eric would break his back for a buddy. A true Texan, nobody seemed to have a better perspective on life than Eric Sorensen. Never letting good sense stand in the way of a good time, he always seemed to have a crazy story to tell us about. There honestly wasn't a wilder, more free spirit at our school. However, what most defined Eric the most was his engaging, easy-going personality. Wherever he went, he always seemed to fit it. He could relate with anybody. Whether it was at the Auto Shop or the White House, it was always Eric that kept the conversation flowing and the good times rolling.

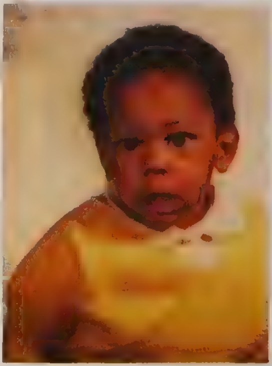
Mark Elliott Stearns
Renton, WA
Submarine Warfare

What a MES! Stearnzy, Dirty Stearnzy, BG Stearns, Marcus Aurelius, Marky Mark, 3/C Barney. From Seattle to the Fleet to the Academy. 4th Squad. "I know the answer, sir, pick me!" Were you helping us out or bilging us? Plebe summer, across the table, your tooth; but at least it drove the girls wild. Crew or baseball? Whichever it was, I still have a piece of your shirt. Could you type any louder? So many "at-bats," but not a single hit: SG in CH, did you know the cameras were rolling? "Mr. Stearns, I borrowed your shoes. Here's an extra weekend." Wake up, Mark, do you realize you slept through another class? EE wouldn't have been as fun without you. 1/C cruise in Seattle and some R&R made possible by you and your family; you have always been there when people needed you. Wait a minute, how many times were we there to rescue you from your dying truck? No Mark, we don't want tickets to any gun show. We never shared a class, but you were always there to help me through MechE. You've got a good heart (if you can find it under the clutter) and it will take you far. MM3 turned ME, the Nuke Navy will never be the same. FL, TU, JQ, CC

Brock Thomas Stefura
Cortland, OH
Navy Pilot

The poster boy child of Midwestern America, Brock was a natural at Basketball, Baseball, Golf, and High School Band. He came to the Academy for a career in Naval Aviation, ready to leave his small town Ohio life behind - "WAIT, DID YOU SAY OHIO? Both Neil Armstrong AND John Glenn are from Ohio. Did I tell you that Ohio State is my favorite team? What do you mean you don't know what a buckeye is? Are you an American?!" According to Brock, you were a communist if you don't like Baseball or Bruce Springsteen. He is the All-American kid with an old man's laugh. His ten seconds of rugby fame left him with pins in his ankle, but at least he got out of chopping and Sea Trials. "Ryan quit swearing, go into the bathroom for three hours and throw up." Marathon Registration—$60, new Saucony running shoes—$85, high thigh flashing shorts—$25, C on the PRT-Priceless. Long live Third Batt Baseball. Brock, stop slamming your glass. Even though his lab partners would disagree, he swears he's not a black hole. "I'm not drunk...I'm...mildly, mildly." A mind for politics and presidents despite his Ocean Engineering endeavors. Going running? With Amy? Again? Brock, we always knew. Go Navy Air! PM, TU, JQ, RO, AS, NV

Javaris M. Turner
Pensacola, FL
Marine Corps Pilot



JT . . .playboy . . .it was the best of times and the worst of times. Mark Twain and two views of a river. Coming of age. It's real isn't it. You go from unstoppable in OC to deep cover in DC. Late night flows in 4th wing. I remember the first time crossing HU . . .it only gets easier after this one they said. SON, you are the wildest cat at the academy. Hospital Point, Dewey, Farragut, 6th wing parking lot, County Court Office, Nimitz Library, Chauvenet, formations in the rotunda, the e-course, your room . . . Amaaan you wild . . . A YOU DID WHAT!!!!. Yeah well, I know what you did in Thailand. No I'm not going to hurt you, but it's on . . .lol. NAPS Detail, I can do this. TRANSITION. Focus, Now I'm truly focused. Halsey Fieldhouse. Nikki G, BPD, FAMU(LW), TM, Reg . . . I'm in debt to you like you would NEVER understand and that's real. Although I said everything comes down to what you have inside . . . I wouldn't have been able to find it if it weren't for you. To my family, thanks for being there by my side everystep of the way. This was the truth.

Thomas Joseph Uhl
Highlands Ranch, CO
Navy Pilot

OCD-man, Daytona63. Straight out of Highlands Ranch, this young 17-year old was eager to take on the challenges of a difficult plebe year. Assigned to some of the "toughest" squads in company, he rarely had time to frat with his favorite third class. Always the witty one, his sarcasm resulted in many sleepless nights quelling the tempers of others. Sparks flew over youngster cruise; how could she resist the bald sassy sailor? Little did she know of his unique Deiter voice, his all-too-real gay voice, and other such Tom-isms. Of course it was always just for laughs, but what about the "rootbeer-blowpop incident?" One of the smartest guys I know, but can't make a decision to save his life! History to MechE to OceanE. Always filled with random facts and trivia questions - "What's the story on Ben Franklin again?" "What did you say you would do for a billion dollars?" "How much you wanna bet?" Mr."I'm-perfect-in-every-way" managed to be the first one to fry. Had we all "been in bed hours ago" we wouldn't have slept through formation, but then again, many fond memories came from the "late night club." The best damn roommate and friend any of us could have asked for. Fly NAVY!

JQ, BZ, EB, KK, BS

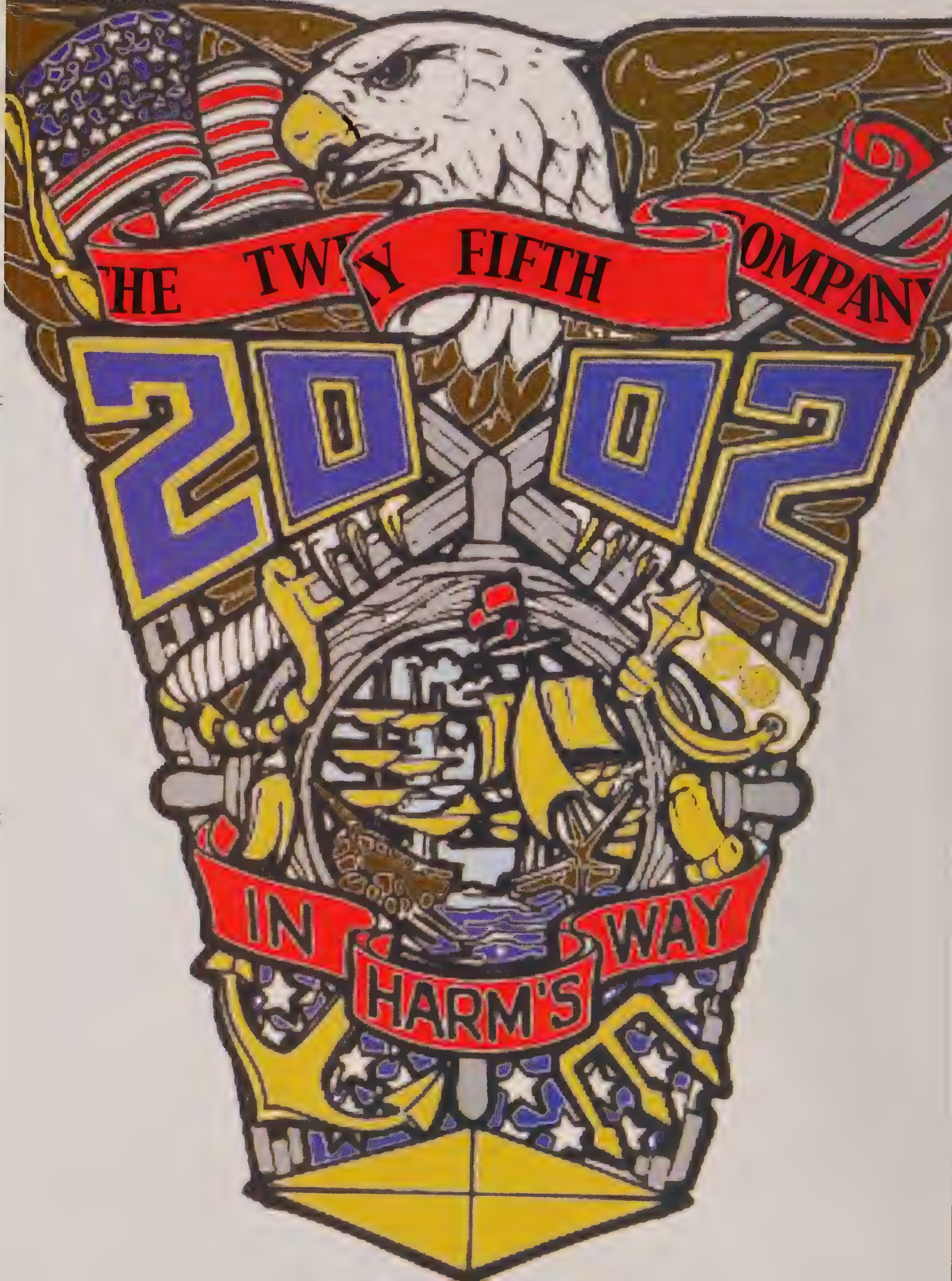
Nicholas Veasey
N. Kingston, RI
Marine Corps Ground

There is no one in the world like Nick Veasey. He's so fiercely full of life that it's difficult to imagine that the world ever existed without him. Nick is that guy telling the story in the hallway with ten avid listeners. He's that guy you made the mistake of arguing with because you didn't know that you'd be bludgeoned by his razor wit as well as secretly agreeing with him by the end of the fight. He's the guy who went to Acapulco and talked sense into a gun that was leveled at his face. He's the guy who had to be a surrogate parent for his own roommate (he and roomie Rob Hock single-handedly raised Paul Miller). Always funny, always original, always equally enigmatic, Nick Veasey makes an impact on everyone he meets. Don't be surprised if you catch him reading philosophy until two in the morning—this steely-eyed guy could tell you things that "would blow your hair back." Most importantly, Nick Veasey is the guy who is not afraid to take a stand, the guy you know you could count on in any situation, the guy who'd spend his last dollar on someone else. He's more than a roommate, a boyfriend, or a loyal friend, he is truly our best friend. "I am Nicholas, conqueror of worlds that do not wish to be conquered..."

JKW PJM RCH

Brent David Zito
Jonesboro, AR
Surface Warfare

Booch. Brent Zi-to-o-o-o-o-o! He came from Charlotte, without a clue of what to expect - and we're not talking about the Academy. 4th Squad. He cultured us in music and the fine arts, we cultured him in life..."what's THAT...?!" Cheerleaders? The rootbeer-blowpop incident. Ever the soccer hero, in love with Rogers - "Zito coming on crutches, sir." He hated chocolate, loved duck sauce, and swore never to drink or drink Dr. Pepper again. The patriot inside triumphed though, and the war effort is better off for it. He needed all that Dr. Pepper though, minoring in Political Science and majoring in Russian (not to mention a little Ebonics) - you will not find a harder worker, at least when he's not asleep at his desk, books open. "I'm taking an 11 minute nap 'till 0330, wake me up then." Angela Lansbury, koalas, Russian(s) - some of his true loves. "Is that a Captain?" "No Brent, that's a plebe." To Brent, a few thousand miles was nothing - Cirque du Soleil in Vegas, the wrong end of a train robbery, From Russia with Love and back. Underneath that ...retentive, quirky, exterior that only he has is an honest, giving person, although he wouldn't ever admit it. TU, JQ, EB, NM, Nene


THE TWEY FIFTH OMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Kathryn Melissa Ball
Millersville, MD
Surface Warfare

For the love of God and everything holy…. Speaking only in absolutes, Katie can liven up even the most boring story. So, I ate three honey dipped donuts, how many did you have? Don't move anything on her desk without telling her, she'll notice! Beauty nights on Thursdays would have been nothing without her. What? The Navy doesn't have any beauticians? I'll be the first! Watch out boys, she'll chew you up, she's a man-eater. An obsessive-compulsive man-eater. Thanks for always cleaning the shower; you knew we wouldn't do it. WU-1, 3119, 6238 and 2327 live forever. It was Cari and Katie together 1 & 2 from the beginning, the beautiful backstrokers, millions of miles, thousands of squats, hundreds of "light lunches", and dozens of gallons of ice cream later, we are still together, the most beautiful midshipmen alive - the backstroke babes. She soon found herself eating batches and batches of jello-shot soup while she pretended that Bon Jovi wanted to have a torrid love affair with her, Katie Ball, and no one else. Four years together by the Bay getting a check plus. Whoaaa, here she comes… -AM, JD, MB, CM, AD, KR

Sarah Laraine Bartek
Austin, TX
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Sarah Bear..nutcase..crazy..the best friend I've ever had. You came from all corners of the world, yet had never seen Top Gun. Are you American? I never thought that we would become so close. I was afraid to room with you plebe year. But I couldn't ask for a better roommate, even if you are an engineer who can't spell to save her life. Who else would make me soup and stroke my head as I'm throwing up. Good thing you don't get hangovers. Who can forget IM gross out wars (I think you won) and your favorite J-guys (Jack, Jim and Jose)? You made life here fun and amusing. Did you just call me a Bitchasaurus Rex?? Get dressed, Sarah! Turn off the light, it's past my bedtime! Come out of Sarah land and join the real world! That band is called what?? It's amazing that a punk and a country music fan can find compromises in the car. Don't forget Notre Dame (Twister!), Veteran's Day (no comment). Stay away from boys whose names start with J! Remember that you accomplished what you set out to do and are loved. Thanks for being there for me. And don't turn green from the reactors! If you are the first woman on Subs, you better take me for a ride! DUUUUUHHH!!!- KAO

Brion William Bennett
Seaville, NJ
Surface Warfare

Brion William Bennett came to us from Philadelphia, New Jersey. Did you know….the Flyers are not from Jersey. Nice Tats dude…our very own biker-prep. "Homa, is that kid retarded?"…."Nah man, he's cool, I talked to him." Gunny, is this kid ever gonna pee. Walrus, pure temper-tantrum filled drama…Hey Brion, meet ENS O'Hara. Truffle Shufflin' with Lindawhen and the Jamaican High Rollers…Black Tuesday in South Beach (we know its true). And who could forget Dubya's women…From 18-42, 100lbs-220+, the quote "I'm going to meet my wife tonight" was often the theme. Anti-game. Is Kate really in love Rewk…You've got mail. Euchre…is it payday….Plebe year living on Cheeseburger subs….running to the house….Westwinds Parties…trips to G-town. Heal that shoulder up, fantasy league starts soon. Election Night in DC…Dubya wins. From retirement to XO. The Night of the Penguin…you just can't shake her. Jimmy Leggs at the baseball field(legendary). The carpet pissers dude? Foot in the mouth…constantly….don't gamble, B….couldn't go subs (thank the Lord)…so SWO it is. We all know you'll do well at whatever life hands you, you've taught us all what it means to be passionate about something. We made it brother, and we all know we can always count on old B. DMB, CLS, CMM, TMS Thanks Mom, Dad, and Brad…Without your love and support this dream could never have been realized. I am not done yet….

David Michael Bigay
Elizabethtown, KY
Navy Pilot

RAINBOW RANCH

David Michael Bigay hails from Elizabethtown (Bourbontown USA) Kentucky. Born a redneck in a flight suit with wings, he was subsequently nicknamed the "Bird" as a result. Always taking the conversations to unknown levels (somebody had to do it).KKD02 (1998-1999), UKDave02 (1999-Present)….where are we graduating from? Jeans off before SDB trou bro! "Can I get an El roomo at the El Rancho?" A member of the Ring Dance 2001, 4 way switch….Bird got the cab home from G-town?….and give Chad a ride home from Key West? Worms, GTA, Euchre, a night in DC as a second class…what a life…NO….Jamaican High-Rollers…Lindawhen? A proud quarter Spanish…it's in his blood man….Where's the INDIAN? Who killed Fred White?….Get a Rope. I got a virus…no Bird just a hangover…Has Kelly called back yet?…3 tickets (2 for driving too slow)… "Bird, what are you doing in my bed?…Bengay…1022 to 1198 we made it bro! He'll live his dream…flying with the angels; only thing missing in the cockpit will be his country music, a fly rod, rifle, and a pouch of Red Man. Somehow, someway we made it through and in the end it will all be worth it. We're all better for knowing you…selfless, sincere, and loyal. Keep the faith, we'll miss your coffee alarm clock…and obey the speed limit at 30,000 ft...We know you will. BWB, CLS, TMS, CMM To Mom, Papa, Sharon, Grandma,Grandpa, Keith, Kyle, Burman, and Josh. Thanks for always being there.

Matthew Paul Blazel
Eau Claire, WI
Navy Pilot

Matt Blazel, also known as Matty Blaze or just as "The Beef" to those who lived to tell about it, knew what he wanted to do with his life from the moment he saw the Blue Angels in the third grade. From that day forward, his entire life was geared toward flight. He never ceases to amaze with his uncanny ability to identify most of the world's aircraft by looking at some of the slightest clues on a picture or by rattling off specifications and numbers of sleek fighter jets. If given the choice, Matt would rather just sit and talk about airplanes than do just about anything else. He was also known to go for a run now and again, and it wasn't very long until it became obvious that the term "an easy two-miler" was very much relative. It soon became necessary to scale one "Matt mile" up to about two miles as we all know them. Having never been at a loss for weekly care packages from home, Matt survived the aerospace engineering department and is ready to move on to Pensacola and become a Navy pilot. We wish you the best of luck.
-DS, NP, JP, PH, NW, AV, AG, WC

William Lucas Carr
Bunkie, LA
Surface Warfare

Big Willie in the morning burst onto the Annapolis scene and quickly made a name for himself and the metropolis of Bunkie, Louisiana. Always willing to lend a sympathetic ear, Will could be found pacing the room in his boxers, although perhaps boxers is too strong a word, muttering about a cricket. Always handy with an index card and a to do list, he was a man of excess in moderation, but never an excess of moderation. In winter months he become, in a word, pale, pasty and bitter, but with the advent of spring, a smile would spread across William's face, either because ignorance is bliss or as was more often the case, he knew something we didn't. Mention Willie's name in public and it might get you in the door, a free round, or a trip to the station. You were always dependable, a friend to all, and sure to live the dream as no surface warfare officer has before – it's been a hell of a run, don't stop now. To a true friend - PDH

Marcus James Curtis

Woodbridge, VA
Marine Corps Ground

So maybe I was a little confused. Wait…everyone has to take Chemistry? So I can't just service select Intelligence or Crypto? 22-mile radius? It was all good though. Difficulty in Chemistry got to the point that I was calling my mom on a pay phone to give me EI from Florida. Should've done that when I was taking Statics. B-Stew and D-Marsh kept me honest though; well, not really. "4 C Curtis, why do you have a backpack full of 200 CD's under your desk?" Decided to double major in Systems Engineering and Political Science. Systems was too easy though. Besides, I needed the extra time to combat "various coalition forces" youngster year. LOTW kept 3121 straight though. Cubic-Zirconium? Bob says '11', Ru says 7. Me and Ru, 2 man recon team, insertion of Mr. 'J'. Gunshots in goat court? Youngster year, by far the best. Met Danielle Marie, everything changed….for the better (I love you!). Academics, seen the high's, seen the low's. Ac-board to 4.0. Summer detail, 'Hit Squad' made history. "Uh, I don't want to do this Batt Drill thing anymore." Did CC and Reg Staff instead. "V-S period, Rough Edges, To Be Continued, the LP". 12 hour studio sessions, "yo I spit these bars to make ya head shake…" 25th Company Brigade Basketball Champions (Charles stop foulin', J-Chap shoot the ball, Tim Sweeney- what can I say, only VA 'alumni' have that jumper). Coach Randall, sorry I missed practice. WSHS to USNA to USMC to TBS to CIA? To be continued indeed….holla back.

Roy Bale Dalton III

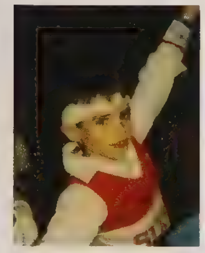
Orlando, FL
Navy Pilot

Yes, like a bale of hay. As roommates we turned many long nights of memorable discussions ranging from football to philosophy into striper duty mornings. Every political disagreement we had bonded us closer as friends. Sincere, loyal, and trustworthy, he is a patriot and a man that can always be counted on. The friendship is only just beginning. Sunshine follows the Gators, keep the faith and stay strong as you fly with the angels.

RBDIII wins any competition when it comes to irresistibility. For a southern gentleman and a southern democrat, you couldn't ask for a better listener or a better lecturer. You can't help but like this guy and learn a great deal from him at the same time. He's read more books than most of us will in a lifetime. No one can be perfect though, as his southern roots make themselves evident as soon as the radio comes on.

The adventure has taken us through Annapolis, Ricketts, Orlando, Virginia, Atlantic City, Gainesville, the Keys, Kentucky Derby, Buffett, Notre Dame, 3515, 23, and it will continue on in Pensacola. Thanks for being the friend that you are. God Bless America and her son, Bale Dalton. CLS, JRS, et. al.

-Pray for me, your brother; pray also for the cause, Liberty.



John Cronin Donovan

Philadelphia, PA
Navy NFO

JD's Parents on Thanksgiving: "Where's John?" BK:"I think he went to Germany."

John Cronin Donovan… arguably the best maintenance officer in the illustrious history of 25th Company. After years of intense training, this fightin' Irishmen from NorthEast Philly mastered the arts of the directory. Although there will be plenty of sublime "fiestas" in Pensacola, it will be a dark day for the foes of the US when John holds the reins of a 60 million dollar aircraft…well, it'll be a dark day for somebody, that's for sure (especially if we're in the same plane together!!). The Navy may take us to far away lands, like Israel, but we both know where we'll eventually end up… the Jersey Shore,

E-A-G-L-E-S EAGLES!!!

'The Razor' and the only other member, where its not just a club, it's a brotherhood… When are you going to get your mech-e tattoo? Always trying to go on some crazy baseball trip. Have you had an original thought in the last 3 and a half years? Always taking walks around Rickover instead of sleeping through Applied Thermo. So- I'll see you in Pensacola, who would have thought? The greatest friend you could ever ask for, you'll always be Crazy/Beautiful. ECO

Jason Daniel Duffie
Herndon, VA
Navy Pilot

Jason Daniel Duffié: blond hair (always too long), mayhem causing, free spirited, snowboarding and surfer extraordinaire. VP-47… "Mr. Duffie where have you and your co-partner been all week?" No, well, sir, THEY were just like…How about rainy surf sessions at pyramid and chasing mantas, but Dufe make sure you careful yeah, else you gonna get pounded bra! Dufe, get on your board, I just saw a shark! But important events have been skipped here, we need to backtrack. "Hey bar-dog how did my signature get on this form for customs, the last thing I remember was the gold chips floating in a spearmint liquid at BWI, my head hurts!!!" Oh, and lets not forget the 5 goals against UMASS, a twisted ankle and 9 stitches to close out your polo career. Although you suck at ding-dong ditching! "Dufe it feels like we are breaking up into static," Airport ride following was still a success. Speaking of airports, how kind of you to show Kevin your generous hospitality on the way to BWI, I mean Dulles! Double takes of a Wild Turkey anyone? No? But you'll settle for a torpedo instead, nice buddy! "ridiculous Tampa rice rocket passing sessions" "Duff I think he called us over...no ways man...he said %$#@ those plebes." "Mrs. Neitzey…"Jason what on earth is in these yard-glasses…I don't know mom, looks like you guys need to put a bathroom in down here." Own the skies at mach-2 and never ever leave your wingman. Remember, Blue angels need to be qualified Pilot's and NFO's. Here's to the most genuine friend I know. Cheers buddy and Good Luck.

Julie Anne Dunnigan
Natick, MA
Navy Pilot

"So, it's midnight and I have 200 pages to read and a paper to write, due 2nd period tomorrow, you guys think I can do it?" "Sure you can Jules, and I guarantee you'll get an A." Thermo final? No sweat, just get drunk the night before, and you'll ace that too. "So, I guess we're roommates." Julie is the sweetest, most innocent-looking girl, but don't let her fool you, she can get down with the best of them. She really should have been an exotic dancer. So who ever knew there were sororities at the naval academy? Beta Beta Beta knows how to have a good time…let's take the duty van to New Orleans!!! We'll do anything if it makes a good story. Letter sweaters what? Never thought a getaway car would make Army/Navy weekend. Beach Crew 2001: "Quinn, get back in the car!" San Diego where she and her Pony both fell in love! Whether it's plebes on the beach, youngsters on CMOD, 2/C in tight undershirts— whatever, it's Spring Break! You know what they say about firstie brass…I guess it works with only one stripe. Are you drunk? Eat some bread. Thank god for the naked sorority. Hart room parties and coloring were what got her through the school day. She sweat it out with the backstroke babes to win four N-stars and let's not forget the guys team either. She'll never turn down a party-it's just not in her blood. WU-1, 3119, 6238 and 2327 live forever. Thanks to all my friends who made this place the best four years yet.

Bomono Appolinaire Silvain Emessiene
Douala, Cameroon
Foreign National

He came to plebe summer not knowing which name was his first name and which name was his last name. Somehow he overcame that obstacle to finish his EE major at the Academy, following a rigorous study schedule of "Yahoo! Backgammon" and frequent notorious "eyelid resting" exercises. Sometimes, the future CNO of the Cameroon Navy would augment his schedule with intense soccer - I'm sorry, "football" - games on his computer. His virtuosity on the computer was not an exact replica of his talent on the soccer field but he was always for a match, be it intramurals or friendly clashes with the faculty. Bomono always took 30-inch steps, and always looked out for his friends. Member of the YP parties Hall of Fame. As a second class, he forever engraved his image into the hearts of all plebes with a simple line, "My name is EMESSIENE, get it right!!" He could always come up with that ten-minute question at a brief, and somehow it made sense. A great friend, I could always turn to him for any question, and somewhere in that backgammon-soccer soaked head of his, the most intelligent answer would emerge. Probably the most reliable guy I know, he's never done a thing he said he would not do, and always done what he said he would do. So, as our caps go flying up and Bomono puts on the uniform of a Cameroon officer, he'll leave behind a great legacy of friendship and backgammon. –RS, WLC, PDH. "Special thanks to all of you for making this dream come true, you know who you are. You are in my heart forever. See you all in Douala." BASE.

Von Patrick Howland Fernandes

Chino Hills, CA
Submarine Warfare

Went from 4/C Fernandes to PFC Santiago to MIDN LTJG and finally, Ensign Fernandes. Definitely most productive as a PFC. Smartest guy I know and maybe the laziest. Know he always got a good workout running to get his car at the Naval Station though. A true friend. Probably helped me or gave me "EI" in 15 different subjects and seems to have expert knowledge in all of them. Plebe year, 3053, Lauryn Hill- "That Thing", your favorite R&B song, your only R&B song. Lived in a closet second-class year, seriously. He could reach his computer and check his e-mail without getting out of bed. Majored in History but regrets not doing political science, trust me. The'Alaskan Assassin' from Chino Hills, California. Ask him about Ontario(California not Canada). I promise I didn't steal her from you Von, worked out for the best anyway. Every Sunday he takes 20 minutes to pass out cookies to the company but won't admit that he doesn't like them. International player, where's Von? I-Ball. Where are you going Von? Out with a girl I met at the I-Ball. Who are you talking to Von? To girl I met at the I-Ball. Not any more though, Rochester has you on lock. Left the Academy after three and a half years and transferred to Georgetown University. VGEP? No, transferred, really. Thanks for everything Von. I could not have made it through this place without you man, seriously. Thanks for all the advice, academic and otherwise. Good luck with the future. Just remember, even if you do become an Admiral, you'll always be a PFC.

Derek John Gordon

Gulf Breeze, FL
Navy Pilot

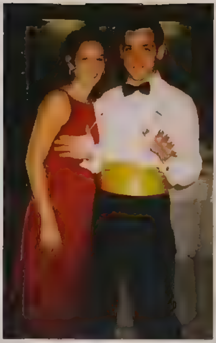
Being a military brat from Pensacola, Derek (aka Gordo, Duck, Toe, Flash, Don Gordone) saw more than his share of the Navy. Nonetheless, he always brought an enthusiastic attitude to every evolution… Riiiiight. From Tango detail to skydiving obsessively (Flying squirrels, horny gorillas, downwind run-outs and size 11 Vans in the schnozz…), you could always find Gordo with the same confident approach. Gordo was always a strong supporter of Navy women's athletics. He was also always able to shrug problems off with ease. Riding back to school one night we got pulled over for speeding. Before the police officer got to the car Gordo said, " Ah no big deal, even if I get a ticket, I'll just show up in court and beat it." Well, needless to say, Derek got out of the ticket and we still made it for taps. Whether there was a ten-page paper due the next morning, or somebody just needed help with his/her car, Derek always got the job done, and done well. Don't ask me how, but he did. He's a good person and a good friend. Good luck at flight school bro, I'm sure you'll do well. BEM, JSJ, JMJ, JTS, JKP

Jacob Robert Griffith

Shelby, IA
Marine Corps Ground

During plebe summer this guy hated nothing more than going on a boot run. He would sit in his room complaining about going to a boot run, as if "boot run" were the twelfth order of that fiery place bad people go to. He must have gotten over that, because now he's a US Marine ground-pounder, and they seem to live in their boots. Characterized to many by endearing terms like "Smoke Break," "Smokey D," a two-beer queer, runner-up in the Great Jack Daniels throw-down. Got in a fight with a squirrel on 6-2 - hospitalized by a squirrel bite, but apparently the squirrel was "taken care of." Known to many as simply "Griff," he was the guy anyone could talk to. Sitting back in his chair, he'd quietly listen, something everyone needed sometimes. The company HERO for two years straight, he took that job seriously. Youngster year, it was Jake who, although he may be remembered as "Jacob O'Brien" to a select few, held everything together in a steadfast faith, which for me was the best thing I could lean on then - it was that which kept me in the ranks here. As we all go on to our separate ways, Jake will go put on his boots and be that great Marine leader that he's always wanted to be, and certainly deserved to be. -RS, MB, DS, JP, WC, PH, NP

Allen Hunter Grimes
Lexington Park, MD
Navy Pilot



Al, the Vietnam veteran in our midst. The man of a million words… oh yeah?… biznatch… salty… ass-clown… bloop… awwwww dang… "I'm sayin"…SEX AND VIOLENCE… no joke… joto viejo. Excursions to Pax River when he could be pried from the clutches of Rachel. Al liked to frequent only the finest drinking establishments such as Rudy's and ABC liquor. Something about fight club 2000. He was a wise old man who mentored all on the ways of women and the world. If anything he was always calm cool and collected. Just remember, history IS a real major. To Al, the best flagpole in '02. May he fly only S-3's. JP, NW, ES, PH, JG, RS, NP, MB, AV, WC.

Peter Daniel Huffman
Madison, AL
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

1ST COMPANY

In a brilliant stroke of luck, Pete Huffman turned down art school for USNA. He then proceeded to paint the town red for four years, always keeping a vigilant eye on trouble brewing and constantly steering in harms way. The only key to unlocking the international man of mystery was the big grin he wore for all occasions taking place between the hours of 5PM and 4AM. Never old and gnarly, Pete never went to school either. He chose his poisons well, 11PM beer runs, nights in Georgetown, troublemaking in Baltimore, and living large during late nights. As generous with his fortunes as with his razor sharp wit, he single-handedly revived the American economy with his second class loan and nuke bonus. Hey…does anyone want to buy a guitar? Honesty kept him from the medical service and landed him on the crest of a wave. Who knows where one will find the salty seadog next. To a great friend - Live the dream…WLC

Rugaba Mathew Kanani
Wiggins, CO
Submarine Warfare

1998-99: Small town kid from CO. Where's Wiggins? Guerre's plebe summer squad. No calculus, no pre-calculus, no NAPS...son, you're not gonna make it. IT100 and G. Cabrales with Bobby K. Late night rap sessions with Marcus.
1999-00: Room 3121...never forgot. Lox Of The Week. Cubic Zirconium eight weeks in a row. Fridge-in-a-box. Loudspeaker gunshots in goat court. Crossing striper alley in civies. Nintendo. Why are there plebes in my room? And 'Uhhh…hey guys…my roommate…can you please turn down the music?'
2000-01: The detail curse…I got "the one." The move to 25…dealing with firsties. "You look like you're 18." Wow! That's the best compliment I've gotten all year. "Yo, there should be a MIDREG that allows one free punch per year with no conduct action!" Or at least make it a minor…yeah, that's what I've been saying.
2001-02: Hmmm…Dare I say too fast? My G-Choir fam…I love ya'll. My fellow sub bro's…we ain't got 15, but we still fabulous. Wow!! So many things to remember…so many people to thank…but only One has truly gotten me through it all. To my Lord, Savior, and best friend Jesus Christ…I owe it all. Proverbs 3:5-6

Robert Andrew Koroly
Drexel Hill, PA
Navy Pilot

We passed up a campus full of beautiful women known as Villanova and ended up here. By luck, we got stuck together throughout Plebe year counting the days until we could go back up to Philly. Even now we still count the days until we get to go back. Somehow we thought going the Med would be fun, "I would cut off my left pinky to not be on this ship anymore." Thanks for fighting the crazy Notre Dame taxi driver, "Don't ever disrespect—You should have been shot." And after missing your bus, "Everyone let's give Bob a hearty bus 3 welcome."

Hours of fun blowing off work, thinking about the Jersey Shore, telling stories about drunk weekends, complaining about mids, dreaming about clearing 18', and of course the SD.

Good luck flying ("You mean I have to do this for *ten* years?!") Bobby, wherever you end up, I will always have an open seat for you on my deck over looking the bay, with the grill fired up, a cold beer waiting for you and "The Boys of Summer" on the radio. RBD&JCD

Charles Marshall Mello III
Seekonk, MA
Submarine Warfare

Charles Marshall Mello III was born and bread (no you can't eat it) from the imaginary town of Seekonk, Mass. Uncle Fester reached an all time high of 246lbs second semester. BMC-The only mid commissioned as a chief…Norman Bates- freeway fights, flying chairs, and long walks home….and of course the $380 cab ride… "I'm from Seekonk, and the best dwiver in the whole wide world"….CRASH!! Who says you can't maintain a marriage while at USNA…The triple puke (later deemed a world record by Guinness)…Put on permanent restriction in 2001 from Homa…Key West 2002…thanks for footing the bill Chuck. Who can forget "I don't care, I don't want to be here?" Served three years as XO on the USS Chad, screened for command of Camp Ottie…Joining the silent service (no coincidence that the chow is the best in the Navy).Thank the lord we had someone to be somewhat productive and get some stuff done (bills, bathroom, kitchen, etc.). You're a good man, you'll do great things in the submarine community. We made it brother. BWB, TMS, CLS, DMB Mom, Dad thanks for everything you've listened to all my troubles and supported me the whole way through, your love and support guided me the entire four years and helped me make it through. Miss thank you for always being there for me…from your constant care packages to your letters a day in plebe summer I don't think I could've mad it without you.

Amy Elizabeth Mizell
Bellevue, WA
Marine Corps Pilot

Go Amy, Amy, Amy! (it's My-zell, not Mizzel)...she's got an EGA on her heart, just don't let her sing cadences on the way to class. "So, I guess we're roommates." Four years of lax, the west-coast player. How many times did we beat Army? Goooo Goats, FIGHT! "Guys, I think I'm broken…" No, Amy you have plenty of time to figure it out if only you would take matters into your own hands. Who wins, Julie or Amy? Chain of command?No problem,acheck in every box by second semester firstie year. Damn I make this uniform look good… WWB's, yeah right. Good thing I had swimmers for roommates or I might still be changing in the bathroom stall. Firstie brass, it'll get you every time. Why didn't that magazine call us for "Top 10 College Women?" Letter sweaters?Blue blockers?Swimming with sharks in our underwear and wearing modified SDB's.We'll do anything if it makes a good story.Umm, it's midnight and I'm eating again.Stand up if you're sleepy, and eat some bread when you're drunk. Does anyone have any chocolate, just a little piece? Why can't I stop laughing? Beach Crew, Big Willie and the cops. Whatever, it's Spring Break!! (And I held out…) Why are there so many random pictures of me? Watch out, another Mizell in the Corps! Thanks friends and family, you're the BEST. Mom, Dad, Brett and KG, I owe you everything. The Ball's, my second family, thanks for always leaving the door open. They say we'll miss this place, four years together by the bay…

Kelli Amber Maria O'Neil
Havelock, NC
Marine Corps Ground

Kelli…Pookie…dance partner…partner in crime…roommate for 3.33333 years! I can't believe that coming from North Carolina (1st in flight – 48th in education) you and I (being from Sarah Land) have so much in common. Thanks for laughing at all my bad jokes. Most of what I could say would get us arrested, but a few events stick out. Making soup, holding your head over the toilet, ring dance with your plebe summer detailer, Notre Dame (Excuse me while I go throw up), "Don't get violent with me!", "Be mad at Sarah" notes, late night boy discussions (I could have sworn you….), and IM fights. Don't be a social retard. Before I forget DUUUUUHHHHHHH! - SLB Yut! (One last sarcastic Marine moment) You've always been a friend, despite our political arguments, stubbornness and intense personalities. Thanks for the good times running amuck, the conversations, honest opinions and being you. When you get Marine Air and need a flight lesson, don't be afraid to all.Sean.We've made it so far since Ms. Daniels' class. By some divine power, I came to see you after 3.5 years. You're a mentor and a true friend who never stopped believing in me. Thank you for always supporting me and being there when you didn't have to be. My dear friend, I am so proud of you…I hope the Marine Corps knows what a treasure they're getting! Love and God Bless…MCTP☺

Mercy Colleen Torres Pattawi
Mt Juliet, TN
Surface Warfare

Mercy has that power to bring happiness where there is sorrow, joy when there is sadness, relief when there is pain with an incomparable simplicity and grace. In four years, she did not only grow to be a very promising Surface Warfare Officer, she matured into a very beautiful, complete person, a sensible, caring, resourceful and funny friend I am so proud to have known. BASE. A devoted friend, Mercy is like no other. She is a person that will always be there; she does not know selfishness.God truly created an angel in Mercy, whether it be her voice or her undying devotion. She has graced the walls of Bancroft and entertained many passing midshipmen with her beautiful voice. Her awesome smile is a refresher every day you see her. She will drop everything to help someone if they need it. She truly embodies the altruistic spirit. The only thing that parallels her devotion to others is her devotion to Jesus Christ. I could always count on her to keep me spiritually accountable. Her friendship is truly a gift. JWO can't believe that I've known you since 8th grade! You are still the same sweet, caring person that always shushed me in health class. I'm so proud of you for perservering through all the tough times. You are truly an inspiration to me, and I know that your sailors (even though it should be Marines) will be truly blessed to have a Div-O like you. Thank you most of all for being my friend. Semper fi! KAO

Justin Kerr Peters
Charolette Amalie, USVI
Marine Corps Ground

Hailing from the Virgin Islands, Justin is a man of 1000 lives and a few more adventures. He always has a deep, almost religious commitment to tailgating and managed to find a game as long as there was a good time to be had. Always sacrificing himself by putting up with 4 years of living with Athe head. He is a man of tolerable confidence with a smile always on his face and a promised shipment of Rum. In essence, he is a gentleman, a scholar and a judge of fine wines, whose opponents bones lie scattered on the frozen tundra of Hospital Point after Fieldball games. The Corps needs you more than you need the Corps. My steady lifting partner, a connoisseur of fine ale and a solid friend through it all, especially road trips (Denver, Boca). Heres to the many adventures to come!!! NP, PH, WC, ES, MB, AG, TV, JG, RS

Nels Erik Peterson
Yuma, AZ
Special Operations

T-1000: a man of few words, and even fewer expressions (except "that look"). "Oh, sí." You flew in and swam out, never resorting to sarcasm to get a point across. Possessor of that legendary omni-directional charm and a sense of humor as subtle as your home is dry. What poise, what tact, how the women swoon even though "You don't even go to Notre Dame." You had a style all your own, even brushing your teeth in ND when we're already 20 minutes late for the bus. Road trip? Always up for one, but only if you're a true stoic: Boca X 2, Sine', Gainesville, the fateful Killington expedition, oh, and don't forget Denver and back. We'll take your car for that. We'll do it again soon. P.S. S.I. (RMK) You were always a faithful and dedicated lifting partner who kept me motivated. You pursued your 4 years with reckless abandon, settling for nothing short of perfection. –DS, JP, MB, AV, WC, PH, AG, RBDIII, NW, JG

Derek Anthony Randall Jr.
Charleston, NC
Surface Warfare

Derek A. Randall, Jr. aka D-Random aka the Random Midshipman aka the International Jugador aka Coach D. Master of all things having to do with synergy and the provocative email. Tried not to be a hater but just couldn't resist. The man with more knowledge than an encyclopedia. Was thinking of ways to teach plebes how to "don't be gay" while performing yoga in front of Michelson. Boycotted the English major due to the principalities involved in order to research magic squares (!) and the Rubik's cube. Lived in a separate apartment second class year (6234B). No D, keep the lights on, I don't care if you're going to bed, its only 9:30. NAPS Detail, the 3-2 zoo, and the dead worm. The training triumvirate. Unassuming publisher of academy "sedition." Led us to a Brigade Championship...guess the triangle offense worked. Ended up going SWO cause it turned out he had too much heart. Corporeus Non Satis, Vivi Sacer. Good luck with everything D and thanks for all your help these four years, peace
-MJC, DR

Michael Lawrence Schaal
Pasadena, MD
Submarine Warfare

Michael Lawrence Schaal came from right up the road in Pasadena, MD He was someone who always had a brighter outlook on things. If you were down in the dumps he could make you smile with one of his wack ideas or thoughs. DJ FoGo as he was known both on and off the Lax field…Navy Lax Juco is where he started to be the face-off man on the field, then DJ/dancer off the field. The DCPhreestiler was also known to be a little bit of a ladies man, but all he was ever looking for was true love. With all his luck with the ladies you would think Mike was a smooth talker, but really he was the shy guy. Dancing is how he impressed everyone if he wasn't sitting on his stool at Acme, the only establishment he would ever frequent. At school DJ FoGo was in the only "real engineering major"- Systems, while managing to almost stay out of trouble. As a senior and as graduation grew closer, Michael was living his dream. Yes, he was a Dreamer, "for a dreamer is one who is guided by moonlight and can see the dawn before the rest of the world." While his pride ran deep, he packed his Red Bull and took it down to Charleston to become a Submariner. C.M. J.D. E.M. C.S

Ryan Paul Sirmons
Orlando, FL
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

We all learned a lot from Ryan, from the weekly menus "Preach" sent to the entire plebe class to things not to do on a ship (crash in the OINC's bunk). He came to us from Orlando, Florida with poise, determination, perseverance, an occasional superficial southern accent, and…retro fashion. "I was picking up golf tees." Fine scotch (at 15 bucks a shot), gin and tonic, martinis, and a pipe – a "refined gentleman." "JROTC is an elite paramilitary organization." Some day we'll see Ryan again – as a lawyer, a journalist, minister, politician, or a ship captain – he could never really decide. Nice…station wagon?? In HA – "I just want to sit down a bit Jake, just let me rest here a while, I'll be okay." A man of vision, compassion, and fairness. He's the guy you could always go to with troubles – to help you sort through the mess and realize things aren't really so bad. He is the friend you want by your side (partner in crime). Remember the good times – Universal Studios, Disney World, dowtown Orlando, Galway – Castlebay- Guinness and corned beef, Sea Trials, the I-Ball, Ring Dance, etc…

BASE, JG, MB, DS, JP, WC, PH, NP

Epiphanios Constantine Stylianos
Boca Raton, FL
Navy Pilot

Aka: Dean-o: Four years brought us a sea of memories and lifelong friendships. World class napper and resident barber. He was the architect of ideas that never left us with a dull moment. Who could forget the Weedwacker…the motorcycle…the chevy…the Bronco, and smell of gasoline in the air. Youngster year left us with a handful of hallway sports to distract us from our misspent youths. "Okay…onto the water fountain, back on the foot, into the trashcan" PingPong and the Dean and Tony 3-1 throwdown. A sense of adventure and a taste for classic cars with "potential" were the ingredients for tragic but unforgettable road trips. Annapolis to Boca 30 miles at a time, and roadside baseball. The Killington saga. While your transportation sometimes failed, you were one to count on; a good friend with or without a DustBuster. Never forget that Starter Fluid + Zippo = Clear Windshield And WD40 can double as soap and water. Who'd have thought that the guy with ADD would go pilot. "OutBACK? WHAT the..." "I wanna play football like as if we was kids again." "You've got about four seconds." Movie night?

MB, NP, JP, PH, WC, NW, AG, AV

Chad Louis Summe
Fort Mitchell, KY
Submarine Warfare

Chad Louis Summe hails from the town of Fort Summe, Kentucky. The youngest/ scrawniest of ten children, he was an uncle by the age of 2. The "Rat", as he came to be known, routinely shaved his pelt before every visit from his baby. The Summe Drydock Breakfast Special: Swiss Cakes and Mountain Dew. Absent minded, selective hearing, and scattered memory, he is the smartest dumb kid we know…. "Get off the phone Furball" Bethpage and sleeping in the lobby at G-town (waiting for Bird), we have often rolled the dice and came out unscathed. B21—late night strolls with the Gerbil… "don't mess with my 'Fun' man"…"juices, flowing, everywhere"…the master of vulgar imagery"Get a Rope"…Who can forget old one eye?….NYC to Japan (including the flight) he is a well traveled rodent. Tried valiantly for a one year sabbatical to save the starving masses. Brother Chad he almost came to be known. What is COMPASS?…JAMAICAN HighRollers…Who meets their wife on Spring Break anyway?Off to NNPS..maybe HBS looms on the horizon.With great assistance from his Franklin Planner, he's on his way to doing great things…You have become a brother to all of us and left your mark along the way…the best decision you ever made was to see our dream through. Your wisdom and faith are unprecedented...DMB, BWB, CMM, TMS9 One of my dreams has been realized and I truly owe it all to my Mom and Dad.

Timothy Michael Sweeney Jr.

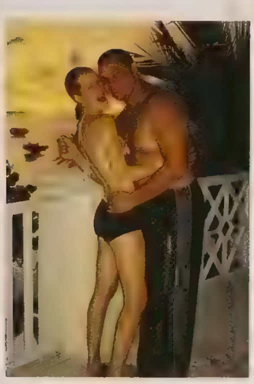
Norfolk, VA
Surface Warfare

Timothy Michael Sweeney from NavyTown USA (Norfolk, Va). Joined the Navy since he felt right at home in the water…Unbridled military bearing, Tim missed 185 morning formations firstie year, clearly setting the bar for his shipmates to follow, but at least he has a sports car(lawnmower engine). Chicken…gain some weight man…Who can forget the Virginia Yankees…must be nice to be a winner…Keeping it real in the hall…Tim had extra incentive to attend football games, even though we were losing….The promising B-ball career that…well…never got off the ground…NTF ended in an intramural championship…Fupa-jaloopa!! Redeeming yourself in the BigEasy with the Playmate. Need a date, get on the deck phone. Quit pouting Sweeners. "THE SWITCH", Nice Bedsores. Where would he be without Instant Messenger. Survived as the only democrat in the room. "She was hot even with one eye." Jamaican High Rollers. "Did you order the code red?" Westwinds to Camp Ottie…Fair winds and following seas…we'll miss you and thanks for putting up with the Right Wing…Each of us must pursue our dreams, but make no mistake, this is not the end…You are one of us, and for that, we thank you. CLS, BWB, DMB, CMM Mom, Dad, Erin, Dinny, Jean, and Sam: Thanks for the support and love for the past 4 years. I would not have been able to make it without you. Love you guys!

Michael David Turner

Texarkana, TX
Marine Corps NFO

IIIIKKKKKKKEEEEEEEEE! At the game of life, you aren't the bestplayer. "Where's Turner? He's drunk!" "Hey Turner, lets do some shots!" "Yo, Ike, you look sick? That's cause I'm sober!" Ike's response to James Webb's response on Midshipmen… NYC punching cabwindows, never again. "Anyone wanna pong it up? Beer Pong? (10AM)" Drink a liter and it's T-Rex takes on Pacific Beach, and loses! Shots?!?!? A nice drive at 5AM in a taxi-cab. "Hey Turner, you drinking? I'm breathing ain't I?" "How's your garrison?" "The best damn commentator Raz ever worked with. 17 hours in a car, one hour in a ditch. "Don't get mad Turner! So, this means we go back to Yuma now?" "Ike, no one likes you, we just feel sorry for you." Girl problems, "You know Ike, yeah I was WITH him!" the ever famous, "Some girls just deserve to be, well, you know!" "Hey fill in the blank, have a nice life!"Troubling times…"Where's Ike?On restriction, AGAIN!" Yo, what's going on with this conduct stuff? Dude, it's getting dropped." "Ike, why aren't you taking a weekend? Well 'APPARENTLY' I have a D in performance." "Nah dude, it's OK, I know MIDREGS!" Here we go…USMC NFO….Thanks for everything fellas, through the drinks together and all of those girls, we're all still the best of friends.You guys are the only reason I graduated.Good Luck! FAS, MPO, CRS,GKM, DAD, TJM, ENM, RGS.



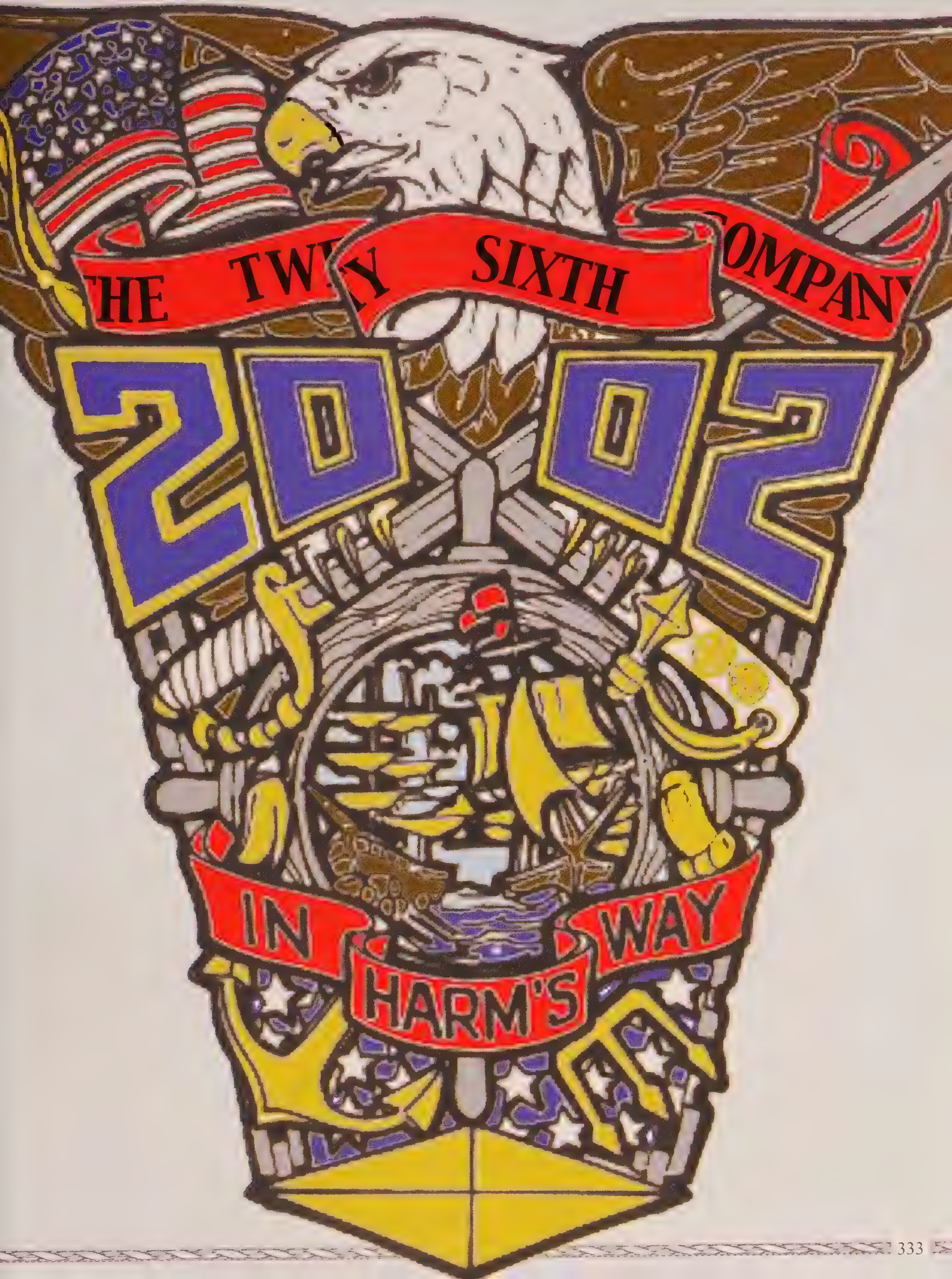
Antonio Valle

Miami, FL
Submarine Warfare

The finest thing to come out of Nicaragua except after he has had a carton of milk and watched *Fight Club*. Tony and fate crossed paths one night in Ocean City…one wonders how the nimble Nicaraguan lost his balance. I know Gunny wonders. Traded his fat mix for tuna fish, but the sound of Ay Mami! from the corner of the room never changed. Always an elegant speaker of the Ingles, he wept for our sausage pequenos. The tortuga was a fish in the water and a beast on the land, but Seal Team V is headed to a submarine. Don't let them make you check for leaks in the hull and don't go on snipe hunts. Youll make it far although you have to con another rookie to be your roommate. You will do well my friend. Thanks for being my protector, you'll always have a place in the Secret Service when I finally make it. P.S. "You hands could be warm too, Ma'am." WLC, RBDIII

Nicholas Adam Willet
Westminister, MD
Navy NFO

027224, Willet, Willow, Mini Willet, Mouth, Jabber Jaw, The Civilian, Nicolas, Wheezay. To my boys: Snatch, Mexican, Djew, the Dude, and Scotty Coch. Ric Flair!!, its gotta happen someday. If you don't get your barber when you get to your ship, gimme a call, I'll style with you. To my boys in Tights, Tripp, Hans, Jeff, and Danny. Leggo, my Craigo. Yeah, Annapolis First Night, 4 years in a row, woohoo. Pic with the SUPE, Mrs Ryan, Dan, Aimee, Mindi, and Me. To all the guys in 25, Big Al, Tortuga, Beef, The Greek, Petey, Redz, Pfc Santiago, Donowicz, Chach, Ike T, Bale, Willy Lump Lump, Ru, Marcus, D-Ran, Potts, Rat. I don't have Rage issues, I swear. Computer damage over a girl, what was I thinking. Drunken Handstand walking outside Rudy's. Mech E sucks a fat one. I hate Maryland. — Big Willet, Always makin us laugh. Best MechE lab partner. Why does your dad build all your projects? How do you always stay so positive? You will always be a great friend-Tony—


THE TW Y SIXTH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Joseph Howard Adams II
Corrina, ME
Navy Pilot

He came from Maine "Joe" with Top Gun dreams and left four years later my best friend on his way to P-cola. In between there were infinite good times, of which only a few can be related here. There were the road trips - east coast and the natti; learning to drive stick and how to stay on the highway. There were late nights and early mornings on 5-0 and 8-2 - contending with the "hole;" getting walked in on and walking in on .... There were the nights of drinking - passed out on the bathroom floor in Philadelphia; Jager; 40's in the park. There were all the women - Maine girls (Thank god for that heaven!); the Hood girl; the Alaskan (best Ring Dance date EVER!); the Estonian; Walters' girls. Maybe best of all were the friends - Mike, Timmy Binge, Taco, Donnie, Johnnie Coon and Jaime, Erin, Charlotte, Laura, Back-alley, and a cast of thousands... Yes, it was a great four years, and by the end of it the wall of shame was overflowing with pictures, quotes and other memorabilia. The memories will always stay with us, the memories of the best friend we've ever known. -MK, TR, AJC, JOC

Patrick Michael Alfonzo
San Juan Capist, CA
Submarine Warfare

Fonz, Fonzie. Who is that plebe across the bulkhead? Maybe I'll live with him. Four years later we've experienced more drill, rack-time, late nights, and alpha inspections than either of us could've done alone. You were the ice hockey playing, history majoring, four striper that should have graduated with a minor in chemistry and a double major in character. Your example of consistency, desire, clear-mindedness, and focus has and always will stick with me. From the first day at USNA, you knew what you wanted out of this place. You never lacked commitment to hard work or to the small details in anything you did. When often I had trouble saying exactly what I felt, you always had a simpler and more clearly and more clearly stated way to get the same point across. I will never forget our post-noon meal talks, while watching the Chesapeake, or our sardine-like existence in 5001. Without a doubt, First-class year is the time when you grew the most as you sought out to accept and understand the full impact of the responsibility for the life and Service you were about to enter. You will do the Nation and the Submarine Force a service with your concern for people, heartfelt leadership, and strong sense of community. In life, we are lucky if we end with a couple of friends we can call "best friends." You are a best friend. What a long, strange trip it's been. "True, It isn't much for One, but Two can stick together," says Pooh, says he. "That's how it is," says Pooh. -Now We Are Six

Kenneth Joseph Barnhart
Ruffsdale, PA
Surface Warfare

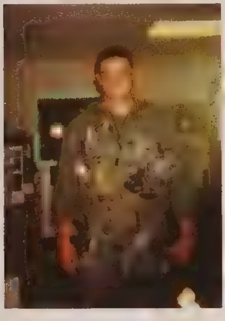
KJBUSN, always on the prowl for a good time. The late night tapper, mouse extermination specialist, always blabbing about stupid Pittsburgh, the greatest city in America. Where is Pittsburgh, anyway? Pennsylvania? Oh yeah, didn't you have some great high school games there? Well, that's what I heard. Who's this girl you always talk to? When will we meet her? Kenny, the King Hall pack rat (25 Barq's root beers). Flag Football MVP quarterback. Happy 21st Birthday, Ken! Now have fun cleaning the room. -CRB -RGG

KJ Busn - Your truck.... it's got potential - but no heart - it's a dodge after all. Pilot or no Pilot - you'll still be a friend to all and it's good to have you on our side. I'll see you out there brother. -NHB

4 years for SWO? Yo, don't eat too many doughnuts. And don't drink a half a bottle of Captain Morgan's. -DFR

Casey Ryan Bruce
Vancouver, WA
Navy Pilot

Casey Bruce, ("the Bruce"), a soft spoken lad from the great NW, friend to many, foe to none. Known as "the nice guy," except to Tripp who sees right through him. A new comer to the East, his buddies taught him the ways of the land. "What the hell is a turnpike?" "Steak tips? Dude, let's just go to Taco Bell." "People actually watch hockey?" "Farms in NY? No way!" Known for his poor fashion sense and array of oddball t-shirts, he's often seen wearing old clothes from V's attic. (BG liked to borrow these). His age of innocence ended quickly with several V-house festivities. Casey even got into a foot race with jimmy legs on his 21st! 45 days and 20 tours later, he understood why he never ran track. Known to puke in crazy places, "sorry about your truck Jay, I'll clean it tomorrow. Ha ha..... sucker!" The Bruce has been known to "slam home" some car bombs at Irish Times. Maintains his physique with UTZ mix, Bud Light and Coors cutter. Even been known to eat some 2lb. Cali-burritos with Slinger. The father of "40oz. Friday." Injuries with BG at Mt. Hood, more tools for xmas, ring dance committee "Jay, I'm not gonna let the Radisson people push me around!" Casey loves his family more than anything and appreciates their support. Thanks to the V-house for all the awesome memories. (rm. 8222, BG, JF)



Daniel William Caroffino
Midland, MI
Marine Corps Pilot

"My drinking buddy, my boss, XO wasn't enough to fill your shoes. He will always be better than us at everything, lifting, pt-ing, Red Lobster all you can eat buffet. Smart guy, and a brave guy, I'm sure he knows more about our LT than any person on earth. Someday our paths will cross, he will get that "sack", and be driving a muscle car. He thinks it will be a Viper, but it probably will be a supercharged '98 Cobra. Good luck, watch out for the ticks." -DJS "Live entertainment nightly youngster year, damn guitar, hey-is someone in our shower, 5th wing, sabotage Army week, you left your roommate in the rack!, schnellgating, u can borrow my car-the hood is just a little off, driving back in my cobra, the hoof, the cap'n - lot of winks, leatherneck-the summer of 1000 Gatorades, 6th platoon where the men are men and the women are too." -DKC "Fiiinooooo. Mech E ring. Who PT's on the camping trip? Who is that with the bottle of champagne, oh that's Dan's girl." -GGK "Overachiever at everything he does . . . except steering his truck through the barriers. One of the true founders of AWC, Tuesday night chicken and beer. An 89.997 on the PRT is not an A. Some movies just weren't meant for fiancés. I never believed there was a chance you wouldn't pick pilot, no matter how much you rationalized it." -TSR

Daniel Kiran Choudhury
Hyattsville, MD
Navy Pilot

Box. "I'll get down behind Chief and you guys shove him over!", There are lots of college juniors driving around with "rookie driver" stickers on their cars. And there are also a lot of people who buy Mustang Cobras for their first cars!-Dan ... Hey, get away from the mirror. You've been flexing for five minutes! Put the basketball down man, don't embarrass yourself.-CIR...I was his surrogate father; always following in my shadow looking for my acceptance to the infamous "loop". It started with a black Cobra, and escalted from there. He has been one of the most influential persons during my Academy career. He brought insight into my life, and a laugh no one could ever forget- Slinger.... Moon boots on Yps, Mouse, the V, Aint that right Chouderbox?-Fonz ...Raising the chillin' the most flag for Cancun, Daytona, 8th wing breeze-way. Left for dead in Phili. Army week in 5th wing, Schnellgating, Chaloopa. 2001 Spring Break Daytona Beach push-up champion-TSR... all started in boys state, 'what a jerk'. The bottle is made for my hand, You got the best luck with roommates, the winner, the pisser, the clean kid, at least you saved the best for last. JieCrucial, Slider?-Tony

John Salvatore Ciaravino
Harper Woods, MI
Navy Pilot

OK Don Vito, Hook up the connection Mr. Mafioso, Holy #$%@ it was you, hellspawn02 or some craziness like that, it was real man! Summers on the slave-ship Eagle, the German stewardesses in Japan. Hopefully we're not on your list. It's about time we got you to come out and party with us, Spring Break is going to be crazy. Watch out for blue barrels! After three years of thinking about being a nuke you got your eyes now and get to be a fly-boy. Remember, Top Gun has some good tips for picking up girls. If you get to Italy, meet some nice girl that isn't against someone straight out of D-town with a banana on him at all times.... Best of luck with the jets, we want a ride sometime. Nick and Chris — all praIse to don vito And his faMily. not everyone named dragon gets to Have wings so Enjoy them. don't pLay eq. my spawn figure can kick the snot out of yours! hate you guys soo much. study Less, play more! never Ski again! its always the quiet ones. i can't decide if i hate the lions or the PAckers more. rooming with the hairest kid from WiscoNsin and the only insomniac was a bad idea. mind if I use your printer?? i've been pilfering your comics. i hope you find a gal that knows how to cook and put some meat on your bones. you run marathons on purpose??? best of luck 02....stay away from long fruit. ACM

Brett Nathan Cline
Newport News, VA
Surface Warfare

What did you do with the mice? Brett is in the bathroom looking for his contact. Whew, I thought you were gay. Garrett, I'm up. Fellas, I'm not having a good time. We're closer up here, so what is the meaning of life? Does Sarah really like me? You guys want to go to my wedding??? Miami drop out destined for four years of hell. A late academic bloomer, yet wise beyond his neighboring fools. Undisputed Nietzsche 'superman' of the yard. Had some rough times through the years both mentally and morally, wishes to forget being ranked 1021 out of 1013 and Persahoe. Fond of long winter nights in the ghetto, windows open in January, consuming Papa Johns at and unprecedented rate. Most famous (and most embarrassed) for his on-line alter ego Hammar. Stellar First Lieutenant, decent plumber, expert repairman (When are you going to change my showerbulb?) Hates USNA but wants to love the Navy. A pseudo-punk who found happiness in Sarah; he will get to paradise before he expires.

Jonathan Orion Coon
Wasilla, AK
Supply Corps

Don't let anybody get you down, even if you are the whitest kid I know from the white Alaskan wilderness, we've had some good times. Always remember the good days; skydiving, fishing, BEAT ARMY '02, you eating at the same restaurant over and over and over....Hey get that date from LR yet!, birthday suit riding the goat!!!, "Jaime! This is JON, JON COON, JON from Alaska!" Hey can you take us out to the woods; show us "how to be men"?? Army-Navy w/ Black Rob, "How come you can't hang w/ him no more?" Tellin' your girl to shut her face then cry'in when she put you in your place, climbing Herdon, snowboarding (I'll get the hang of it one day), POWERSLAM courtesy of Shep, AC, stop losing your dam money!, Take care of my girl! And get off EBAY long enough to smell the roses (CHEWSKI-FACE)!!!!! Keep God's country clean and we hope you get that imaginary Viper you always wanted. NTF Stay up son, Shep-dizl and Val-rilz. Holla! Hal and Big Blonde: "It Depends", LV, my moral compass, the smoosing fluzie, my home away from home, I miss you already. Hicks from the Sticks: Keep it real country boy. DW: What are the odds! Mom and Pops: I can't say enough, you're the best. Jamie Lyn: 2% I knew on our first date.

Erin Flint
Gloversville, NY
Navy Pilot

"Ella""booch" "Bootleg""Arabian slooch""Lebanese immigrant" "Boat. Person"all these words of LOVE! McDonald's: "Get out of our drive through NOW!" Shopping anyone?? Goodmorning sunshine! Bill is a dead man. Falling down the Rickover stairs...everyone saw you!! So many good times with a great friend. Who knew Georgtown was so toughparallel parkingmirrors out too fara nasty McDonald's bathroomJUST GO,GO,GO!!! Israel, a cheap paper bag and a nice marinerod roddy, JC, the beer pyramidwho knew you could fit so much beer in an old navy bag? Endless rides in the white trashpassing notesVieira's listbrassodid someone say sweepers? Thanks for being such a great friend, best of luck, fly high and remember that upstate NY is where it's at. -Colleen It's not tailgatingit's drafting. 3 dead mice!! Nasty Flint hole!! Are they wearing black Nikes? Speaking fluent Spanish while sleeping! Overson-shady bastard #3. What's wrong with leopard pillows??? Midget from home!! Firechicken!! Larry your best friend is at the door again!! The Brat Pack! Launching the hot beef injecTION. 21=boot and rally!! We found Lebanon in London!! Erin is the type of person that instantly makes you wish you'd known her forever. Always one to count on for driving tips!!-J.J.M Thanks everyone, love you, good luck Ian!!

Kelly Justine Lorena Fisher
Tuscon, AZ
Marine Corps Ground

Soccer. Showed up virtually clueless; could barely tell you the difference between an aircraft and an aircraft carrier. Soccer. Has a knack for picking things up quicker than anyone I know. By the end of plebe year, it was pretty clear about her dedication to doing well. Soccer. Success seems to find her, but it's not by accident. To her, success is not something that happens, it's something to work for. Soccer. But if you ask her, she's "doing alright." Did someone say, Rookie of the Year, Offensive Player of the Year? Soccer. At the same time, school didn't seem to pose much of a challenge at all. We know it did, but she just beat it. It's one thing about her, if you go against her, you'll likely be hearing, "I win," and it won't be coming from you. Soccer. I feel honored to have had the opportunity to write this, and if it weren't for the Heart of Justine Fisher, I would not have gotten this chance. Justine is many things to many people, and it's good to have her on your team. The Marines are lucky. But what she is to most people is a friend, and to me, my best friend. -JG

Richard Gwathmey Glasgow III
Winter Park, FL
Surface Warfare

From the Pink Palace: Tripper, T-ripper, Gwathmey - a proud member of the Roy-Al family. His dad left one weekend when he was young, and thus life on the pommel horse began. At the age of 21, you can't escape his kung-fu grip because he has been hanging on bars his whole life (BP). Along with his twin, John Basedow, he can help you to achieve, chest, arms, and even abs. Although often on MCM, there was always enough money for a new PS deuce game every other week, heavier tint on the Audi, and rims to be "rollin on twenties" in the Quattro. He got a maybe from the Admiral, but this did not stop the hip-hop king of O-town. To the 2001 Bocce champion, best of luck on the bridge buddy. We always know where to crash when we are in Orlando. - SG,DW,VW,ML,PM; From Club 8222: Trip-opolis, T-glass, always doing what he can to impress girls and get free beer. A Buccaneer football player trapped in a gymnasts body forever making "his rounds." Navy-ND in Orlando - Super Duty Wagon, Preakness 2000. How was Pimps and Hoes, Tripp? Didn't see you and Jackie there much??? (Rick Flair baby!) We love you buddy, get 'er done. - CB,DR,KB; From NMG: Tripp, Tripp McNealy, girls in Bancroft still talk about you. Losers always cry about there best, 2/C captains go home with the all-around champ. Flora was the all-around champ. From Big Shot, to Sweet Caroline, to Outback, that was Tripp Glasgow, and he was glad to meet you. Remember, if it's not Scottish, its crap. - NW,JD,DF,AH

Jimmie Donald Hughes Jr.
Snellville, GA
Marine Corps Ground

Once a Marine... brought down the ceiling in 7-2 jumping for the stars. I lost my bearing over Plebe summer when I saw that four foot yellow smiley face with the Dixie cover on his grape. There were nights when Brian and James stayed awake because I was snoring or talking in my sleep. Tell D&B to practice somewhere else. My roommates are in the rack! My firsts: surfing the web and jumping out of a perfectly good airplane. After years of ac-tracking I learned there is a direct correlation between changing your major to general science and your QPR!! Exactly how long does it take to get medical clearance for Commissioning? Claire, I'll have to shine my leathers after we finish dance lessons if you continue to step on my feet. I'm not yelling! It's my persuasive tone of voice. Then, there was the Sub dilemma. I'm not IN the Navy; I'm T.A.D.
... Always a Marine!

"I firmly believe that any man's finest hour - his greatest fulfillment to all he holds dear - is that moment when he has worked his heart out in a good cause and lies exhausted on the field of battle - victorious." - Vince Lombardi

Michael Richard Keefe
Cincinnati, OH
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

He arrived in Annapolis a skinny swimmer from Cincinnati, Ohio, and left as the future leader for the upcoming revolution. Plebe summer was tough on the poor gimp, and we'll always remember "The Fifth Law of the Navy according to Keefe", but he managed like the rest of us. His ability with the women went without question in the company. We always new that if he wasn't juggling roommates, he'd be downing 40s on a park bench with the boyz. He often went to extremes such as the cheddar-muncher induced back fat, or the occasional late night Jimmi, and I'll never forget him asking, "What was your last name again?" He was a scholar of history that turned out to be a nuke, and as long as he doesn't become an OPS officer the reactor will run just fine. "It's Nu-cular Marge".

Some called him Mike, others Mikey, most referred to him as Keefey, and to a small bunch he even became known as "Cousin Boozer". I'll simply remember him as the best friend a guy could have. ~JHA

George Garrett Kulczycki
Vero Beach, FL
Special Warfare

D-Men, ding-ding fun train, arriving. I have 3 stripes. Roommates every meet; lane buddies everyday. Fearless Leader. Jump squad songs at 5am. "You guys aren't very helpful." "Well, we're not really trying to be." Beware of the dinosaurs, they cause trouble on Bat Staff. The silly Polish kid with the eye disease...Rocky Roooaad. The Black Hole of knowledge. Sunset appetizers on the Indian River. HOOOOO.......say it again Garrett. You do it the best. Map, yea, I got the map. Key? What key? U of M was dead anyways, but the limo ride was great. Knee problem? What knee problem...its fine. Paid vacation in Panama City Beach. Swam with bodies in the Hudson. New Year's in Key West. Camping with an Extreme Gulp? Legs got you problems before a surface cruise...twice. Operation Bronco. IM smiles. Mech E ring. If anyone can smile when the chips are down, it's you. You had the smile of a lifetime that never left. We will always be there for the guy who was always there for us. A true brother who will finally find out why San Diego is better than Florida. Enjoy the surf.-DJB, SJR, JBW, BRZ, CMR, RRB, DBC, MDT, CJC, DWC, SMT, AMP, MRK, JHA, LSR, CEP, DPF

James Robert Lindler
Fort Mill, SC
Marine Corps Ground

He's not southern, he's a Yankee! This future Marine embraces all that is southern and country, because home is where you make it. Hailing from the small town of Fort Mill, South Carolina, one thing was always certain, with that haircut he had better be a yut. "Moody's not going tango?...really?" Watching NASCAR on Sunday's with the Stamper's, 2 for 7, youngster year - oh, what a night. Summer cruise, scrubbing the flight deck of the USS Nassau. Weapons Detail, Plebe Detail (they really don't pay me enough for this). The smallest, most motivated sponsor. Four years of living with the grand old man of the Naval Academy. "Satan," "Darth Mutt," "Fishing in Va. Beach." The 65 GT Fastback - Nice, but still a Ford. "Drinking before the combat martial arts test... bad idea" "Hey, did we lock the tailgate?" "Jiggling fruitcake" "Mad Hatter" "Hey Matt, I think we're getting pulled over.?"
Mom, Dad, Phil, Grumpy Jimmie, Skinny Brian, my best friend Matt, Dusty, 7th co/ 26th co. The FSAE team, and anyone else who was a part of my "life" on the Severn: Thanks.

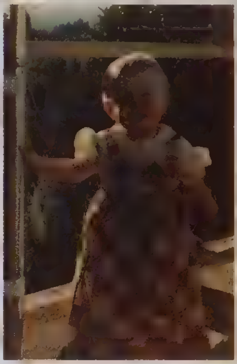
Tony McGraw
Atlanta, GA

Tony- Dear god where to begin and not get thrown out of here . Between southpark, pestering possums, wondering NYC drunk, and Atlanta, and DC, and Annapolis, and Baltimore, and Philly, and Vegas, pinches and slaps, LOTS of JAGER!!!WOOHOO! LOTS of JOSE WOOO! LOTS of DEAD NAZIs I think we have drank enough to get a small country intoxicated for a week. But it is all good because I have a picture with you in gogo boots, and have never puked in your carJ * To damsels in distress with attitudes, may you find Ariel someday. No more Bilamos! The luckiest man on earth, we've had some good times and some bad times in these last 4, but at least we are coming through here with our sanity... yeah that's debatable. You are the definition of a sailor; I'd trust you with my life, but not my money or my wife. Had a few close calls, the taxi service in Jamaica needs some work. Maybe the cabbies in Mexico will at least stay awake for the whole ride. If someone named Roland wants you to buy coconuts it's probably in your best interest to do so. You are responsible for a few of my vices country music, EQ, partying and socializing, but that's ok, it was needed to get through. Someone that can always be counted on to do something far more crazy than me, it was a good balance between you and Don Vito... Shooters, Hooters and Club Miami, two of the three are places I'd go again, but now I'm convinced that not every club can be fun. We had as good a run as possible, but now it's time to become PIRATES!!

Nicholas John Nordvall
Milwaukee, WI
Surface Warfare

Hopefully you'll read this sometime far from now, a time where the Packers have won the Superbowl, hell at least made it to the Superbowl, a time that sees you finishing a long and successful career as a SWO with a girl you've found to finally. . . . . . .
And you'll remember all the good times we've had; plebe summer, plebe year, strut'in around NY like the superfly guys we are crashing Hollywood blowouts, Furious Roland and the other near death experiences of Spring Break 00' Jamaica, Club Miami, not being 21, Georgia! Yeah that was a long weekend, Ring Dance, my gig minus me, and on and on and on. . . . . . . so stop whining about something I wrote like I'm sure your doing, smile and good luck, your going to need it! Chris — Sandy, your corruption has been fun, so put the booze, women and cigarettes down for a sec and read our hard learned life lessons: Don't be a bard, always go home with the girl in the blue dress, never mix Jose and cigars, don't ride in Jamaican cabs, duct tape cannot fix airplanes, don't take karate from bald men, never say "I have a question", never room with lip smacking skeeze anime freaks, don't make fun of Don Vito, Southpark roxors, country music roxors and finally if its stupid but works, it's not stupid. ACM

Blythe Anne Oraker
Bremerton, WA
Surface Warfare



"B" is for Blythe, "I don't do seat races...Beth, Blythe, switch!", Windermere Cup, late nights, bed-hog, snowballs, lifting stories, best friend for life, ray of sunshine, Easter, stripes?, "oops, the launch only goes in reverse…"PED We shared great times of talks and blooming onions. Blythe's wit, integrity, glowing smile, crazy clothes, big dreams, and warm hugs shine forth in her personality. Through ice cream, sleepy road trips, llama farms, and FAO Schwartz, Blythe's joyful spirit rubs off onto everyone. Army and Navy can be friends, go figure.BEM Blythe always had a smile on her face and a joke. Her positive outlook, outgoing personality and caring nature makes her the "people collector." JAB My fashion hero, she introduced me to scones at the Woodruff's and strawberry milk, 'thanks friend.'JB She taught me to laugh, play, and do math. Toy guns, research papers, and lots o' running are favored memories.AMH "Oh, oh…pick me." "You gotta love these pants!!!"ERS Always there with a smile, encouraging words and a Gatorade, even at Cancun Cantina.SKH Despite her inability to stay awake after sundown; Blythe helped us keep our childhood close. Her heart is bigger than her homeland (Canada), ready with a hug, a pep talk, or a sympathetic ear.JBH Innertubing CEP Sister in Christ.CF Thanks mom and dad, you're the coolest! God Bless BAO

Charlotte Emilie Peltier
France
Navy NFO

"Pooter" "Chardog" "Frenchie". Everything was about crazy French people and their off-key singing... holding each other's hair, classic pictures. French and Spanish sleep conversations and the Evil laugh. Girl talk. Shady guys 1-5!! It's naked time everyone!!! Silly French girl we don't do that here in America! Yelling out the window on the way home from Shooters!! Who's the guy of the week? Getting lost on our way to Kate's for the 80th time!!! Stop stealing stuff from that crazy lady's place!! You can't lie, you're the honor rep!! I'm the cheddar muncher champion of the world!!! I swear Girl portions tomorrow. Not drinking tonight guys...ok, yes we are. I think a rat died in my mouth!! Road trips with Gus. Geez Charlotte, take those beer goggles off!!! Did you grow up in a wigwam??? French is my mother-tongue!! Charlotte-you like football... The Navy will never let us fly together?!!?? Love those priors!! Not purple, Caribbean!! Charlotte, same liberty policy!! St. Croix. You had to watch who pee?? Charlotte a bass is a fish! Employee the services of Charlotte, professional stalker!! I am a SUPER fan! Ultra friends are ultra-iffic. Poopies!! Rip doesn't want you to touch him. Halebop. Husband: the Eagles will fly. My mom hates you. Rack abuser. Thank you Mom, Dad, Marianne, JP, and Jim. I could never have made it without you guys! I love you loads. Erin and Laura-you are my best friends for life. May all your dreams come true.

Stephen Miles Troy
Damascus, MD
Navy Pilot

Tony - The Wop, Dirty Wop, Tpet, Slayer. All too often we had to question your "good" ideas, but never your friendship. In four years here there hasn't been a single time when we doubted that you'd be there for us. The brainchild of bad ideas, leading the party, meeting the girls, or being the guy that has the answer...you pulled off things that no one else could. Illegal to reverse down the shoulder? You schemed and planned everything-from ring dance to tailgaters! Don't worry, Tony can fix it. Never forget... the MechE ring, the necessity of survival, magazines in class, two girls plebe year, don't pee on the floor, ping-pong drive, Cancun either time, the Parador, "hey guys is this your roommate?" chest hair, the guy that slept with your sister, the uss sckrankaridge, midn training officers, the race up to Philly, here puke in here, being greasy, the a&& whippin' Travis and I gave you plebe year, snacks under my pillow, the best house parties (Petro's Pleasure Palace), and skiing west. Whether it was 5010, 5016, 8258, or 8244, you've always been there and you're the best roomie anybody could've ever had here. Never forget a lowly brotha. You may have only taught us a few things from books, but you've taught us immeasurable lessons in life. Good luck with Navy Air and all your other pursuits, you deserve the best. I know you will soar farther than you imagine. -SMT,TSR,CIR,DKC,GGK,DS,LS,DC

Angela Michelle Pratt
Arlington, VA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Prior High Schooler from NAPS. Despite what they say, I didn't hate my roommates in plebe summer, just didn't like them too much. Plebe year came and went, pretty uneventful, since I figured out that they both were awesome. Justine the soccer stud, roommates till the end. Youngster year went and got that man, after an eventful summer. (Nothing went on with the Ensign; it's a completely innocent picture, people! Besides I was the Hawaiian shirt bouncer for that!) Only eventful thing 3/c year was CDR wanting to know about who was dancing in cages? Who me? Never.. Ask Cheriene. 2/c year, let's hear it for the 2/c admin who was running the D&B. Jeff, Jeff who? Finally a firstie, eh, Tony... shouldn't we have been done with this by now? I gained about 10 children. The only firstie to be called Mom by a bunch of plebers. I took in the tired, poor, weak, and anyone else to come to my house. Too many hot tub stories to remember, but one must remember NO GLASS in the Hot tub. "It's all about the Pratt...er.. I mean frat." "Don't feed the Pratt."(for Dave) Going Nuc SWO, Yah! Glowing in the Dark!

Laura Sears Reshetar
Reading, PA
Surface Warfare

The night's going to be ugly: who's buying the first round! So on Charlotte's 21st birthday, you woke up how?? Wait a second.... That damn scale is over. It's gotta be! Where's Laura? Working out. Where is she now? That would be working out again. Long Island Ice tea got a hold of you. I'm MAN hungry!!! "Girls, I think I made out with Gary last night but I can't remember." Remember the hot nights in San Diego? Moondoggies here we come. Pearl? I'm off to fail another Ruski test. NAFAC 2002 web site. I'll see you on the water.-EMS. The trip to Europe was amazing, canyoning, the Alps and the New Zealanders. Larry can I shut the window a little? What is that smell? Who's walking back from gate 8...well Laura can't get out of the car, guess I am!! Our night at Shooters...Brett's arrival...Duke's faceplant... Charlotte's screaming profanity! Sorry Gunny, but I'm the Bowling Champion. 23rd Company funny fun, Superfan...oh my god, where's pooh? Why me 693! You did what to Carrie Bush? Go Navy Diving, screw Joe!! Come on 3rd squad...2nd place is the 1st loser!! When's the wedding with the Polish kid?? And take that damn SWO sweater off, it's 80 degrees outside! Goldie pants!! I need candy!!! Foul mouth, put a quarter in the jar. Late nights in Baltimore. Marine Corp Marathon! TOOL. Thanks for everything Mom and Dad, I could never have made it without you. EEF, CEP

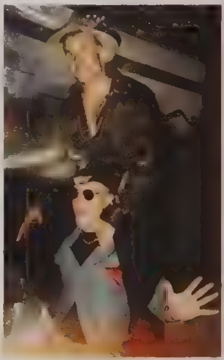
Charles Irving Richards
Baltimore, MD
Submarine Warfare

Charles Richards is one of the most "down to earth" guys I've met. Whether it was conferences, the clubs, or just hanging around, Charles was always trying to do right. Nothing in the future is certain except this: C Rich will be successful... Always representing Baltimore to the fullest, Charles is one of the most sincere and trustworthy persons I have ever met. He is dependable to the last. If not in the library or gym, C can be found creeping around the Sam's parking lot (but keep that o the 'do low').... C Rich, 4 years together, still alotta love for a brother. New Years '99 in NYC. Dad's wings, Superbowl '01 in B-more. Who does sit-ups in their underwear? Frisbee on Farragut. You'll always be a brother to me.... A guy that was down for good times and fast women. Enjoyed our adventures at DC Live and Dream... The strategic initiative, Cancun, D in South Bend. It all started at Gate 8... "Shut up. I don't care what you guys think. The Sentra isn't a chick car. It's not. Thermo is thermo.".... From unstoppable in OC to unstoppable in the deep sea. You are my dog for life. Love, peace and happiness. —CFW, SLP, Tony, Cass, Box, Travis, JMT

Travis Rieber
Houston, TX
Submarine Warfare

T-Money, the Mullinator. Mas denero, more money, just not mullet-please, I have never seen someone drive a Bronco the way he did. Great guy, laid back, dip in his mouth and a goofy grin on his face. We shared that blanket in JMU, that air matress in West Palm, and all those "Schnellgaters". Did the knob just come off the shifter? 21st b-day party at griffin's, Tuesday night chicken special, robin hood, where is nuke school at again?? Wake up Mr. Rieber!! plebe year and f-off, junior year and the finger, pwt, raising the chilin the most flag in Daytona, Cannes, San Diego, Ocean city, don't worry I won't get towed, I can put the lift on myself, wash your hat it's diseased, center for the performing arts, midnight snowy runs for last call, what's your sign, El plublito, 2nd class hot sex? You've been one of my best friends at the Academy, good luck hunting for red October, and don't spend all the sub money on the ladies in Charleston! You'll always be like a brother to me, a tall skinny one, but a brother. TMP, SMT, CIR, Box, Slinger, GGK, Cage, DWC, and the rest of the crew.

Daniel Francis Ryno
Gibbsboro, NJ
Surface Warfare



Yo Ryno, aks RaRaRaRhinestone Cowboy, El Reno, Thunder Dan, Rhinosoreass, BamBam, Baby Huey, and Ryndog. Here's some advice: Stay low ryno and keep moving and know this son: You're no kinda dancer and ya can't speak Spanish! Won't miss Nerds, Nuto's snoring, Tripp and Kenny arguments, Box's laugh, late night tapping, and Z, will miss Dahlgren runs, 0515, bear crawling, McDonald's class-huh?, ps2, and of course son of *itch" "Do you love it? How you hit 'em? How you win?" " Men, cut em, it's only the scout team. " And who could forget the "Great Days on the bay." What a plabio. Anywho, Bring me your thirsty, your famished, your befuddled masses and maybe we will head to the Times or maybe just the Café for reeters. Bring along Black Ryno and give me a pound dog.Stay easy on the coffee and don't eat too many swonuts.
Regardless, the Ryno must run.

Daniel James Schlesinger
Bonita, CA
Navy Pilot

You're a hell of a guy, always there for your friends. Four years as roommates and too many stories...shadow puppets, the hole, naked olympics, dismounts, West Palm, the glove, Jax, "I'll take sausage," eBay, Son of Glove, cognitive dissonance, the dumpster bug, and defensive mode. At some point you infected all of us with a love for fast cars and a need to lift chest twice a day. Avoid stability in your love life at all costs. Try not to open your mind to new ideas. You've networked this school like few others and can trash-talk anyone you see on the yard. There's no doubt that you'll succeed as a pilot. Good Luck - (LS ST)

Life sucks I date a Hooter's waitress and drive a 475 Hp supercharged Cobra, Gunny and the PRT, hey-don't go in the gas chamber, Cancun, the center for performing arts, the 2 hour laugh, Schnellgating, Kung-Pow. (Box)

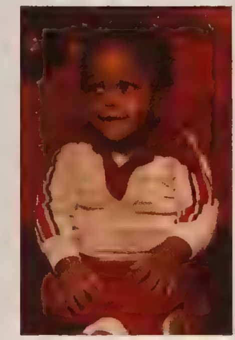
Slinger's financial plan: get another credit card. Some people have mood swings, Dan had the step function. (Trav)

A connoisseur of Boones Farm, my future wingman, a fellow Nasal Radiator, battling the 2-pound California burrito! (CBruce)

Slinger vocab lessons. "I not <hic> drink. I'm just <hic> happy". (Newps)

Michael Scott Schloss
Sidney, OH
Marine Corps Ground

Mikey, MM3, Brother Big Mike (not to be confused with Big Brother Mike who is a communist). The Schloss arrived to USNA fresh from a little nuke school, but this Ohio boy quickly adapted to life at USNA. Ok, so maybe he didn't make his rack or actually leave the room bravo...but in matters that count, Mike always had the right stuff. Suffering the endless, eternal sorrows of life as a chemistry major, Mike found solace in both God and the statement "Man, I just flunked that test!" Mike always broke the curve...You might not be able to take High Gloss out for a drink in DTA, but he's always got the time for coffee and an ear to listen with. This former submariner found his calling taking care of troops and truly exemplifies "Semper Fidelis". (P-Diddy) Salty Schloss, get enough coffee this morning? You're rack is so salty it never got made? The Marine Corps will shape you up. Who would have thought that you'd go from SubMarine to Corps Marine? The Corps had better standby for your arrival. If you were a nuclear bomb, you'd be a surface blast, because you would, "touch the earth!" Thank you for you constant friendship, and all the talks we shared. Never lose your Salt , and Semper Fi, Mike. (KJS)



Demond Lamar Shepard
Albany, NY
Surface Warfare

Shep, Shepmate, Shep... C-Muuurrrder... where's my rocks?!?!... the last cowboy, guns ablazing, the last soldier... the man of the thickest black book... worldwide contacts... calls all day and especially all night... chop those chickens... hey baby, I didn't know you had such a lovely voice, click. Beat Them Cakes!... Powerslam your roommate (POW)... basketball exemption from all formations?... put my lips on the pillow, I ain't scared of the racko... flexin in the mirror... third squad prepare to get festive! (Be true to your squad)... better pressed civies than his greased uniform... Monday night RAW... water on Keefe's computer... I'm a one woman man, yeah ok shep... Doc's killing us, 17's... 1-on-1... want me to make you a protein milkshake... take my picture... how many of my bluerims do you have?... aqua rock learned to float... one of the hardest workers I know... keep it real brother, you're th e man.... Teammates and roommates 4 life... NTF... JC (Akassassin) and Bossman (Booch)

Lee Michael Smallwood
Petaluma, CA
Navy Pilot

You are perhaps the smartest and most stubborn person we have the privilege of calling a friend. Time and time again you've proven yourself capable of doing things the rest of us can't do (except apologize or take a side). It was a rough start when your web page almost got us all beaten, but we made it through four years with a lot of good memories... Your classic '66, bed time of eleven, self-proclaimed genius, one coke a day, Golf Golf Delta, "How old is she?," your chair finally hatching, books during CNO speeches, getting out of Marine Corp anything, proofreading "gibberish," firstie boxing, late-night "observations," Gunny and 7th Co. t-shirts Star Wars figurines, and your unwavering trust in Navy Dental. Good luck in the future and enjoy livin your dreams.... you earned it. - ST DS

Physics/History major. Going for the stars one way or another

Brian Patrick Sparks
Valdosta, GA
Navy NFO

Life after the academy with my loving wife, Ansley, and a military career, began when Plebe Summer ended. Sleepless nights choking down coffee to keep up with Aero, and keeping the roomies, Jimmie D. Hughes - crack ho baby and James always sleeping Lindler, awake with constant tapping on the computer. Uniform races in the morning after rolling out of the rack five minutes before formation. Hockey for a Southern boy isn't such a far off dream after all. The car was al but totaled by a hit-and-run, but got fixed in time for a $1200 speeding ticket. Weekends at my secon home with Bill and Anne treating me as their own son. Trying to gain weight for four years for a scrawny Georgian is pointless! I got acclimated to sailing and my love of flying. I met my best friend and bes man Drew. IM's the devil! We wicked tight!

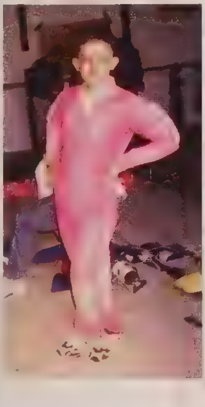
"Do what you can, with what you have, where you are." - Theodore Roosevelt
"It's not whether you get knocked down, it's whether you get up." - Vince Lombardi
"Any fact facing us is not as important as our attitude toward it, for that determines our success o failure." - Norman Peale

Kevin Joseph Stepp
Arcadia, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Where'd the time go?!? Wasn't it just a little while ago civilian Stepp reared himself into the world of military life? Much has changed since this clearly motivated individual said he wanted to be brigade commander back during plebe year. Setting the standard with high and tights, tuck wars, boxing, trash bag workouts, and extreme physical punishment brought Cage into the cut above the rest. Never forget the townies, or those out of townies either. He always had a spare or two for those rainy days no matter where he was in the country. Hood College, Villanova, Salisbury, Maryland, California and Broadneck High... oops, how'd that last one get in there? Although he claims no game, he actually has THE game for any place, anytime. What was the range again, ages 17 to 29? "Is she looking at us?" Nah, she's checkin' you out because you are staring at her! What was the only real corps again? You're an example we could all look to for some guidance. Good luck in the Marines; I'm sure that your time in the Corps will make many positive impressions on people for many years to come. Never forget the little people when you're famous. Lastly, if you take care of your people as much as you do now, then I am certain you are destined for greatness. Westside 'till we die...the original roomie... PMA (fonz)

Stephen Miles Troy
Barrington, RI
Navy Pilot

Steve- Thanks for being a great friend and always being there for a buddy. You're one of the most impressive guys at this school. You're an academic balla, you've got people skills most guys only dream of, you've got the ladies lining up out the door and you're as strong as three average mids. You introduced us to a whole new vocabulary, including teabagging, small-ball and bustin' cubes. Always remember...jumping the wall during concert liberty, burning out in the Grand Am, Rule #1, "she's gonna look good after a few drinks, keep me away," fireman carrying a passed out wop, constant dominance of the alarm clock game, mooning as an art form and hobby, only stopping for gas, bolting out of the rack for 2 AM showers, volleyball at the Hotel Del, "You're not Mormon are you?", happy time, naked olympics, Operation Bronco, tailgaters, schnelgaters, aprtgaters, and your sports locker including football, baseball, parachuting, scuba diving, hockey, and cycling. You've been competitive in everything you've done and have never settled for 2nd best. You have the will to do anything you want, unless she's blond. We've used each other's beds and walked in each other's shoes...you're like a brother to us and you can be our wing man anytime. -LS DS TPThank you to my family and friends....without your support I'd never have come this far.



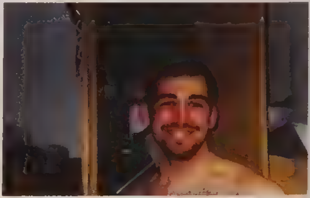
Christopher Richard Valle
Howell, NJ
Surface Warfare

Dakota, even though the cow story was funny, I know the real story which is just as funny. Being short has never held you back, we always seemed to lose you in Jamaica... you seem to like long walksIt's been fun, best of luck with the Navy, but hey if that doesn't work you can always become a professional street luger.... Nick -- Mini, this is a collection of life lessons learned. Never toss in Tonys car, "hot to death" is only used for large car wings, duct tape can not fix a broken Jamaica plane, "AaaO" is a formal greeting stating both "hello and how are you" , its best to pick on Nick first, avoid walking uphills with a pack that weighs more than you, a large chest tattoo is kewl, , run from Roland...he does furious things, avoid club miami, toast every round, only date women one foot taller than you, "Im Puerto Rican", avoid mixing Jose and Cigars, - if its stupid but works it isnt stupid. ACM -- Big Bossman!...Booch...OK Son!... do your thang papa smurf... maybe so, maybe not, ... missed his own bands only performance ...THEY can't get me, it's Boss's world, oh wait, they did!... the source of bad gouge! pink jumpsuit posing like the real man he is...parked my car in the Chaplains spot, Bossman.. Dismissed!... ...high school girl always had mono every time he went home, roommates the entire time at the Academy... Full Speed Ahead SWO daddy!...keep it real, know you will... miss ya bossman...Shep and JC

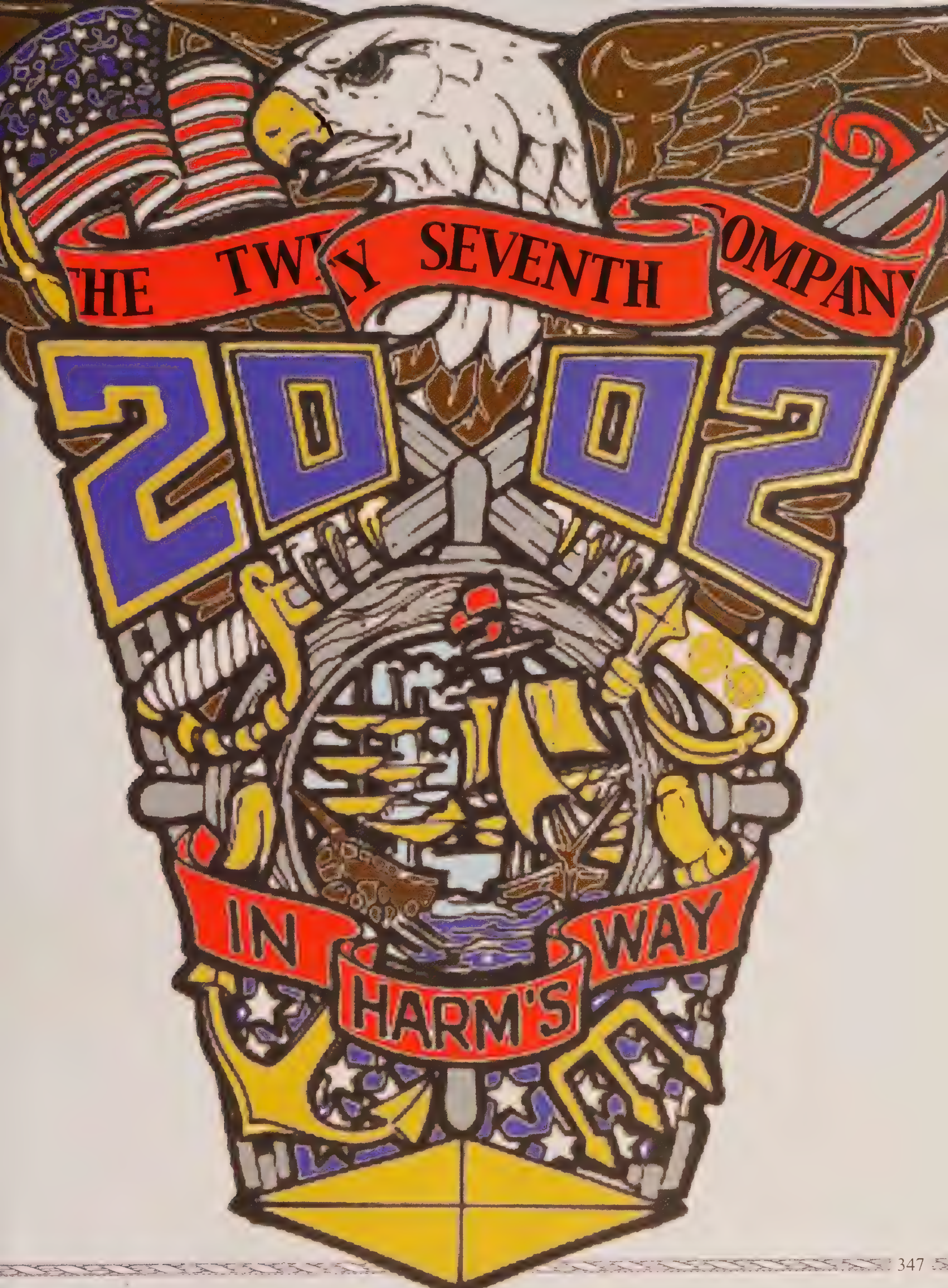
Daniel Mathieu Venuto
Myrtle Beach, SC
Marine Corps Ground

From DE to DT to OG to OT to TE From Path to Ex. I have done it all and then some. It all started at the ROCK in 97 with my partner Shak Desiel. Then I arrived here in A-town and proceeded to mow and blow it up for the next 4 years with a group called the Ballas And to each of you I bestow upon you Wags- D-line, mind earasers, Twilightzone, Persian Kitty, redlights . Pani- lockdown in MB, streets in TJ, Erin, Platinums. Reed- Thumper, game, some 18s like mine, Pink plus 40. Lam- tite fades, peep peep in the Ex, a down comforter. Madden- 1800 yards in 13 games, it's a game of inches in ND, Darla to RD. Kunda- car wrecks, 151, pukin every 50 miles. Galdieri- game like mine, physco bitches, Shannon, Sabitionos. Radich- 50 foot jumps, left in Myrtle. Steck- your only hype SB in Jamiaca. To my 7th homies. Tripp- stop gaming, kill Kenny. Ryno- buttering toast in Jamaica, physco girl in G-Town bite it. Shep- One Woman Man, Beatski. To my Oline whom I ruled over as Mayor. Shultz- we are disgusting, Dundalk, Capes, X. Shane- A-1 kites. To the rest of the Oline- a case of Xenedrine so you can pimp like me now. Now I am a Marine but I am a balla 4 life. And my 15 minutes on ESPN well that was just the beginning. Quote it. THE ROOM. I am out. Meat/Mayor #97/#68/#85.

Matthew Wayne Walters
Allentown, PA
Navy NFO



The original Joe. We call this one “animal mother.” 0600 MacD? “I did absolutely nothing, and it was everything I thought it could be.” “Hey guys, I think my calves are getting bigger.” Aqua marina blue í68 mustang: the connoisseurís sleeper. Where are you headed after graduation? “I’ll tell you where: someplace warm, a place where the beer flows like wine, where beautiful women instinctively flock like the salmon of Capistrano.” I’m talking about Pensacola. Matt thanks for some great times. Best of luck.-LNS Iím convinced Matt is the hidden flag officer in our class... You’ve already got the uniform standards for it. Canoe U wouldnít have been the same withoutcha. -DB Breaking down at gate 8 with phill’s beattle youngster year, yeah - I can drive stick, the guitar and late nights in 5th wing. -BOX 40’s and stogies in the park, snooze button with your nose plebe year. -JHA Could never get that drunken look off his face...even when he’s laughing. -WHW Light-hearted, salty-dog. Ghetto room at Norwich, cruisin’ the streets. Chillin’ on weekends, scandalizing your parents after A/N. Whippin’ me by wagering a bottle. Congrats on NFO. -WHT


THE TWENTY SEVENTH COMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Joseph Craig Achenbach

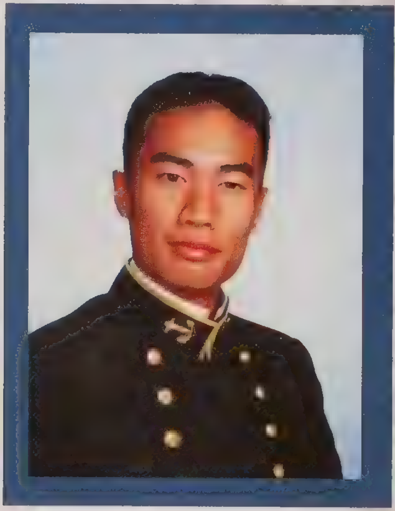
Holly Springs, NC
Supply Corps

Rooming with Joe for two years has been an experience that I will never forget. He's an impeccable gentleman when he wants to be, but he can also be dirtier than a Turkish felon. His body is a temple and he's strong as an ox, but he can't pass up a good scotch and his medical records put quality dictionaries to shame. Joe is a unique character in a thousand different ways, with his experience and insights about those around him— and his irrepressible desire mess up the room. Wit Joe, you always know exactly where you stand; if he disagrees with you, you'll know it. He's intensel loyal to his friends; no opponent is too big if they're threatening a buddy of his. Thermo and EE kicke him around, but if something even resembled an economic problem then he could provide a dissertation There are few people, even here, that can match Joe's drive and determination to achieve his long-ter goals. I get the feeling that some day I'm going to be asking him for a job; I won't worry, though, becaus I know he'll take care of a friend. -Pedro

Dean Matthew Aguilar

El Paso, TX
Marine Corps Ground

With the Eskimo gone, Dean was now able to take first place in the company sweat competition. Known as the worry-wart, Dean could be seen staring into space always assuming the worst. His roommate did try to open up other doors for him, though. By attempting to sell Dean on E-bay, Speicher saw Dean in a promising career in indentured servitude. Dean has earned the title: "Dean and all his Deanness." This covers everything in Dean's actions from his footcheese to hi ability to fall asleep anywhere. I did not figure Dean for a Marine when the Commandant of the Marin Corps bored him to sleep. Finally, his all-nighters, or all-weekers in some instances, paid off and Dea will graduate as one super Marine officer. Thanks for the memories, Gordo. –MS and DO



John Casupang Cabigon

Ewa Beach, HI
Surface Warfare

"Violence is not the answer." Always the philosopher, John has the knack for saying the right thing at the right time. That's why he always seems to have another beautiful woman on his arm each week. Maybe it's his English Major skills. Always cold, the only guy to hotwire Bancroft heaters at full blast and wear a sweat suit under a blanket for warmth (Annapolis weather, harsh on Hawaiians). Quick to laugh and alway smiling, John is always comfortable drinking "like a ninja" with the boys, or spending a relaxing evenin engulfed in yet another classic novel. Lots of people talk to themselves, but John is the only one we' ever met who did it in Japanese! The most "Gung-Ho SWO," he hopes for a long career and to put hi love of language and culture to good use. While Hawaii and Maryland are worlds apart, we always fel warm when John was around. The best friend, sponsor brother, and housemate you could ever have. Fro Anime to Classical Lit a true gentleman in all sense of the word. Good Luck! -JY, JM, MV, WSG

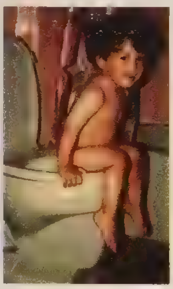
Christopher Juan Carter
Washington, D.C.
Submarine Warfare

Carter-the son of a Marine who will become a great subMarine officer. As a napster plebe, he was a stand-out in "Lalaota's Family." As a youngster, he tried to fit it all in: systems homework, glee club (what goes on tour, stays on tour), power-hours with Welle and Wagner, and partying with the fellas. As 27's best detailer, he knew how to take mungheads and make them men. [2/c Year, THE RING DANCE DEBACLE] Never a "tool," firstie year Carter became a four striper on the Honor Staff and the UnClub "Hydrator." He was the honor-guy respected by the entire brigade for his integrity. His accomplishments abound, he was loved by many, but known by all. In the clubs, he was the wing-man of choice: dancing, hosting, and drinking…. As a friend, you could not ask for more loyalty. His Rolley-Armani-BMW style humbled his counterparts…but we always knew where Chris stood in our hearts: a true brother, my brother. **JWW** Raiding the Zagula's fridge, D-side Hockey, Ft. Lauderdale, 18-Holes with Wannabe Tiger, and the lovely LapDance…Chris was the most reliable and best friend a guy could ask for. **Bower** Moose, Snake, CB, DG, The 27CoBoyz

Rocky Louis Checca
Massillon, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

Reserved on the outside,"Rock" won't shy from the battlefield. Brigade's 2001 Strongest Man Competition winner. A man of unyielding conviction toward serving the Corps. This Marine will have to shave twice a day with those genes-JW. "Caca" type of friend you want with you in a fight. I'd lay on the tracks for him, he'd do the same for his friends-PSM. Should've been a Flintstone. Ladies, lovin' girls adore him, the Italian Stallion-RH. Gotta write it down to remember, but is certainly organized. May have a phobia...fear of diseases. Good friend who tolerates me screaming at video games. Gonna miss ya-JMJ. Been a long, tough road, we made it. NAPS to pilots, we have lots to be proud of. The boys teased about our Italian heritage, they're all jealous. You're a good friend, one of the best. Glad we endured it together. Screw Chucky!!!-DT. Original LB crew, MM, DH, KD, RH, DT, DR, JB, DK, MC, JS, SE, the return of Coach Raye. You guys know, it's all about loyalty. Thanks Mom, Dad, Leon, and Cranston family.

"Many people go through life wondering if they have made a difference. U.S. Marines don't have that problem." - President Ronald Regan



George Dominick Economou
South Setauket, NY
Marine Corps Ground

He's not the tallest, but at 5'5" he has the confidence of a giant. He tried sprint football, retired quickly. He tried boxing, stopped that. He tried intramurals, got bored. Fortunately, "Little Rico" found his niche in the Pipes and Drums as USNA's best soloist. Not just a piper, this dude carried this Scottish Club for two years. His academy years were adventurous: pert plus, ski trips, the "great gamecock caper", dipping, gambling, body art, he did it all. Off the Yard, George was an underachieving ladies man. None of us got action, but George had the style and personality we all envied. Despite this tumultuous road, there is little doubt that George was "the man" on 8-4. He never let "academics get in the way of his education." Late night studying was interspersed with checking out his HARD drive and playing minesweeper. A genetic masterpiece, George was Oscar's best detailer. Training Sergeant and Training Officer, it is not a surprise he went Marine Corps. However, I remember him saying youngster year, "Shoot me if I ever decide to go into the Marines." Well, he's alive, kicking, and ready to EMBARK on an incredible future. -RPN- BR, DO, CG, JWW, and the rest of 27's best.

Philip Carl Ely
Lexington, KY
Submarine Warfare

"I will kill you in the face!...AWWWSOME...YEAS...It's perrty" Oh, the things we have learned from you. You've increased our vocabulary and appreciation of your mathematical genius, especially during late night struggles with homework; you've taught us to be wary of mice and seagulls and how to properly burn leg hair. Other morning zombies might scare their roommates, but the abundant chest hair never failed to comfort those who saw this "Bill the Goat." We knew the day was beginning once we heard the sounds of swamp thing awaking from his slumber, padding off to the bathroom, and making a lake out of the sink. We would like to thank him and all of Save No Face for introducing us to the finer music venues in Baltimore, and for 40 hours in a car listening to heavy metal and sounds of ducks we apparently ran over. We've had some great times together: he was the source of many unforgettable spring break memories and some regrettable spring break phone calls. And, we've learned that when Philip needs 5 minutes, he really means it. Smart, humorous, fun to be with: you've been a great friend over the years. - JCM, CGR, JCS, MVS, BPW

David Norman Fuller
Easley, SC
Marine Corps NFO

Dave, in many ways, is the softest Marine you'll ever know—imagine the Charmin bear in cammies. He's quiet at times, generally laid back, and susceptible to "subtle" influences ("Hey Dave, wanna go to Griffin's?"). This doesn't hamper his effectiveness as a leader or a midshipman, but it does make him nice to talk to and fun to be around. "Everyone loves Dave Fuller!" I used to say it in a mocking voice as way of greeting; the line got old, but the idea is still there. He's made friends all over the academy with his warm, outgoing personality; it seems that there are very few people in '02 who don't know Dave and even fewer who dislike him. He can PT like few others and his work ethic is outstanding; if he's given a job, it'll be done on time and better than expected, with no supervision required. Dave knows that there's more to life than work, though, and isn't afraid of doing work later so that he can have fun now. The truth is that to know Dave is to know that there are good, quality people in the world. —Pedro

Christopher Lawrence Garcia
San Antonio, TX
Surface Warfare

From I day to the end, Chris was there. No one knows quite how but he was, but boy, did we have some fun times. When we took one, he took two. Whether it was racing Amish carriages in Intercourse Penn. or riding donkeys in Tijuana you know you would find him where ever fun and craziness could be found. It you wanted to laugh all you had to do was say hi and ask what he did last night. For the good and the bad, the hot and the cold, you'd know he'd be there, probably because he was on restriction. Through black Ns and adjudications, thick and thin you wanted him around. Pushing the limits and making it fun was his way. If you never did it, he maybe did and served the time so stand by and let the Black N by. May his life be long and his parties longer.

Cheriene Marie Griffith
Red Bluff, CA
Surface Warfare

To anyone who is bored enough to actually read this....HA HA SUCKAAA!. Kidding. Saying it has been an interesting four years is an understatement. I can't say I LOVED every minute of it, but I learned a lot and met some whacky people. Thanks to everyone who kept me out of jail (Tony), and went along with all my outrageous ideas. Between the parties at; Angies, Rolling Rocks, Ozzfests, HFStivals, Woodstock, Concerts with Cracky, Restriction (thanks to plebes at a concert), local shows and lots of Jager, Dead Nazis, Jose, Goldie and JagerBlasters lead to many good times, cracked out toasts and prayers to the porcelain gods. Here are some good quotes to remember some times.* Liz you are so blonde* Angie thinks he is compensating for something* who's my cream puff?* yes I have a tattoo* Spanky's the best* SURE I will take you to my tattoo parlor* Whose the designated stripper tonight?* cracky, give me the microphone* awe you are doing so well at puking....good girl* you counted ceiling tiles?* To friends: Drowning Pool, Stereomud, No One, Ill Nino, 40 Below Summer, Margret Heater, Jepetto, American Head Charge, Imbue, - you all rock! Thanks everyone and Good Luck!

Stacy Joy Guth
Virginia Beach, VA
Navy NFO

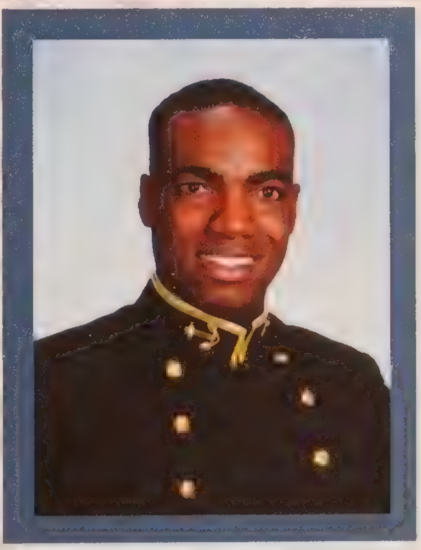
Has anyone seen a brunette in a hooded sweatshirt prancing around? Pull out the red crayon. If you ever need a partner in crime, Stacy is a willing participant and co-conspirator; on the lacrosse field, and off. Mischievous youngster year, two nights before an MO, you can't do that can you? Put your running shoes on, it's a wild-Guth chase!!

Watch out! She will love you and hate you at the same time. It's been a roller coaster to say the least, but we rode it out together through high and low, thick and thin. Plebes on the beach, youngsters in my company, firsties in yours...Whatever, it's Spring Break!

From the bat-cave, to muster, to club 7262, we have more fun then they do at home. "I'd rather spoon with a fork, thanks!" Spontaneous, crazy and ready for a party . . . hi ho silver away! LISTEN TO THE MUSTN"TS: Listen to the MUSTN'TS, child, Listen to the DON'TS, Listen to the SHOULDN'TS, The IMPOSSIBLES, the WON'TS, Listen to the NEVER HAVES, Then listen close to me - Anything can happen, child, ANYTHING can be. -Shel Silverstein

Taiwan Holmes
Millville, NJ
Supply Corps

The Blessed Man; the two of us traded off being LaLota's Worst Plebe Ever(tm) during the summer. Good idea to live together then, right? Plebe year: "Discussions" at high volume between him and Spikey about religion, midshipmen, and anything else possible to "discuss." All with Lorio camped out in our room; good times! Now, as then, always ready to forgive and forget-in addition to being the company's cheerleader and happiest member. Sky's falling? Talk to T; he'll put a good spin on it and make you look forward to walking among the clouds. Never unhappy to see a company-mate, never too busy to hear out a friend-and we're all his friends. Swimming for T was like putting a weasel in a cardboard shirt: possible, but only with a lot of effort and dubious result. He struggled academically-too much Bible and not enough Bernoulli?— but you'd never know it by his never-say-die attitude. T, good luck finding TC; good things happen to good people. -Pedro



John Mason Jeffery
Alpharetta, GA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

From Midshipman 5/C to starting O-line, you've put up with a lot. But we got through it with computer games, and animated TV shows. Where would we be without "Have Blue" and quality programs like The Simpsons, South Park, and Family Guy? Hope you do well at Nuke School. You'll be making more money than any of us. Amanda and you were great down in Spring Break Florida, hope to see ya'll together again soon. You are one of two people I know who made it in the 2% club. Video games have become a staple for our existence, and let's hope it never changes. No one can ever have the Arcade like us. See you in the Fleet, just don't blow up a reactor some how…even if it's only a simulator. D'OH! AAS. Seems like yesterday I was helping you get dressed during plebe summer because you moved in one speed...super-slow. Can't believe it is here, I will certainly miss you and you are a great friend. Hey John, why don't you let me get that spot off the floor? Here's to the "O" face. Take care and good luck in all you do. RC

Colette Bridgette Lazenka
Chesapeake, VA
Navy NFO

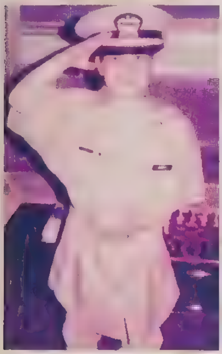
A plankowner of Hotel Charlie (and still the only woman to keep us grounded), Cole brought the finest algebra and grammar skills that only a good Catholic schoolgirl could bring. Summer of "Chicken Legs" we took care of every "enchanting" rule in MIDREGs. From there it was class to class, sign language for me, keeping track of the beau-de-jour for you. San Diego beaches tipped the scales to Navy NFO. "Who is she?" from the whole squadron…proudly, "my best friend." From sitting on the couch to sleeping with Mr. Lambie, she brings out the best in everyone. Being "the prettiest tomboy" is all fun and games as long as she can still get a pedicure. Selfless, fair, and decisive-she'll probably be the first female CNO. B-"I think your pants are wet"…"Ms. Lazenka-drill is like the hokey pokey and you can't seem to get it right (1st place 2x)." Q: Pleber, what did you name your rifle?" A: "Colette"…SQUEAK…too many friends, too many men, too many phone numbers…she had way too much fun, she'll never forget any of it, and we'll always remember her…

David Richard Marino
Babylon, NY
Submarine Warfare

From the best island in the world, where the FLIDs come from.
I took a while, only six years, but I made it.
Nassau, NAPS (for life) and finally the boat school, the big time.
They told me I'd never go to college, going Subs baby!
"So how long did it take you to get here? You must be like 30?"-RH
"Yeah Rob, 30, I'm 30, went to highschool back in the 80's!"
Damn Italians,"Jerky!" - CP, "GO EAST! GO EAST!", Meade Impressions(Cat, Rob, Nat and Eddy, only the best) "E-dogs! I love E-dogs!" –Veasey, We know, we know….
"You little bastid…." 4 hours to Graceland….Christmas balls, Three Amigos, Bogarts, long drives to Gantry's….JV Coaches – Mo, Nat, Rob we had the best job(scam) goin here. Ski trips (long drives), Ocean City on chit (thanks Dan L.), San Diego laid back and those memorable moments on the Jersey Turnpike….."I swear it wasn't road rage!!". I'd like to thank my parents for all the love and the trust and confidence they instilled into me. Without them I wouldn't be here, so thank you for everything and so much more……SAW, BH, JF, DH, EM, NT, CP, DF, CC, RCH(In memory), I'll miss you all…

Patrick Scott McConnell
San Juan Capistrano, CA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Some would say the best thing about Pat was his wit, others would say it was his worst. One thing was for sure after living with him for 2 years, no mercy was ever granted when gossip fell upon the ears of Pedro Mendoza. He could humble the mightiest of egos with one swift line and make light of nearly every situation. In doing so, he often helped all of us to put things in perspective. He had a humor that was sorely needed at a school that bled cynicism. Pat's questionable taste in cars could only be offset by his willingness to help his friends. Even while mastering Snood and earning a 4.0 his 2/c year, his knowledge of computers has helped many of us recover lost papers, files and data…but unfortunately it also made him dangerous enough to uncover all the dirty files you thought you had safely tucked away. As his roommate, I will always be grateful for his ability to listen without passing judgment, as he has been one of the most sensible, honest and best friends I have ever confided in.
Joe



Jonathan Denlea McDivitt
Hummelstown, PA
Medical Corps

Jon missed his calling as a hard-charging warrior to fulfill a greater passion: delivering babies!! The hours of volunteer work spent "not sharing" the infants at Hopkins and the endless time spent in *"research"* prove his dedication to his chosen profession. We will remember Jon as a true and loyal friend; the ultimate "smart guy" who declared that O-chem was "easy" while we were all struggling. Jon began his career at USNA afflicted by many "different" roommates, until he finally found one strange enough to actually make it work. Between two concussions (his roommate's), endless nights of "relationship counseling," and the Chemistry major proofreading the English major's papers, Jon was constantly there for his friends in good times and bad. Always ready to recover from the tedium of school with golf or beer with the boys, he will be sorely missed when he puts on the ball and chain. We know that Jon is going to make an excellent, selfless, and handsome (Kelly's word) physician. We just have one question: does a Navy Doc *really* need that many sweaters? We think the world of you! KG, MV, JY, JN, JCC

Andrew Maxwell McKee
Sparks, NV
Navy Pilot

To call Andy "relaxed" would do a disservice to the word and to Andy. He's simply been unflappable in every situation I've ever seen him in. I'm not aware of a single person who dislikes him; the mere concept is as silly as suggesting that someone doesn't like the ice cream man, or maybe even Santa. Courteous and polite, Andy is the consummate gentleman. His taste in the ladies, though, has (on occasion) been closer to catsup than caviar. Andy could be a cool professional while piloting his way out of the Himalayas in a Cessna at night; I think Astronaut is the only aerospace-related qualification that he doesn't (yet) have. The best thing you can say about him, though, is that he is a great friend. He's calmer than a sedated kitten, knows when to just listen, and gives sound advice on any topic you can dream up. Andy is the guy you go to when you're in a pinch, because you know he'll do whatever it takes to help out. Stand a watch, lend a hand, give a ride— whatever you need, with no hint of him requesting payment of some form.

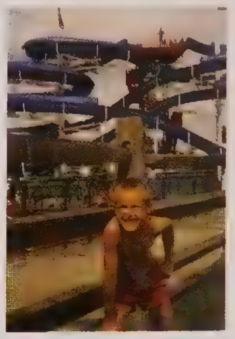
John Chaffinch Merwin
Houston, TX
Navy Pilot

The smartest guy I've ever known, with more goin' for him than anybody, it's amazing we've survived all 8 semesters here as roommies. For a former uptight lightweight (in more ways than one) you still have ways to surprise a guy- what was your reason for quitting VGEP again? more what??? Ahh yes, the mug club. McConnell's yaks have a great role model, as do those who love to accept any challenge – Coca-Cola, saltines, how long did you hold your breath? The only person ever who took the minibuds screener for *fun*, its never too late for a swim through the Mekong Delta with a woop or for a New Year's swim. A PT and academic stud, not even trees can escape his wrath. JohnPi, aka "Johnny Rocket," will only stop snoring one way… or perhaps by killing a tazer's batteries in his side. May you own your mountain, but not Snowshoe, where Hands in the Pants Man can run free. Wanna punch Ben? It's a good thing you never put that window in the wall. Nah Nokay! PCE, CGR, BPW

Janine Marie Mills
Granbury, TX
Marine Corps Ground

Janine the Marine: catchy name. Set apart at the beginning: what did we know about killing Commies? ☺ Picks up a pistol–destroys those 10 pesky Olympic circles. So hard to be a natural... 4.0 and go, baby. Finally ended up with a Strange bird after scandalous NTT parties and Firstie stalkers. We'll see about the presidency, the White House could always use some wine. Es smecht mir gut. Hahahaha! –**ESV** Always Nina to me! ☺ Plebe Summer Detail–yeah Oscar–late night outings saved the day! Road trip to Colorado Springs–NM cops–who do they think they are, anyway! SAEP 2000–USAFA–FREE FALL!! Fun, loyal friend, laid back, easy to please, always the optimist. From the Corps she came, to the Corps she returns! –**ALR** Hard-charging, fun-loving Marine, disguised by a smile, a real personality. Air Force for a semester; brought a Zoomie to Ring Dance! Got the smarts and people skills to succeed anywhere. Hope the Marines are ready for you. –**TS** Quick to bring a smile to anyone's face. Kind, compassionate, outgoing. Fun to spend a Saturday night with at a club or even Hotel de Speicher. I will miss you. –**MVS**Jarine,The Boss,strong willed, forward. Better take care to keep her happy. That's why she's The Boss. Wonder if Jeff really understands what he's getting into–.Past the gruff exterior, she's a doll–a true sweetheart (but don't let her hear you saying that). Dependable as they come. When you really need something, just ask. All American (on several levels).Marine.Friend. –**Pete**

Jonathan Philip Nelson
Lake Orion, MI
Submarine Warfare



Sensitive, smart and sweet, what more could a girl ask for? Well, maybe fewer pastels. Jon proved time and again to be able to attract the women, from a girl phonetically named "beergut," to the schizophrenic freaks, and all in-betweens. From the frustrations of women to the beer and golf, Jon always stuck to his morals and his faith. Through Jason's cries of "don't do your homework and go to bed," Jon proved he actually wanted to learn what was in those books. Of course as a Trident Scholar (spending copious amounts of time making a simple fan work), Jon was finally able to win the race for bedtime. Holding true to the Glee Clubs motto of wine, women and song random outbursts of singing were often heard from the shower. Willing to help at any time, and always sincere in his actions he couldn't be a better friend. Jon's determination and perseverance will undoubtedly make him an excellent officer and submariner. Thanks for all the great memories, laughter and tears. We look forward to many more! JS, MV, JM

Robert Prentiss Nelson
Nashville, TN
Marine Corps Ground

Robert Prentiss Nelson—The laziest person I know with a 4.0. Without question the strong-silent type. Never the first to shout out the right answer, but he always knew it. He loved Copenhagen, Tennessee, and the boys of 10th/27thCo. The plebe with the best football squad; Prentiss never needed to know rates. Spring break on restriction with Darne Stacy and Old Red. A member of a historic sponsor clan, weekends at John's were full of lager, good food and good dudes. Youngster year living "In the Ghetto," BULS/S, Panama City and putting Vinnie to sleep. Thailand, Singapore and flight attendants. 2/C Year: sharing a two man Buddhist temple with George—minesweeper, C-Side Hockey, South Padre and Hal Daddy's. At leatherneck, most knew him as Sarge. "Marino… if you clean your boots on my bed one more time… As Firsties, JWW was the unwanted room recruit who turned out to actually bring something to the table. The Rack/Room Debate, His Violated Sweatshirt?, Room dance-parties and late night 8435 Philosophy of Life Sessions. "If I hear either of you say another word about performance grades I'm moving out." The three amigos would eventually become brethren. "Goodbye, USNA-Hello Marine Corps": wherever he ends up, Prentiss will be successful and have a home with his friends. —GDE/BR/AM/JWW/27Co.Boyz/John's Clan.

CAESARS
CAESARS

Daniel John Oberlander Jr.
Woburn, MA
Navy Pilot

Dan is probably the funniest person I've ever met. It's impossible not to be impressed by his wit, his sound effects, and his body language; when he gets going, he'll put entire rooms of people to laughing so hard that their sides hurt. His "Insane Clown Posse" fetish is strange, but it's not exactly out of character. From his music you'd think he grew up in South Central— from his accent, though, you know he's straight Boston. Dan's always good to find when you're looking to lighten life up a bit; he's never been one to take things too seriously. Except, of course, for gambling— his 2nd profession. Poor, poor Garcia. Those brilliant eyes of his see through many people's charades, even if he's usually polite enough to let them slide. When he does call someone out… oh boy, stand clear. Dan's a great guy with a great future ahead of him— just not in AC. —Pedro

Craig Edward Patterson
Tullahoma, TN
Navy Pilot

Patterson, Patte, Pat, Keg, Keggers, Keggey, Craigers, Craige, or just plain Craig. Well which one is he? You know…he's the short lacrosse goalie from Tennessee. Yeah, quick with a grin, even quicker with a curse word. Loyola, the Landcruiser, the boat, ski trips to PA, Intercourse, PA, King's Dominion, Trap&Scam, Owings Mills movies, Ski Haus, all those girls from Pensacola, 12 different girls for Ring Dance and one blind date, Spring Break in rainy Annapolis, Coach Meade, "It's like different, but the same," freezing cold intervals in January, wearing #1, Marino-Ass, Goods, Sweats, Flows, Micah, Moels, Higgs(Haha), BennyAhn, Marshall, Pinto, Birdo, Keiz, P-habs, BrotherPhil, DJ FOGO. I couldn't have made it through here without, my big brother, Alan. He may think I'm a freak- that I was adopted because I have 20/10 vision and he's blind - couldn't have gotten through here without his help. Although he almost killed us both on I-81 South through NOVA, falling asleep at the wheel and ending up in the median perpendicular to the Interstate, I still love him. To my dad, I'll always remember what you told me … "Can't Never Did Anything." See y'all in the skies.

Christopher Brandon Rhinehart
Gastonia, NC
Marine Corps Ground

From Bloody dumps to Marine Corps grunts, you've always been a best friend. After the motivating speech by the Plebe summer squad leader about accountability, they left you in your favorite place, the bathroom. Never one to drink too much, you always enjoyed giving the rest of us drinks…until the griffin's incident. Hopefully you'll never have to finish yourself off with toilet paper again. Debauchery at its finest with bottle rockets, and two girls kissing, the lake house new year's party will continue it's annual bash, and you will be there every year with your lovely wife. You are one of two people who I know made it in the 2% club. Ski trips are always fun, even if your friends can't stay up. We've been through a lot, and with the help of the wonder lubricant (WD-40) we'll get through the tough times and then some. Have fun at TBS redneck country boy. We'll see each other in the fleet. Just look up, and I'll look down. Doo-de-luuut De-doo Brandonmayn. AAS.

Christopher Gregory Ryckebusch
Mays Landing, NJ
Navy Pilot

ST. AUGUSTINE
75

Never too busy to talk, play cards, or cruise down the halls on a skateboard. What room could be complete without skateboard, surfboard, snowboard, hockey sticks, skates, wetsuits, a Frankenstein head, Jeep doors, and care packages full of sardines, artichokes, and obscure types of cheeses? You never cease to amaze us. George Foreman-great room addition. A veritable scholar; always seeking to expand our vocab with words like fifthathalon, horrotious, montourage, gimoungous, wutter, and "things." I will always remember our conversations, debates, competitions of all sorts, and the many battles of wit, that all seemed to end in the same way… Did I mention competitions? Whether it be Saltines or bubble gum, you were always up to the challenge. Always in a good mood, optimistic, and thoughtful. A true friend. We will never forget the K.I.D. – PCE, JCM

Ryckefro, Busch… dancing with his tongue hanging out as well as his…Power's Parties+ woodpile=great friends. Feb. 9, "Anyone wanna go surfin this weekend? "Yeeeaaaah" and "haHAAA" "I think we should stay, the music's good…" Byrn Mawr (we only kissed), Deb Balls, A.C. TRIPS/Parties. He's always there with a big smile on a bad day. "We Band of Brothers…"—Greasers

Andrew Albert Slack
Kingwood, TX
Navy Pilot

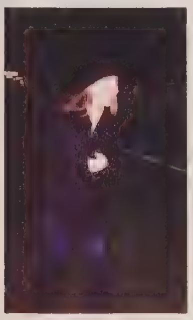
From the first time that we met that fateful July 4th, how was I to know that you would become one of my best friends. You were always the one I had to come to in order to get that wonderful bathroom reading material, and man did you have lots of it. You were always the one who would flash his underwear to anyone who would look, either to the girls in the hall or during the ski trip. Never was into skiing all that much, but would never pass up the chance to be in a band and eventually get half the company on restriction for it. It was said that living with you was like living with a wife, nothing ever seemed to be your fault. You spent more time in the so-called "shack" than anyone else I knew. To all the times of drinking and sucking toes, and playing the flight games to finally getting to fly the real thing, best of luck to you at flight school and all you do. Looking forward to another lake house adventure and a continuing friendship with the next TOP GUN. CBR, JMJ, PCE, CMBL

Jason Charles Smith
Chesapeake, VA
Navy Pilot

"Oh boy, it's time to get up" followed by "I'm *definitely* going to bed early tonight!" were Jason's first utterances each and every morning at the Naval Academy. A mechanical engineer as well as a die-hard devotee to the Lightweight Crew team, Jason packed as much as he could into his days so that by the time study hour rolled around, it took every ounce of willpower to crack open a book and study. Most of the time, however, he managed to breeze through his classes *without* opening the book! For the first three years here, Jason was going to be a motivating Marine. With a "yut!" here and an "oo-rah!" there, I sometimes thought I was living with a platoon of Marines. Then two weeks before the deadline, Jason cleared medical and decided to be a Navy pilot and I think he's pretty happy to be following in his Dad's footsteps as a Navy carrier pilot. Aside from his outstanding achievements on the crew team, Jason took extreme personal pride in his ability to make his PT clothes stand up by themselves after working out in them for a month or two. Things like this demonstrated Jason's great sense of humor and enthusiasm. We will all look forward to meeting up with him again at our upcoming reunions.
- JN

Matthew Vanston Speicher
Rockville, MD
Navy NFO

Despite the gray hair and the status as arguably the oldest man in the company, he always managed to find the attractive young women. I guess they could see that in addition to his keen wit and ability to poke fun at others and their situations, he could do the same for himself. Maybe they knew he was never too busy to give a ride to the airport, offer his house for anything, or plan international ski trips, spring breaks, and a Ring Dance weekend nearly on the scale of the Normandy Invasion. Or maybe they just liked the way he looked in his Halloween costume…Sunday would have loved it. Never did more than 2 hours worth of work in 4 years…who could? With Cheez Its to eat, Snood to play, figuring out the source of his next beer, roommates to sell on Ebay, internet girls to set his friends up with, philosophy to discuss, professors and classmates to harass, and girlfriends to call after spending the night at Griffins? We almost didn't mind dealing with second hand buffalo wings and carrot sticks. Have fun and remember, everything is 20 minutes away. – PCE, JCM

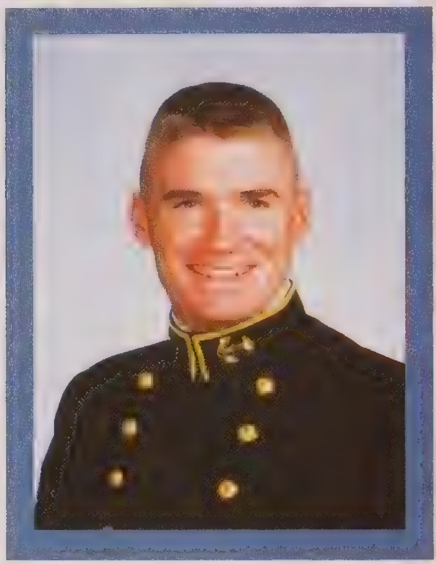


Elizabeth Sarah Vary
Bethesda, MD
Cryptology

October 26th, 1980: a blessed day for the busybody bumble-bees of the community *America*. The heavens spread apart puffy clouds, the sun shines forth its smile of providence. A stork, the messenger from heaven, drops down a delicate baby girl: the butterscotch beauty Elizabeth Vary. The world, the revolving chocolate ball of green and blue icing, is a new place. She embodies Athena in her zeal for competition, Aphrodite in her sparkling beauty, Hera in her pride and strength. Run, running everywhere. Never slowing down, she doesn't stand still until that magic suspension over the dance platform. Speaking many tongues yet stealing yours before you could contest. Consider yourself bulldozed, Mack-trucked. Elizabeth has grabbed the star, she is the invincible white Mario. Cooler than igloos, hotter than the Congo. Perfect princess sister, penguin supreme. Elizabeth rocks your world.

Michael Garrett Vasek
Woodland Park, CO
Submarine Warfare

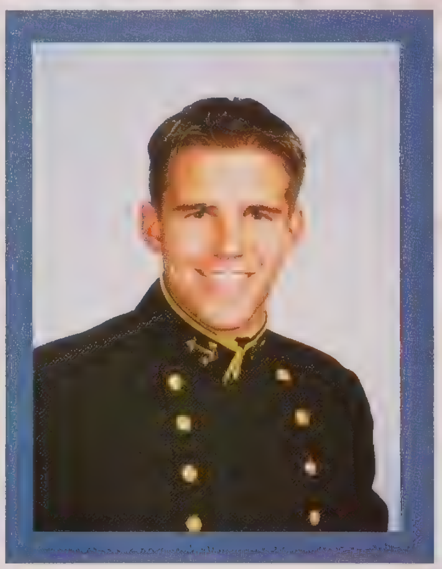
Procrastinate 'til midnight, study 'til four, sleep 'til formation, go to class, then do it once more; that's Mike's recipe for life. How he survived on less than three hours sleep a night *and* still got nearly straight A's is a mystery. You'd always know when a Systems test was approaching because a line of people would form outside the room seeking his help. (We should've had an "Office Hours" sign!) How did a kid from Colorado Springs, born at the Air Force Academy to a '68 USAFA grad, end up an enlisted nuke and then a Mid? This, like his ability to fall out of chairs while asleep, were things we never fully understood. But what is well known is that Mike put his heart and soul into everything he did, be it Baptist Student Union, Squad Leader or even PE Officer (though he never PTs!). Mike is best defined by his distinct membership in the 2% Club. Mike and Felicity went through a lot during their 5 year engagement, teaching us all ***not*** to be engaged that long. You're perfect for each other. Good luck to (the both of) you! -JM, JN, JY, JCC.



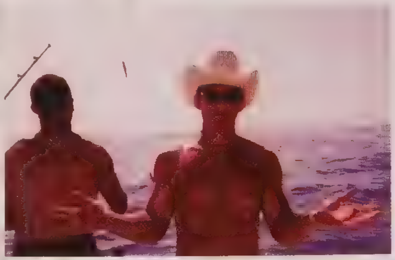
Benjamin Paul Wagner
Chula Vista, CA
Marine Corps Ground

It's refreshing to see that even as Brigade Commander, you still remember that there are some things that can be settled only by "Hands-In-The-Pants-Man." May the tradition never die. You have taught us all a great deal: the K.I.D. claims to have learned more about leadership from you than from anyone or anything else at the Academy; Philopean Tubes is now quite comfortable with expressions like "AWWWSOME," "SWEETUS," and "CRAP ON TEN;" and thanks to you, I have kept my priorities straight: the mug club is very important, and sometimes grad school just has to wait. We are fortunate to be able to claim you as a friend. We knew you'd be BC 3 years ago, but we won't let you get too cocky and forget the things that brought us together. Dum syko mut hab pud dat der! Nah Nokay - PCE, JCM, CGR, EMR

Ben...aka mosquito, you are my favorite. Can't believe what was in front of my eyes for so long that I never saw. Thanks for the best three years of my life, and I cannot wait to see what the next 60 or so will bring! Wait. Am I driving home tonight? - KMW



Joshua Weston Welle
Neptune, NJ
Surface Warfare



The Jersey Senator arrived in "Lolata's Family" full of promise. AfterFuller's-Orange incident, he went back to Africa. The best roommate a guy could ask for…he would do anything for you. We admire your tenacity and zeal for life. Josh is an immovable force, which you cannot hope to overcome, only to contain. He has made things happen in every endeavor that he has touched (The Social Coordinator): UnClub Soccer Prez, Team-Bill, "Ring Dance-Monster SexPlatform-BoozeCruise-2001!," Brodels, and 23 North Linden. Thank you for teaching us leadership lessons not learned in books. **Carter** It all began in the back row of English class. I can barely keep all the fun trips in order, all the "spice," gallons of "product," and countless "bitties." From PennState to Texas, and the greatest cowboy hats ever, we have been wkndmates since day one. Then there was Ya-Ya …"whats that on my back….?" Mini homes forever!!!. At school you were always the guy with the gouge and the big plans. Firstie year, my Marine Roomates, Thank You. You taught us to appreciate subs, jersey girls, beach volleyball, dance music, good driving, good women, and good times. Future President, possibly…Presidential Scandal, GUARANTEED. Good Luck. **WhiteSnake** BF, NH, DH, DM, MW, 8435

Joseph Anthony Yurkovich
Scenery Hill, PA
Navy NFO

Some things are certain. Joe will watch the same movies repeatedly; call his girlfriend, then call home - nightly; he'll tuck a magazine under his arm and announce, "I'm going to the head," and wait for confirmation. Self-described as "built for manual labor," he'll often reminisce about home in Scenery Hills, PA. There's no parallel to his adventures and daring feats (motorcycles, ice and rock climbing, mountain bikes). Patapco will never be the same without him. Joe could ride his bike over the worst terrain, come back cold and wet- he'll still love the day. Great guy to share trails with. Now we'll share the air up there too (WG). Only person to get sea sick in Santee Basin. Loyal to the end - *true Shipmate*, God help any who crossed family or friends. Never one to do *unnecessary* homework, he's often found playing video games, napping, or quoting favorite movies, songs, and sound clips. He's a peaceful and caring, if not outspoken, individual who enjoys good conversation, great friends, and awesome times. Friends were close; family *his* priority. We'll miss you bud! -JCC, MV, JM, WG

THE TWEY EIGHTH OMPANY
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

T Madden Alford
San Marcos, TX
Submarine Warfare

Joshua Manning Awad
Hayes, VA
Surface Warfare

"Ahhhhh! Raise the roof!" You have the stubbornness of all of us in the room, but the only one with cohones big enough to show it. Life won't be the same without trips to the dance club and soggy chilidogs with stale buns. Thanks for following me to the police station when I was handcuffed-how else would you have gotten back to the hall from Gate 8. Glad I got to live with you, we had some great times-carrot cake jokes aside! Much love to ya man...I know you'll make a kick-ass officer. God bless-Bentley. The 6-4 shower, late night papers, towing trucks through Eastport, hitting Chevy's during finals week, Big Bite Combos, owning the Cantina, "No business like SWO business," moving a huge plane, beasting around in the Dodge 600, pimpin suits in Baltimore, Wadsworth, the Wad, senioritis real bad.-Muls. "Don't worry only 3-stripers have liberty." Nights in the ole brown truck. After "The Call" with GP and then Rickets prayer time. "We're from South or Southern whatever that school is. Best lookin mirrors in school, partying in Bmore, DC, rented rooms. Local girls to international-Not a problem. Atlantic City-dressed to kill, perfect plan, no money, great weekend. More punishment from Capn M. than anybody in the Brigade.-T

Erik Boyce
Spokane, WA
Marine Corps Pilot

EA-6 Boyce...Spoky...FDC made man...Plebe year Seal PT with Deane...got hit on at the pull up bars... "Hey guys lets go do an adventure"... Assatege State Park, mostly dead horses and a lot of sand... Youngster year spent in the back shaft...Friday night fights...The adopt a plebe program... fighting my pillow in my sleep...Playstation or homework? Hmmm... That's not John Paul Jones in there. I don't know who it is but it's not him...I had my head forcefully shaved three times, Plebe Summer, 21st birthday, and the Marine Corps...Bad eyes but a good day...Strange days at Myrtle Beach...The highly selective band of SCORBOT engineers...No way my brother is ever going to come to this place, I told him what it's like...Three weeks later, yep Matt's coming to the academy...Everyone knew I was going to be a Marine except for me.

Dusty Rose Casey
Pt. Charlotte, FL
Navy NFO

From our humble beginnings in summer school chemistry to Professor Rowe's class, talking about low fat cakes. We have run out of classrooms together, chased bottles of chocolate syrup with shots of vodka, and shared Bloody Mary's and potted meat for breakfast. We had a wonderful time while you knitted on YP's. I'm glad we can appreciate Sean Connery together, as well as a good restriction muster. We have danced naked and made each other bleed in karate. Thelma and Louise LIVE!!! LAC. We've gone mouse hunting and made some great kills. From beers on green beach to Tostidos and dip. From snow angels to frolicking in fountains we've made the last four years very adventurous. We couldn't have asked for a better roommate or a better friend. Don't forget to invite us to the Vegas drive-through wedding with KR. We love you Dusty Rose. DEF. Is anyone tired of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas? We made our pilgrimage to Graceland with Dixie. "Mama, guess what state I'm in!" AKA Dustbuster, Buster. No doubt she'll be an astronaut one day. There are many things you can do with Duct tape. AS JE AR.

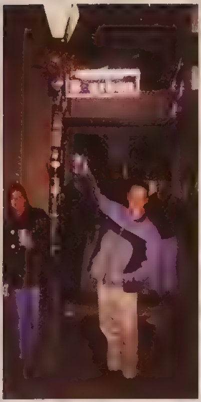
Jason Liang Chen
St. Louis, MO
Submarine Warfare

Mom, Dad and Joyce: Wide travels have only made me appreciate home and family so much more. Four years ago, who would have known?

28th Co. Crew: I always know I've found real friends when I can't wait to show you my newest drawings. We've made Bancroft bearable with our collective sense of humor, wanton weekends and reckless resourcefulness. It's a miracle we didn't all service select Ft. Leavenworth. Ben Heineike: You have enough motivation for several lifetimes, but beyond your well-deserved honors, you are humble and honest like no one I've ever met. Mike Smith: I used to be a timid soul before our adventures. I can think of no better friend to wander the world with. Swift Crew and Coach D: Before the Academy, I had no idea that sailboats could sail upwind. You've taught me a gift for a lifetime. LT Fahey and Jen: Your mentoring has opened up opportunities for me that I only dreamed of. I hope to do the same for someone else someday. Mollie: I still ask myself how I found such a beautiful girl like you!

Chul Kyu Choi
Santa Fe Springs, CA
Submarine Warfare

Motivate your socks, Mr. Choi! You will be out there giving chow calls every single minute until you pass out! Standing watch in New York, double shift, Hao fun. Across the Atlantic, into the Med on a fast attack submarine!! The Ring Dance web page is awesome, and it reminds me of "Who Wants to be a Millionaire." "Is that your final answer?" NO, you dingnuts!! But once I enter in the preference, I don't get an option to change that ever again. What if I want to bring more than one guest? What then? "Hey Chuck, could you come fix my e-mail?" Yeah, Brian sold me a Beamer "Hey guys, could you come jump my car?" Mastermind of the Korean Club, and privy to the inner workings of Ward Hall, poser of puzzles and builder of robots. Always up for a trip to Ellicott City, a game of Fleet Command or a free drink. After a long journey, he is finally going to reach his goal- a nuke officer in charge of nukes- kind of like being an officer on board the Enterprise- except there the Ensigns never survive. Yuboseyo- Hey Chuck! That's not English!! Are you red-eye? 202 words total!!



John Malcolm Coates
Colorado Springs, CO
Marine Corps Pilot

Coates, Jackets, Boates, FGC4Life, shower on 6-3, bottle of Parrot Bay in the sink, PRT Nazi, "Welcome ladies to Bar Ricketts," Octapedes party..., "uh is that a church?" Marine Corps Buck and taps, "please let it snow," "Goodnight Chesty Puller,wherever you are... My name is John Coates," "How did he perform this weekend? Awful!" Navy cheerleading rocks, best haircut in the Brigade, next stop... TBS!! Jmuls 10 miles at 5, 50X2, skiing, Ring Dance hair fiasco, two stepper ALS-Billy at UD and blocked at Upenn, the rib, Myrtle: cute girls, not cute girls, "Where the Hell's my blanket?" "I don't know, but you're driving me home." Members of the "my dad's a high ranking officer club." What do King George Street, a table at Griffins, and a teddy grahams box all have in common? Liberty risk, wrestling Josh in Naples, the sunsets and the sewage tanks of the Oak Hill. Banker Thanks for the great time and memories of a lifetime.

Thomas Asa Douglas
New York, NY
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

I cannot it was a great time, but it was an experience. I will look back and have fond memories of being 23rd company's s%$# screen and on all calls for six months. Now I leave you with a few words from my roommate, so you get a good laugh. T-Doggs. The king of 'The brick' and a true New Yorker. Enjoys drunken darts and a true friend to all the ladies. The man so many love to hate. Saturday night parties and Sunday night games.

Jennifer Lynn Everson
Lumberton, NC
Surface Warfare

Jen, Jen Lynn, Juliana (Juan), Squirrel. Plebe summer detailer, 1st Sergeant, Company commander...she had us all fooled. Usually part of something scandalous- youngster Friday nights, the 6-4 ledge, sailboat and angel parties. Rome-hmmm....enough said. Then there're those late night Organic study sessions with Rory, Leslie, and we can't forget Ben and Jerry. Maybe that's why she doesn't do mornings. A swimmer for three years until the ice packs took their toll- she never did get used to that 200 butterfly.

Living in Ricketts 2/C year, the inventive shower curtain dress, frog feedings, and the beginning of her appliance fetish...could her room be any less reg? Not to mention her cleanliness issues that barricaded her roommates and drove them nuts. E-bay extraordinaire- it began with a coat, then a car, but no Jen, you CAN'T purchase your husband on the internet. There are no refunds or exchanges. Well, she did reel "the boy next door" in with her rendition of Veggie Tale's "His Cheeseburger."

Only girl we know who never studies, sleeps in class, and still knows more than the professor. Now she is off to Paradise, Hawaii for the beginning of her surface career- the island will never be the same.

Julia Cairo Floraday
Villa Park, IL
Surface Warfare

Danielle Elizabeth Fournier
Annapolis, MD
Surface Warfare

You were the "local girl" who let me move in with you and tolerated me youngster year. You snuck me things when I needed them most. Second class year we finally got a two man room, but it was in Ricketts, at least we had an awesome view. We've danced in several fountains together and when everyone else was looking up at the lunar eclipse, we were dancing in the snow. We pushed an F-4 down the road one night until the cops pulled us over and we saw President G.W. Bush inaugurated. You and I are the hardcore dancers who work well together in clubs. When I needed an ear and a friend to listen to me vent, you were ready. Rounds of Killians, and a few Amaretto Sours us dancing on the bars at clubs. We ate chocolate cakes, drank champagne, and shopped at the While House / Black market all at the same time, and you were the only one who could truly appreciate it with me. You've been through some men but have ended up with a wonderful one, have fun together in VA. We've had a blast. Now you're a Battalion Commander and you're too good for us, (ha ha) but we'll keep loving you anway. You're an adorable little second degree black belt who's always ready for a good time. Thanks for always being there, good luck as a swotivator. We love you! DRC, LC

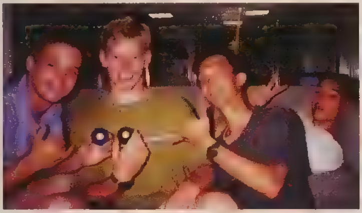
Kevin Matthew Fornal
Hamilton, NJ
Submarine Warfare

AQUARIUM MUSEE OCEANOGRAPHIQUE

Submarines, Mech E, and D&B. What the hell happened to me? The only highly esteemed AT&T boy to make it through four years and have 7 different roommates, but only 3 roomies. Only managed to burn 2 cars and have 2.5 girlfriends in four years... not too shabby. Rickover until 2400 nightly; "check my grades, am I SAT?", and Mr. President of the Dolphin Club. "If the class average is 50%, then it's a pretty fair test." All this to get 5 stinking interviews to have the coolest job in the Navy as a nuke. 2 bubblehead cruises down, and still allowed to be a submariner on 24May2002. Oh, and just a few more things to boost the QPR up a bit: Catholic Choir, Drum and Bugle Admin, Formula One Car Team Project, and I'll see you at 2215. Whether you find me face down on my desk for a 10 minute nap or face down in the snow, I'll be sure to stand for it on the way back to the car...then wash it off the next morning. Ahhh, New Jersey... 02 NAVY plates, the best drivers, Hamilton (Exit 7 if your mom's a truck driver), and home.

Jason Scott Guidos
Martinez, CA
Marine Corps Ground

Confident, competitive, character. I've never met anyone quite like Jason. He is good at and enjoys so many things, and is a pleasure to be around. He is someone who will always give one hundred percent no matter what he is doing. His hard work and dedicated spirit are inspiring, and he has this amazing ability to keep a positive attitude through almost anything. You can always count on him and turn to him for help. However, make no mistake, if you challenge him to a game, you had better be ready to play. No matter what it is or how meaningless the results, he will refuse to lose. But it is that attitude that brings him success in life. Although at times he was unable to express his feelings, and almost decided to leave us all behind, like all things do for him, everything turned out right. I particularly am very grateful for the very person that he is, a friend, a baseball player, and a marine. He has shown me a new side of life; one that I never imagined could be so great. You are the best, thank you. Thank you for so many things, but mostly for just being you. -JK



Ben Heineike
Kings Beach, CA
Surface Warfare

Efficiency is the nectar of life. FDC, baby - Myrtle Beach the week before the Harley convention. As Mulls always says, there is no business like SWO business. Thanks to my roomates: folding Rob's underwear, getting threatened by Chris, jamming with Dave, philosophizing with Graham, chess with Tom, analyzing classic rock with Jesse, skating with Chuck, gambling with Jason, climbing with Erik. Alias: Crack Baby- Yeah 11 "Dbd's Nuts on three", "Ne Cras",- I didn't play much, but I sure ran a lot. Reaction Diffusion Equations and Morphogenesis using the Galerkin Method- say what? Thanks to Chauvenet Hall for teaching me why and not just how. Tonight I'm going to sleep before midnight. Thanks to squad 1 for being easy to lead. Thanks to Abigail: you were always there for me, Rachel- sorry about the keys, Erin- you opened my eyes. Sleeping in the camper the night before I-Day. Getting huge with my fat youngster brother. Going to the Clipper with Mama. All(most) expense paid vacations: Acapulco, Astoria, Boston, New York, Bahrain, Seychelles, Paris, Livermore, Hawaii

"Who in the rainbow can draw the line where the violet tint ends and the orange tint begins?" We can. And we will. Are you red-eye?

Benjamin Sullivan Hobbs
Vacaville, CA
Marine Corps Ground

"Johnny Asia" straight outta Cali hates school but got it done. You told me, keep your laptop for as long as I wanted because you thought as CoCdr I needed it more than you. What more could I ask for from the most genuine friend I have ever known? Tough times and worse grades - from the Zoo (3-2) to 28. "Mini-Mishoe." You have ghost in closet Grasshoppa. Quit cheerleading at NAPS? NO! You left the pond - smart man. Europe, Helga, camps, tournaments, banquets, Colgate. Remember: "Less Ben, more Mina." Are Comearounds/EI part of NWS "manager" responsibilities? How many Celebs/Pro's do you know? What's the difference between the Mighty Nassau and Freeport? The impressionist - what kind of an accent is that - nihongo? I hope you can spare some moves for a rhythmically challenged buddy. You love girls,girls,girls,girls, but why the voice change? Bling-bling, look at that ring (and car)!! "I AM at ease sir." Pull down those socks! If Great Lakes wasn't cold enough, Quantico won't faze ya. Never forget where you came from MM3 - A friend and a brother. We're proud of you and proud to welcome you as one of us. Congrats Marine. tjc0311

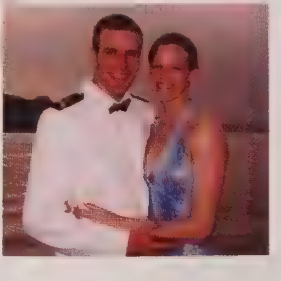
Matthew Gingras Horton
West Monroe, LA
Submarine Warfare

How can I sum up “Four Years by the Bay”? Speaking ‘Southern’: “Pass the fixins” “Can anyone translate?” ...Carrier Landings - I hit just a little too hard...Improvised fireworks at arms length- ‘What was that flash?’ ‘Flash, I can’t see anything, can you Deane?’...Ocean City: bad beaches and permanent souvenirs...6-3 Youngster Backshaft: midnight fights, stickball, and Pong...”Statics? Nah, we gotta win Tank Racer”...”I’m a ghost”...Attention to Orders: “Was that a boot?”...Weapons: Flight status is how many hours?...Off-campus housing and on-campus parking...Buck? He defected...’01 in NO- Fat Harry’s, Bruno’s...I think we lost Johnny...Cathedral or Museum, take your pick Joe...JC, the Broncs are gonna lose, we’re leaving...Myrtle Beach: Never have so many done so much and served so little time...Rebel towel: “It’s ok, we’re in SC”...”Remember me? I called you by the wrong name”...Submariner at Leatherneck...Rogers-Tulane, San Antonio: drilling for fun...XO: screen for Jen...Four years of football on Guadalcanal...Three Mile Club: If you don’t puke, it don’t count...Halloween as Chuckles: Will Coach for Food...Free ‘staff meetings’ at Hero’s, don’t think we accomplished much...’Matty’...And above all: Cooperate to Graduate. ‘It’s been a great 4 years, we may not have learned a lot, be we’ve done a lot.’ Non sibi sed patriae

Erin Martin Kelly
Sea Grit, NJ
Marine Corps Ground

As your teammate I respected you, as my captain I followed you, and as your friend I always stand beside you. A wise girl once told me: God speed. Be adventurous... and may you never be parched - GAME ON! “Senior leadership” Because we are all competitive girls! Contrary to popular belief, it is a good idea to bring your luggage with you if you are traveling from one country to the next, and more importantly, stoli-O, cream soda, pickles and cheese (but not too much cheese) are a part of a well balanced diet. Stilettos in the snow, forest fires, snow mobiles, snow globes, and peeking poker faces are all VERY VERY BAD THINGS (but sometimes you’ve gotta learn the hard way)... so its on the BAATTT CAAVVEEE, but just remember you can’t play a playa’... cause the HOT GIRLS are OVER HERE! Hot girls are all that you need - aside from a brother that LOVES to see you get in trouble - Suzy Q for a lil’ added stress - and Dad’s American Express! We couldn’t have made it through this place without you! We’ll miss you Bon Jovi, pee-pee la pue, Jersey - or Curtis, or whatever your name is... What the hell did Mitchell do to you-may true love smack you right between the eyes. Meet you at Gary’s on Sunday a kitchen sink is calling Kara’s name! Go crawl around in the bushes and the jungles, because they need Princesses too. -MKO, JCF, BHP, VSS, DDL, KCH

Christopher James Kennedy
Seattle, WA
Marine Corps Pilot



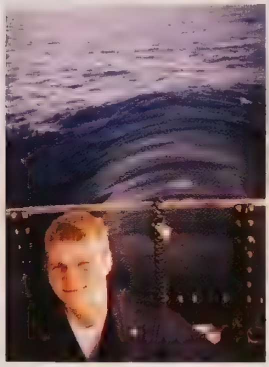
Chris Kennedy hails from the rainy city of grunge and Pearl Jam where a Harley riding momma named Carol Anne raised him. As Seattle’s greatest basketball hope this century, the 6 ‘3" star began his story in Sunny Newport. “SWASS.” Eventually this young B-Balla, a.k.a “Frog,” turned green and set his dreams on the motto “Semper Fi.” 4 years 4 shirtstays. Along this journey, referred to as the five-year plan, much has been learned from this 6 foot Frog. “Go Huskies!!” A good story always begins with “you know its kinda funny...” or “you know my buddy Tom?” “Wanna watch Spinal Tap?” Remember the Boston Massacure...”Scotty told me just to window shop.” Dude it’s definitely a Blimpie day on you. He can really crush a golf ball, but “seriously dude, I can snowboard now.” “Sup?” Man you look great in those Frank “Brick House” signature shoes. A trip to the Outerbanks anyone? Did you really think we were gonna win the lottery? NYC pics? Dude, we know you want to go to RR, but even if you pay we aren’t gonna pick it up this time. Chillin’ with the BC. 3v3 at UNC—at least we performed well off the court... Best of luck Marine, Eternal Friends.

Carlos F. Martinez
Chamblee, GA
Submarine Warfare

Is it really time to leave the Bay?!? Marty, you have been the greatest roommate, would you like to do the scuba screener with me? Puff puff give!! It turns out we did them all together...many memories of girlfriends, beer, laughs and that cold Severn water. I fell out of bed, did the world just end? I'd give anything for you and I know you would do the same...thanks Brother. Hey Martina, looks like we got an addition...Jason Mason, you crazy redneck, great thing you moved in with us! It's hard to forget them TN girls, and those trips back from Georgetown! How's that truck of yours, and we can't forget the Batmobile. Help me move these trash bags, I know it's in here somewhere. I promise I am going to get up this time. You've been a great friend and always will be. It's Talford, not Smallford...It's great to know a guy that would give his arm for you! Livin' together, no prob; same room, a struggle. You feel like my brother! Excited to spend more time with you in Charleston. Josh, you are truly a great friend. Lay off my sponsor, even if we had great times in Baltimore! Does everyone remember the Ring Dance Limo...great night! Thanks to everyone that has supported me through all this. And to all my friends I have made, you are all irreplaceable...I wouldn't change a thing. MDT, TMA, JAM, JMA...always!

Justin Andrew Mason
Jonesboro, GA
Navy Pilot

The hardest thing about Plebe Summer was trying not to laugh. I think I got it worse than anyone in the company, but I guess I deserved it. Who else did things to purposely make the detailers mad? Taking the YP to Baltimore and getting some much needed R&R in the red light district was a sign of things to come. Youngster year we had some crazy adventures in the old brown truck. Three guys sharing a toolbox for a closet and changing in the truck as the X country team runs by was...risky. David Allan Coe, Jimmy Buffet, Ape Hangars, Lava Lounge, Trips to D.C., Knoxville, West Virginia, New Orleans, Tijuana, and the best weekend of all...Atlantic City, hanging out w/ Hooters waitresses. Carlos: remember to save your matches, Knoxville was great, think this truck will make it up that hill?, shut off your alarm!, wonder how that guy from Ted Turner is? Thanks to all of my great friends, you guys are the best friends I've ever had and I'd do it all again (except for my 21st Birthday haircut) just to spend four more years with y'all. Good luck to everyone.
CFM, TMA, JMA, MDT, JRS



Zachary Bernard Mitchell
Jarrettsville, MD
Submarine Warfare

Fine, call me Mitch. First wanted to be a pilot, now I'm a nuc. Which way to Charleston? Plebe summer daze. Ghost plebe, sorry Boyce. Where's Zach? I don't know, try Christina's. Systems free Fridays. 6-3 youngster shaft with midnight fights. 21st celebrations...give 'em a swirly. Intramural disappointments. Summer cruises...get me off this YP. Hartford on the Med, the Sanctuary , will I ever get home? At least I met Smokin' Joe. Rental car rally. June in Quantico - got a winch? San Diego summer with the Hawks and B.B. Long live the FDC. Hopefully the stories will never get out. Pick up the phone, Zach, it's for you. Out from a Forrestal in 15 seconds flat. 7th Law of the Navy, thanks Navy Band. Rafting trip roadie gone wrong..."I think Deane is sick." Save me a seat for the Simpsons. You make a good West Street walker. Nobody could make me happier than you, Christina. Has it been 4 years already? Thanks fellas for making those years the best. Until we meet again...fair winds and following seas.

John Stewart Mullen
Arlington, VA
Navy NFO

John, Johnny, Jack, Jmuls, Fatty Muls, Sac, FDC Boss, whatever you want to call him Rommies for 3 years, pushing the truck through Eastport on a Weds night, running from the gate guard, tearing up the dance floor at Pleasure Island and the Cantina, Trips to Arizona, cant believe your not going SWO. Best of Luck-JMA-- The shower, the sink, sheepskin, the best living arrangement ever, Goldschlager, Coronas, and burgers for one week.—JMC-- "Sir, this private requests permission too...", Mnnesota Fats v.s Mr. Champman, girls and amplifiers (aka Angie Miller), Martini's at HERO's, and of course yelling at the little yellow submarine, love ya, best bud-Bentley-- "LOTS to talk about, "I have a great joke...JC", Working at Texaco part time at Del Tech, 21st birthday haircut, "How's Solis gonna perform tonight?" Myrtle Beach was all your fault, 6 packs of Merlot, Friday night pizza and beer, Caught by the Admiral, Octopedes, The Conning Officer, "Im getting Hamskied tonight, roadies all the way to Thunder Bay, Obnoxious males, Attention to ORDERS...good luck bro, DBT 2.

Summer school, red light district, bar Ricketts, "I can really drive stick, really I can.", BRING ME FORTUNE!!! Never forget you, Willy S.

Peter Joseph Murphy
Clearwater, FL
Navy Pilot

To Murph, Turf, shoe, 005.5, sweat pea, piñata pete, and proud member of the Roy-Al family. Quite honestly a man of many names, and little worth. Once just a little fledgling waiting for someone to come along and barf down his face, now a proud 35 year old father of two. The swayze-monger, cruisin around in the slooch rojo, seeking that ultimate freshy fresh, always down for an elevator nose bleed. Hungary Pete? How about some ice cream? No thanks, I'm lactose intolerant, but I'd love a plate of cheese. Nothing cures the white widow hunger like a marinara cheese spinach muffin or a munsk pie! La-resisstance lives on. Well its 10:30, time to Murph. Going upstairs to sleep? Nah, I think this futon will do me just fine. Somewhere between video games, skateboards, Bucs games, weekends at Uncle Richards, you will find your lady. The Constellation might not be able to handle your fierce master chief, but we can. Just remember to always keep aft lookout. We love you buddy. TG, SG, DW, VW, ML

Graham Matthew Plaster
Wilmington, DE
Surface Warfare

Graham, the poet, the philosopher, the prayer warrior, and always the non conformist. Spent four years as a worship leader, an author, a counselor, and 10 percent of that time as a mid. Spent youngster year at home, chasing girls he knew from high school, some times as far as Jersey, trying to find places to hide his car, practicing with Prodigal, selling CDs, going to WCS events, in an ill-fated performance of the Russian Ballet, and usually ended up dragging other people along. Introduced everyone else to line dancing, Delaware, and C.S. Lewis. Then after two years of searching and 80 poems on the subject, he met Esther. They start dating Labor Day weekend, and I mean the whole weekend, then he disappears for 3 months and shows back up with a fiancée. He stole her heart, she stole his high value items. Consequently, they made the third wheel popular again. Soon after, they considered ways to protest the system's "unjust" bar on midshipmen marriage. But, the relationship must have helped the creativity because after that he releases a new CD, a book of poetry, and puts the songs in the Lord of the Rings to music (and people wonder why the movies were so popular?!?!). Was the ADEO his firstie year, on the Navs leadership team, and made a trip back to the islands. Made it through with class, style, and totally different from how anyone would have told him to and for that I am glad to call him my brother and my friend. -C.W.

Michael Evans Rea
Annapolis, MD
Submarine Warfare

Jesse Michael Reed
Olathe, KS
Navy Pilot

Bentley, Jess, Jessmiester, Minnesota Fats, FBC 4 Life, our home bar...Bar Ricketts, Broadneck Elementary, Ava spoils us...again, hammered, hamminskied, octopodes and the church. Myrtle Beach...ouch...UMD...'nuff said. The Cantina is ours. Good times, great years. Next stop Pensacola! —JMuls, bro 'till the end.

The man that always kept me laughing with his random jokes and funny insights! I will always remember the good times we had in Ricketts and how much time we spent watching movies in the wardroom on the weekends. Thanks for all the advice you gave me when it came to girls! The names are not necessary! Good times in Myrtle Beach, especially the House of Blues! No matter what the other guys call you, you're always Jess Dogs to me! Thanks for the laughs and good times. I will miss ya, Fly Right, and Fly High! Always watch your six! —William Solis

The stage at the Cantina...WOW! Long talks, intramural hoops, Whoppers, Big Bite Combos, Six Flags - the closest you ever came to dating an alpha code. The 9mm incident at the gate - you look good, even in cuffs! The best of friends, always willing to pump it up. Keep living your dreams. —Wad

Allison Leigh Rogde
Nacogdoches, TX
Surface Warfare

Don't mess with Texas....women! Allie, A-Rod, Texaschik. 100% extrovert, crazy girl. Always up for a little two-stepping, road tripping, coffee drinking, shower dancing, penguin walking... but take her out early or she'll be asleep before you know it- self-proclaimed narcoleptic. Plebe year brought fun memories-"Wonderwoman" and N.S.'s "Uninvited" love. Youngster year- hmm...what did we do that we can still talk about?! 2/c Air Force exchange- traded her Navy cheerleading uniform for Air Force pom-pons, flew gliders and jumped out of airplanes- FREE FALL! Summertime fun included Scaminar, Med cruise (Rome anyone?), Australian For-Ex, Plebe Summer Weapons Battalion Commander. She loves to laugh and give others plenty of reasons to laugh at her- too bad she's always the last to get the jokes! True blonde we'd all agree. Now, trusting the Lord, she's heading to Japan and starting her career as a Surface Warfare officer. Matthew 28:19-20. Brooke, Jen, Abs, Les- Thanks for the memories- "No man is the whole of himself. His friends are the rest of him." DZ-God has great things in store for both of us. Mom, Dadna, and Am- you are my heroes. Lord, thank you, for I am truly blessed. Numbers 6:24-26.

Joseph Robert Shusko

Stafford, VA
Marine Corps Ground

"Spooning the upper-class the night before Herndon after coming back from 40 y/o Sarah's place; the barn; butt surgery" -WDHSmitty. "Fun with Jeeps (the bigger the Jeep, the smaller the...uh...shoe size?); Thanks for the pictures of your surgery; 'Gonads in the lightning'" -Bigdeenus. "Joey 'The Tub' Shusko, the gambler, driver of the best Jeep ever; 'Are you ever going to use that kayak you keep in your room?' Hit it up on cruise; Next stop, TBS" -JMuls. "Good times in 6-3; Hairiest man alive; Good times to come on the cruise" -Billy (The Mexican). "No I will not change your dressings; Tank Racer Champs; Human-Hockey-Puck; No Matthew it was not about states rights!" -MGH (Gingras). "My tri suit looked a little snug" -Marty Don. "Hey, how 'bout 2 summers together, oh yeah, and a couple of Plebers too" -Los. "Next stop: The Big Suck! Hey Joe, is your dad gonna kill me? Ahhh, Atlantic City, great plan, but where's all our money? New Orleans! I don't remember, do you? Atlanta to Annapolis in 20 hours and 5 inches of snow, we survived, barely." -T. "Thanks for the $2 CD's. 700 miles divided by 58 mph? History major work ethic (oxymoron?); Duvall Street" -David Banker Thomas II. "Rolling into JMU at halftime; Bringing the Boom on the Bus in Clemson" -JBoom. "Paulie, I'm gonna take the goal kicks." -Matt (Mizz) Israel. Thanks to everyone for a great 4 years. How much longer do we have?

Howard Deane Smith

New Orleans, LA
Marine Corps Ground

Four years of boat school....yup, they definitely got every single nickel up there. What an experience, what a long and colorful four years, what relief to be D-U-N, what a burger..."tap, tap, tap, [pause], hehehe."...Getting hit on at the pull-up bars...bumpy..."hey guys, this stuff won't catch fi...[FLASH] ...oops" JC and MH on 6-4...Mr. Yuck and the tattooed few...Rip...Valentine's Dance/ UR...JMU...MONSTER TRUCK...ZM's submerged tank trail experience...coat hangers: more useful than duct tape...trolls...the Strange...have I seen that necklace before?...bean dance... three stooges...stylin' plebe year hair..."Smith, rig for sea!"...gay dinosaur...interesting "hospitality" at Tides Inn... 2 old women + 2 under-aged girls + 2 women of ill-repute + 1 ex-con + "everything in moderation" + 10 mids = Myrtle Beach...FDC/FNC Cruise ...Theeeere's NO business like SWO business, the ONLY business Mike knows!!!...Interesting finds on the Internet ("hey guys...look at this!") ...[insert your own dot-dot here] ...WOOHOO...This place has definitely been an interesting kind of fun. Thanks to all, esp. Mom and Dad, I love you both. Thanks for always being there for me; you have no idea how grateful I am to have you both. Best of luck to everyone! And now, "Say good night, Dick." (Good night, Dick).

William David Hunt Smith

Chipley, FL
Submarine Warfare, Nuclear

Room 6422, "The Barn" as it was known in 23rd company, and the closest thing 5 guys had to a home plebe year. We never knew anyone could tell a 10-minute story about absolutely nothing until we met Big Willie Style. After Will and Gerome Banks started hanging out they seemed to be attached at the hip. Whether it was the $125 tab they got Will's first time he met JD, the late and crazy nights in Philly, or just any Saturday they walked around town enjoying some "orange juice." But some of the best Will Smith stories he learned about the next day when he would discover strange handwriting on his butt. (More to come once the pictures get developed.) Now after 4 years of corrupting people on Panama City Beach, God only knows how many B-ball championships, a year of trying to figure out which Will or which Smith people wanted from 8137 and uncountable trips to DTA, it is time to get out of here, and "GET HUNGRY!!!" (Maybe for a little Chinese take-out) Sexy Hips and Sexy Lips

William Alexander Solis
Houston, TX
Surface Warfare

Well, it's over. The long journey of becoming an officer has almost come to an end. From the hard times spent at NAPS studying, to the present, I think all the hard times and the bitter winters were all worth it. It takes time and hard work to make things that are worth doing happen, nobody knows that better than I do. I never realized what the "alumni" meant when they said, "I wouldn't be here today standing before you as a Naval Academy graduate, if it was not for the love and care that my classmates gave me", until now. My classmates that have pushed me through would have to be, "Everyone that went to the Myrtle Beach Trip, Josh Awad, Dusty Casey, Danielle Fournier, Tim Stanford, T Alford, Joe Shusko, Justin Mason, Will Smith." Now for some kind words from my crew. Billy the Kid, Starfighter, Long Island Ice Teas, "Bills is getting bomb tinskied", SWO Daddy- (John Mullen). "Let's go to Latin Palace" (Josh Awad). "Best Dancers in any Club ever, that we have been to"-(Justin Mason). Dancing Machines, you still got to save me a seat at Ruthies, life won't be the same without ya, "no matter how much we all gotta grow up someday, you'll always be Billy to me"(Jesse Reed). "Wendy's w/ West street Walker, Three Stooges (the original), Smirnoff Ice (Yummy)"-(Deane Smith). I will never forget all the memories that we have made as member of 23rd Company or 28th Company. Now lets look to the future with hopes of making more precious memories.

Timothy Lee Stanford
Cedar Lake, IN
Submarine Warfare

The boy who claims he was hatched from an egg and therefore has no birthday.

He likes to do silly things like climbing rocks snowboarding. He pays more per DAY for insurance than anyone I've ever met. Does this stop him from driving a green CAMARO? With the mantra "Girls Stink" he surrounds himself by them, hmmm. AMP. PT beast — German Proficiency Badge to the Marine Corps marathon, this guy could do it all, except drive. When he wasn't on a road trip, he could always find the time to fix your computer or help you with EE, because he was never doing his own homework. He was a good friend in hard times and always gave advice that was, well...blunt. He introduced me to the ways of the restrictee and showed me the ropes. You can't do a three thousand mile road trip in a MIATA with just anyone. (with about 400 little boxes of cereal). He slowly learned how a little air-freshener goes a long way. DRC. How do you get a 0.2 on an inspection? PS2 and continuous FIFA leads to Dant's list? He single handedly kept Radio Shack in business. Fieldball all-star team. BSH

Abigail Lee Stiles
Chatham, IL
Surface Warfare

Abs, Abster, Abby. From tiny crew coxswain to substantial power-lifter to marathoner, Abby is and forever will be "tough as nails." Oh how scandalous but educational those San Diego beaches can be. Now she can teach others what should and should not be brought to the beach, how to find Sara's, and how to design the perfect beach house. Dancing on the tables in a quaint little establishment in Israel? . . . that can't be Abby, can it? — 10-mile mornings for the USMC and 50-mile marathons . . . two years in a row. It isn't craziness when it's a passion! When she can't take anymore, she escapes for some coffee, a good book, a massage, or a glass of Reisling to calm the nerves. If that doesn't work, Stubborn All-Stars or Beastie Boys can always bring a smile. Her roommates' torture techniques include hiding the candy, making a mess, and relentless tickling.— Boys will be boys . . . until they're men she'll stay away. Maybe one day she WILL start that singles support group until her knight in shining armor comes to her rescue.— Now she's off and "running" once again to a new adventure in Japan as a Surface Warfare officer. With the Lord as her guide, seeking the ultimate prize, let the race continue! 1Corinthians 9:24-27.

David Banker Thomas II
West Chester, PA
Submarine Warfare

The Banker, Wendy's man, beer pong legend. I wish I was a grease monkey. 6th wing Coke machine. At the Cantina we are all 35. "Hey guys, here's a good joke...JC!!" The Russian. Myrtle Beach...WOW!! Made in the 80's...the mid-80's. Billy needs to hit the bars. "What time is it?...it's Quarter Till!" The many bets lost. The Camaro accident. Mdawgs and Ldawgs. Ring Dance. Street hockey. Billy recruiting at UPenn after Army-Navy. Bar Ricketts. FDC!! Octopodes? Birthday documentary. Open it on the steering wheel or the dashboard. John, you forgot your blanket. You fell asleep doing WHAT? Engine math. Instant Messenger-the source of all my problems. Billy at the Yacht Club. I'm ok man, I'm at 85%. We're roadies-we take nothing but the shirts on our backs. Marine jokes. Get in the fight Thomas! Taking our "last shot" while Jesse crashed the flight simulator. The Northern XO. "Unite us, unite the crews." FGC is looking a little pale. Nelly. HOB. Keep your sub out of trouble and don't be a liberty risk!

If I had to do it again I don't know if I would, but I'm glad I got to do it with you dorks. I'll miss you all. Next stop, SC!!!

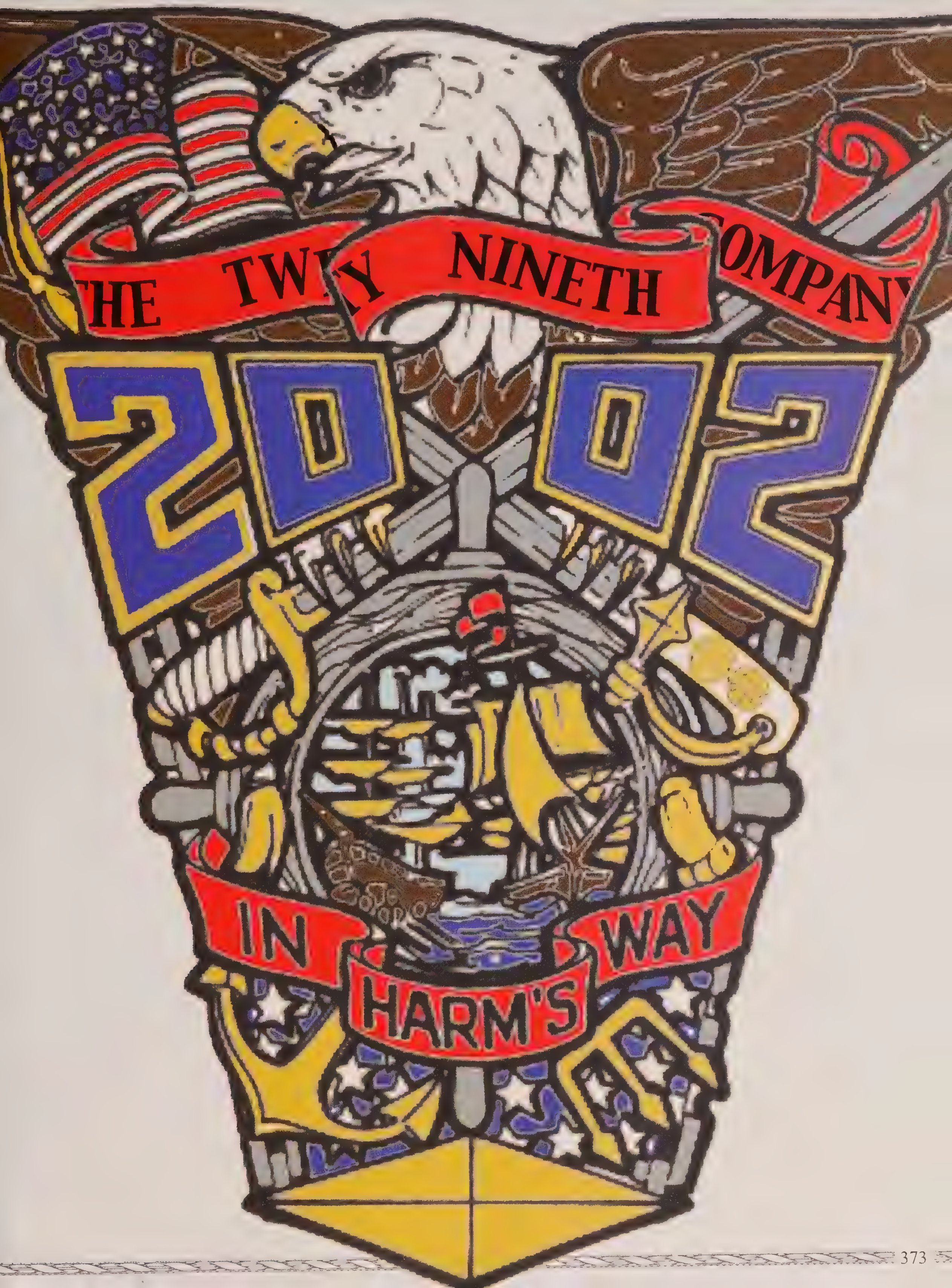
-JSM, WAS, JMC

Marty Don Timmons
Cleburne, TX
Surface Warfare

Campfires, cowboy boots, and Confederate flag boxers...two kegs and a triathlon... soccer girls and a New Year's kiss...hey youngsta... Marty got a __ for his birthday and all I got is this stupid hat...you might as well have been '01... Just going running? Just going on a road trip? Yes, I'm a twin, and yes, we are identical, I guess the spider buoy was a little farther than we expected, and a whole lot colder...Ring Dance post party with the grocery cart, detail with a blown up knee, DB, Dan, did yall hear that noise? Denny's runs, 21st at Mertle Beach..., getting sized up at the pool thanks to my swim buddy (I'll get you back for that one, Sid), Nate being Mills in the desert, fixn2b17... Nico and I are the only ones who held out... we almost made it to croquet season and no you can't meet my brother...Los, thank God you can do egg beaters, and it's been a blast with you and Justin. Steph and Lace, we wouldn't have made it without you... Rod, Turb, Nico, Dan, EK, MBT, Cairo, Jimbo and a ton of others, thank you all for the good times.

Jarrod Michael Trant
Newark, CA
Submarine Warfare

Hey, Love. How you doin'? You tape my Smack Down? Ooh-rah. Hundreds of books but still I think my calling is engineering. What was I thinking.. nuke school once, second times a charm. Ooh-rah. You think that I talk fast, well it's just that you listen slow. "I am the Pumpkin King." Youngster Backshaft parties. It's not on the wrong side, it's my Command at Sea pin. Dirty Old Men can wear socks with sandals and big straw hats. Sunday night games and grungee coffee mugs. Who can study when there are computer games that need playing. Congratulations to the Submarine company, see you in the fleet. Thanks to KMF, MER, TAD, DBT, and JLC for putting up with those late night calls. Good luck in the Corps NM. First, last, and always I love you, Jen.


THE TWTY NINETH OMPAN
2002
IN HARM'S WAY

Jamie Bartz
Pima, Az
Navy Pilot

Jamie, Jamers, James. “Hey there Friend,” let’s leave some scones for the guys…nah they’ll never know we had them… 0530 p/t where? — Ok I’ll be there… So the Arizonian goes north, little cold? Ouch! The sun, it’s too hot for me, I’m going to hide in the shade… Let’s fly Helos in Pendleton!… Strawberry milk friends for a lifetime, thanks for the memories -BAO Convert the world to frappuchinos? Failed, miserably. Graduate with a degree in Aerospace Engineering? Passed, barely (ok, not THAT barely). Gain friends for a lifetime? Successful, completely. While not as fun as tractor driving or road trips to G-town, Rotorhead, great things are in store for you! Thanks for all the encouragement! Your A-#1 fan- Megs

Neil Hamilton Brubeck
Corpus Christi, TX
USMC Pilot

Your tires may be bigger, but mine is still better. “Mista Brubeck, wake up Mista Savarese, you sink I do not see you back zere, but I dew.” – Frenchy. Best of luck to you. Steely Eyed Neilly, What’s with the truck, are you compensating? Meeting forCompany Commanders?...”Jake, be there.” A spasm of violence, Eat your greens,sucka! A great Athlete, brother, I’ll see you out there. Dude, I just saw another mouse run across your desk. Sir? Sir what? Were youabout to call me . . . Neil! Livalie. Uncle Adolfo. The dust is not blue! Django.CSK on the ab-roller. Goodnight. I’ll just put that down there for a second. Micein the ceiling. NB, is that your phone again, its 2 a.m. Maybe you should check under your pillow. “It’s not my blue dust.” The Man with the Big Hat. Texas Aggie. You wanna run an inner? Never livin’ below the third deck and it never gets easier. Show the flag—the Texas flag, that is. Sleep tight. “Uh…you mean,dinner?” Cleanest room in the company. Evening meals in KH with DG and CK. I’m pinning this credit card to my board. Get the point, dude.Tiny, owner of the little truck. Little guns, big heart. Often seen swinging his stick around the stadium. Hey where’d Ian go ...I think he went for a run... a ver...that first step errr rather crawl off the plane in Cancun...nice buddy. Thank you bro for always being there- SF-BDP, DHS, KJB, DM, CSK

Michael Bigrigg
Santa Ana, CA
USMC Ground

You will miss at least 3 classes this semester.WRONG, NHB; St.Patty’s day’01...does anybody know who that girl was?Or that one?Did I know her either?You know what, I’m really not that hungry...you go ahead and have it Mike...it’s all yours.You don’t look so Big to me Rigg.”Jimi.”Mike, you’re telling me you went through six period today without a TIE?”The”collector”at the horse parties.This is for the future parties that we will have, since you will be the intimidating one when we go around getting moneys.and Also:one of the few remaining survivor’s of the Wicks era.B.F.The three stooges will exist no more at the academy, but Travis and I will continue the Best Buy runs, Dahlgren at9pm even though you guys are cutting weight, and Al and Sue love me more anyway. Remember to pay the gas bill(Lloyd Christmas),good luck Biggy.Stephen.It’s great knowing that you have a friend willing to drive all over Annapolis for you.You’re that friend.Lazzo.Here we have Mr. Bigrigg, who does not know how to make his rack.We will stand at present-arms, until Mr. Bigrigg gets back!No teaming up in Risk!We ARE watching Survivor in the wardroom.Casey Our friendship isn’t just about laughs, I’d help you anytime anywhere buddy.The ”absent-minded marine.” Travis

John Francis Campbell
Denton, MD
USMC Ground

John "Soup" Campbell from Denton, Maryland. My roommate for all four years at the Academy a true friend from the beginning, starting that night Plebe summer in Memorial Hall, over looking the Chesapeake. But to know John best would be to say he always had a smile and outgoing personality that could turn even the grayest of situations into a humorous one, whether it be Plebe summer and laughing over Green Dump trucks, shinning shoes and starting a water fights, or M&M wars at O-dark thirty while writing a paper that is due in the morning. He always knew when someone needed a slap on the back or a double-leg-take-down. He was the emergency Mr. Fix it, from light bulbs and blinds, to the repelling lockSMITH. He introduced us to all the NARC majors in our class and most of them at midnight. He was a member of the Navy Varsity Wrestling team, and though he may have not earned a letter, he earned the respect from a lot of people with his tenacious attitude. You'll be an awesome Marine because you don't let anyone else quit on themselves-PWS. Semper Fi and Fair winds. JDH and SLNH

Travis Alan Chapman
Cochranton, PA
Submarine Warfare

Chaplain Chappy, Marine recon spiritual leader. We have been roommates since plebe year, where you stayed home and the thought about Knockers. I hounded you for being a D&B dork and talking to yourself in the mirror, but those faults were overcome by the everlasting images of the lamp dance, the hanger contraptions, and the chappy flashes (underwhere?) Only Chappy would join the secret service to deliver the 'special mello case', and tumble Malibou like water. The term decent and the office were given new meaning. NO MORE MARGARITA'S FOR YOU! So how cold was the CO water? The snow angels were defiled, and so were the tenants. How much can a Coke can hold? Chappy got ridden-he's the donkey man! Mr T. and his New Age girl. Sorry about the clocks and coffee pot (I swear I'll replace them). Through it all though I wanted to say thanks for the words of advice, the way you were there through it all, I wouldn't trade you for the world.

Andrew John Chauvin
Simi Valley, CA
Navy Pilot

You bought me those margaritas, so it's your fault! You can put it away. Sorry about your car. Thanks for the advice over the years, and unplugging the phone at night behind my back. People always need true friends like you. Assault Team One! Youngster Year on 5-3. Trip to Corpus Christi, and the Everclear. Spring Break in San Diego- now THAT was shady. Best of luck in the Fleet! Drew Chauvin, the swimmer, the man, the legend. He was always there to remind us that there are people in this world that aren't too smart and that you are probably one of them. Seriously, he was a great friend and was always there for anyone who needed it. FLY NAVY!!!! In Key West we found That Girl(the Col's Daughter). You always had your friend Stoli along and was a daredevil on a scooter. How can we forget the succubus and starting to drive her off with the margaritas? How many times did we unplug the phone? I will miss the backpacking, not to mention that perfect Bud on the top of Mt. Sheridan with the smokejumper. Chauvdawg, you always had the best bats and the cookies, how about another batch?—BWF CSK GGK NHB SAM SH

John Michael Cronauer
Virginia Beach, VA
Navy Pilot

Several key ingredients go into Mike Cronauer, aka. Iron Mike, aka. Cronuts. First take 100lbs of water, several Outback Steaks, 30lbs of whey protein, 10lbs of Creatine, 10lbs of glutamine, and an assortment of various steroids and then let them sit in a company area all weekend next to weights, aero homework, a Boondock Saints video, and the entire U2 anthology finally you will have Mike, the elusive intellectual meathead who is occasionally seen at Outback, Bugsy's, or UVA with Mr. Steel. –ILK

Well aside from that great introduction from Gomez, I'd just like to say "I'm not a meathead!!…really!" PT with Elmo, Gatorade with Chris and Smitty, skiing with "the wrecking crew," weekend trips with C-Masta and Rip, and many weekends spent in the hall working on aero with Jack. Thanks for all of the memories guys.
GOOD TIMES!!

Tarek Elmasry
St. Paul, MN
Navy Pilot

Let me see your warface! Deeestruuuctionnn!!! I am surrounded by too many Marines. The assault team lives on, may we please have a moment of silence for Mr. Ahn. Don't worry Neil and Drew I will go to bed eventually. Army week and the legendary pillow case incident will never be surpassed. Bigrigg and Sternberg I am not a nudist! Jake, demonstrate an atomic situp for Mr. Corso. Scott, I am all out of money and do not have 50 cents for you to buy a soda. The memories, late night torture courtesy of the EE department, the med cruise, jump school, Gilligan, Skipper and YP683, the office. Commissioning week and Riordans, remember Casey?
Who'd have thought our beloved Comrade would be a Trident geek?-JFC Keeping us laughing and guessing at the same time. "Where's Tarek?" Golfing, Oh that's a surprise. Well finally after 4 years I think my country tongue can pronounce name. Semper Fi and Fair Winds-JDH
Go Naval Aviation! To all those who supported me during my time here by the bay, thank you!

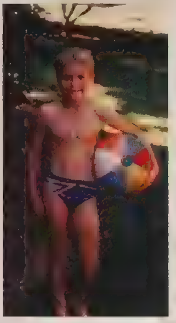
Phillip W. Emery
Great Falls, VA
Submarine Warfare

Aramis. About my friend Felipe... Plebe year in nazi 9 wouldn't have been the same without him. Aramis was always quick to laugh, even from the front leaning rest. We took on all the stripes and told them that we would leave this place after two years for something tougher, but that we would be back and we would be better. He was the better man. The best example of that is when I shot off my finger at "our sponsors house". I went running into the house to show him what I had done and heard him in the bathroom. I walked right in while he was sitting on the pot and showed him my bloody finger. Once 44-45 saw what happened he immediately jumped up, not even bothering to wipe, and shoved me into the vette so we could get to the hospital. True friends don't take time to clean up when their buddy is bleeding to death. To my Stormin Mormon compadre who has always been there with me in both fields, best wishes Count. Run silent and run deep…"The dice of God are always loaded". - Semper Fidelius nuke daddy. NHB,WJS,BDS,EP(Ret)

Christopher Fodera
Staten Island, NY
USMC Ground

Chris Fodera. 2nd LT Fodera. Many people had their doubts as to whether or not we would even graduate. Now they question how we both made it to the Marine Corps. Roommate, shipmate, brother, I couldn't have asked for a better friend. All the things we have been thru, Norfolk fish shopping, Maine thinking about going camping, oh and don't forget about the guy with the only green hat on the Estocin. Then we went to California. Next time you go to the west coast take some sun tan lotion. You and your sweet-talking self. Zulu in Montreal, great idea why don't you do a belly slide while you're at it. But don't forget service selection. The fofo special! Surface Warfare, wah wah, tear tear, Marine Corps. Good luck in all you do, Semper Fi brother!!!!
-Jeff Speakman

Mom, Dad, Jenn, Liz, Andrea, Alex and Joe.......thanks for everything and I Love you!!!



Benjamin Weber Foster
Delray Beach, FL
Navy Pilot

MHR: Phrases taken directly from the Dictionary of Ben and translated by his secretary: 1) *just friends*: denial 2) *iwanplaypinpong*: Benspeak 3) *two beers*: enough 4) *snuggles*: something men **never** do 5) *epiphany:* brunettes are safer than blondes 6) *chipmunk*: antonym-"long term investments". My "friend", it's all about dominance — your little tiger. JWW: My teammate, my antagonist, my brother. Finally committing to the Unclub, Ben was without question our best player and one of my best friends. Your life had other priorities than rolling to the bars and discotheques, but you will be remembered for your selflessness and unwavering love for friends and family. DRM: The freckled grin in Colorado, and dancing the night away. Ace and Gary riding again. The middle was calling your name, but you couldn't give up the dictatorship! High and tight? No! The whites and the wings get the girls. Thanks for the reality checks and being the best friend anyone could have. TAC: How do you deal with a succubus who sucks your life dry? Or roll someone over who incessantly snores. How to make time fly....literally. 4 years of fun and one best friend later. Don't worry about the coffee pot. Thanks for being such a great friend, and a brother, too. LMF: You lit up my life for two years…and while further apart, you continually influence who I have become.

Daniel Edward Good
Centerview, MO
USMC Ground

Retained orthopedic fixation devices?? Army Navy game plebe year – boy, did we get shot down that night? Brothers dating Sisters. "Casey, you listening to me?" Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat. Set the alarm for 0430. Turtles and machetes. Evening meals in KH with CK and NB. MPF, my first love. "discussions" with Ev. "Daniel, Don't Get Mad." Eating in KH at the most inconvenient times. Great memories with MPF. Neil, look…more blue dust…hmm Work outs with NB and CK. Recon…CK you get the glitter. CSK on the ab-roller. Convincing Ev to go Marines. Recon to St. John's....anyone put the boat back? Did Slav-dog get you with the teabag? Evenings at the Macaroni Grill with MPF and '01. Laying down the law as SGT MAJ. Spring Break '01. Charleston? The ironman with the stiff-arm at Indigo Lounge. How did you lose $50.00 at penny poker??...the Schlager's there for you....2 yr. Anniversary under the bridge. Keeping the elder Good out of trouble. To be and not to seem. Ring Dance w/ MPF. Dancing the jig. A great friend and brother and a great future Marine. I'm glad to be here! Semper Fi! Praise the Lord! EMG, NHB, CSK, JDS.

Kelly Marie Gray
Edmond, OK
Medical Corps

"Whether you think that you can, or that you cannot, you are usually right." -Henry Ford From her chosen sport (backbreaking crew), to her military duties (Training Sgt and Battalion Ops), to her academic major (chemistry) and even her service selection (Medical), Kelly is the paramount example of ambition. Indeed, she doesn't seem to do anything the *easy way*, choosing the hardest professors for her classes and always taking on extra projects for her numerous activities (yet always amazing us all by completing tasks no one thought were humanly possible!). Endless energy and enthusiasm are her trademarks as she rushes off to yet another Glee Club Practice (where she is a Siren) or to another three-hour block in the lab. A dedicated scholar (who else studies MCATs over spring break?!!), she can always tell you a (bad) chemistry joke or some other (random) interesting fact. People are her highest priority and her family is her passion. You can often find her either helping someone with their problems or calling home to her loving parents and sister. A steadfast friend and caring person. She will someday be an amazing doctor. AH –Love you- JM

Jacob D Hall
Naples, NY
USMC Ground

Jake- "Beef" **USMC,** What a great guy. The first person I got to talk humanly to during plebe summer (MemHall). Who else would room with me for four years? It's been a long time since we had to sleep in the closet, and had spontaneous waterfights broken up by O-3's, and burnt everything known to man. You probably never saw how hard he worked. It certainly all paid off in the end. Jake was one of the most respected guys in the company, with good reason. Aside from threatening environmental harm to my beloved Bay, I don't think there is a mean bone in his body. He was always willing to listen to my rantings. Did time as 1st Sgt, Company Commander, tailgate chef, and youngster duty-van driver. He used to regale us with tales of steers and throwing little kids in manure. Little did we know that there really wasn't anything to do in Naples. It's too bad he spent all that time in Rickover, Mech E, better you than me! The "Swirly" detailer (2x) and finally fieldball champs. The long hump is finally over. –JFC, SLNH

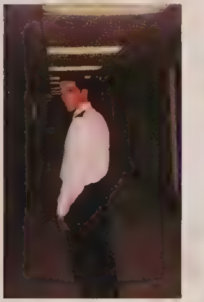
Courtney Lee Holland
Atlantic City, NJ
Surface Warfare

Court-dawg in the house. The Black Guy. He'll bust a cap in you. Quite possibly the best roommate I have ever had. He kept me sane when I needed it and even made me clean my side of the room once or twice. Good luck on your ship and may you be promoted to Admiral. PEACE OUT COURT DAWG!!.........The good twin. Quiet in earlier years, Courtney suddenly transformed into a wild man. Every weekend a different club and every club a different girl. He fought a never ending struggle against all odds to get the entire company to go out. – Nasty......... Play on playa; I left my sobriety at home; closet geek; "I go to school in Annapolis"; making up for 'lost' time; "I can't get enough of me baby" – your bro........Let me guess what you are doing this weekend, Courtney- going to a club? You and me- the only volunteer SWOs. Best of luck in the Fleet- I'll see you around. – KC

Stephen Lyman Northrop Huber
Lake Forest, IL
Navy Pilot

Stephen Huber aka: "Hubber," "Gary," "Fatty," and a host of others. **Navy Air** We tried to lock him out plebe year, but he just moved right in. Probably the most technologically challenged person I've ever met. How do you change the oil? Could talk his way into anything though. Who are we going to dinner with next? That'll cost you a nickel. Death threats after writing<*Insert Random Comment Here*> the youngster watch bill. **Go Navy Squash!** A Marine, With that room? Suck in that gut and tell me how hard PoliSci really is. It's been fun. JFC, JDH

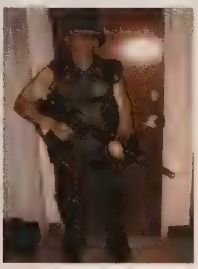
McCann: Blair squash and all the young ladies. Plebe year and traveling, Interesting encounters with the BSO, running interference: "How far can one guy run on a boat?" YP's with smitty, only god knows how many years that cost us. From Blair to USNA, achievement of the impossible. Jake, John- I forgive you for being grunts. Two great friends, loyal, brutally honest. Regardless of what happened I always had to check for tacks. G's: I cant believe that two people could provide so much support and advice. Family: where would I be without you. Everyone else: see you around. **AUGHT 2**



Casey Kirkpatrick
Johnstown, NY
Surface Warfare

CASEY! You have earned yourself the crazy reputation you deserve. Just remember when you are alone and scared, Max Striker is there to say 'Fine, Thankyou' Live-a-lie, libby-lye, Libby Hoeler, who knows what you're saying. Guys watching Survivor in our wardroom?- lets go down another deck! COMEON!!! Mice behind the books- oops, I left more food back there. Roooley Poooley. Caveman hair- sheds in the bathroom. The ab-roller. "It's not my blue dust." I was in a stampede once… Turtles and machetes. Atomic situps. Hi camera! Worked out today- I can eat desert tonight. Let's go on a recon…anyone got any glitter? Taco Tuesday with Tarek. Assault Team One and the halls of Valhalla. A ringer on the 29th Company Sandlot softball team, rendering the opponent ineffective through laughter. Glad you enjoyed the beef. We used to go running in Utes & boots? Upstate. Breaking out into showtunes in our room. So you want to major in Aero and be an astronaut, huh? Navy Model; the Honors English Major who loves comic books and the Red Sox; the cheerful over-achiever who knew just about everyone in our class. Thanks for the friendship and laughs, best of luck in all things.

DAS,CMM,DEG,MBB,NHB,TE,JB,JDH,CSR



Ian Lindsay Knowles
Palestine, TX
USMC Ground

Knasty Knowles, HOOOOORAAAAHHHHH!!!!!. Just give him a K-Bar and let him go on your enemy whether it is a terrorist or a shark. He will get the job done, just don't expect to see your camelback again. –SM

Yo, Yo, Yo check it. He's the nastiest the illest, the real slim shady from the east side of Texas. He was a real hard charger. Never argue with him cause he's usually right, or will make you think that way. International lady's man. From gun slinging Costa Ricans to home cooking mama' sans, they love his style. Club-hopping, dance floor dropping, he knew what the weekends were for. –CH

"You wanna do what?!#$ After convincing Ian Knowles that the Army Rangers really didn't need his services, he since developed into a fine Midshipman who will soon begin training to scare wrongdoers everywhere as a US Marine. The man of many faces – Nasty Knowles, aka. GOMEZ, has confused many people in his days here. True to his redneck roots, Gomez drives a mullet car and speaks with a cheesy twang when trying to impress the fine ladies of Japan….hmmm….Okinawa, Marines, Japanese women….I see a pattern. And to close, "You're cancelled!!" -JMC

David Bradley Krahe
Moreland Hills, OH
Submarine Warfare

Dave from the privileges of being a plebe on a varsity sport to dodging 4 major conduct offenses all at once I have yet to meet someone with the ability to work the system quite like yourself. Oh yea lets not forget about the incident in Newport with you the bouncers and three police officers. Was she really that hot? I hope she was worth it! The sailing team explorer in Storm trysail parking lot at 3AM. The mysterious USNA AAC Instruction whatever no alcohol on the yard. A rather memorable night after your 21st the double of Wild Turkey, ending the night at 9:30 with you screaming I wanna make babies to your girlfriend on the phone. The constant on off drama of you and your girlfriend, maybe someday you'll be able to narrow in on what you want and be decisive. Its been a blast and will continue for years to come.

Christopher Mara Martyn
Bridgewater, NJ
Navy Pilot

You have been my truest and most constant friend at USNA since plebe summer and we were pulling each other through runs. hmm...other fun memories: you will always be "the fixer of computers", Mr. Romance with a girl on each arm (on either side of the door) To the end, hardworking, diligent, and completely dedicated to your major(s), to your girlfriends, and to your friends. The Navy couldn't ask for a better candidate to become a pilot. The dress is definitely your color. Ring dance dinner where you had the same uniform as the waiters. Always the smooth talker, able to get out of a monstrous speeding ticket, just by being in mess dress, with a beautiful woman on your arm. -KMG

Chris, what can I say about him, but that he was as good at life as he was at skiing. But seriously he was a good friend. He was always there when I needed help, whether it was with my computer or my life. And finally VOTE STEVE HUBER PRESIDENT. - SAM

When was the last time you looked in your Gatorade bottle? The Matador costume must live in infamy. Oh, so you're a singer, too? Fine, don't take the meat bridge. -CSK

Scott Alexander McCord
Watertown, MA
Navy NFO

Scottie too Hottie went by many names, S2H, papa Scott, or Don Yakaveta. He was the ultimate rumor mill. Once, he convinced thousands of a brigade wide pinworm epidemic. Many trembled in fear of an oncoming hoarde of "alpha whiskies" waiting to emerge from the heads. Although selected for NFO, I believe good ole papa Scott will end up running PSYOPS someday. You were the greatest squad leader I have ever seen. And yes, you write fitreps better than anyone else. Turns out you didn't get squad leader of the semester because the squad leader of the century is disqualified from competition. You take care of people like no one else here - from the Scottie-Too-Hottie dating service to being a coach for the PRT failure club. And I can definitely give him credit for all my skiing skills. I know of no other man who could go out 5 days before Ring Dance and find dates for four other people and then not have a date any other weekend. There aren't many ways to brighten someone's day around the academy, but adding Scott to the mix is one of them… especially when he comes bearing rumors! We'll chill in P-Cola. Last word: Clean your stuff up!!!!

Michael John Messemer
Newtown, CT
Navy Pilot

I'd like to begin this by saying "You're Cancelled." I would also like to thank the aero department for making these four years so enjoyable. I don't know where I'd be without the wisdom I gained in Gas Dynamics. I still managed to find enough free time to watch Boondock Saints at least ten-thousand times in the wardroom, and throw down a few signature car bombs at Sean Donlon's. The best times of all had to be on the slopes. If you ever get the chance to go skiing with Chris Martyn I highly recommend it. S2H can also be entertaining when skiing around small children. It's unfortunate that the wrecking crew didn't get down to UVA more often. Mr. Steel will rise again at flight school and make his presence known to frats across the south. Don't ever try to "mack truck" me again. And a special thanks to JMC and Gomez for playing that really soothing sleep music.

Mike Mieres
San Juan Capistrano, CA
Surface Warfare

What's not to like about Mike Mieres. He's pretty much the smartest guy I know, and he'll let you know it. He's always willing to ask you to go pick up food for him, because he's too busy to do it himself. On the off chance that he goes to pick up his own food he'll take your car, and not ask or let you know. He also won't bother to bring you back any food. He told me he thought about getting a car once, and then decided that having me be his personal taxi driver was much cheaper. On vacations it's always nice to bring Mike along for laughs. He likes to take naps behind couches when he is tired; the party that is going on around him doesn't even faze him. He can be interesting to talk to if you can get him on any subject other than computer games. I can't say I liked him when I first met him, but he grows on you like a wart. As far as friends go, I could ask for no better. Good luck driving ships buddy.

JWC

Jeffrey Charles Mund
Glen Arm, MD
Navy Pilot

"These are the days we'll remember, today, yesterday and the day we met."
Thanks for the re-cons, long talks, frat lessons, and trips to T.J., striper alley, wall jumping, the 5 pillars, Dog and Roos C.C. team, and many 3 dog nights(for both of us). Thank you Jeff for everything you have given me: the love, knowledge, patience, and endless friendship… "and even when May is rushing over you with desire, know that these are the days we'll remember." JCF

Moosey and Cheddars and Dog oh my! They might mention–dome at the dome, Fenno mophia, the five ton hand, Lurkey, "01 wants to know", the ability to silence oneself, you owe me 10 bucks, "what are we", missing Navy vans, 0530 v-ball practices, lamby lamb, skateboarding for Corky, no skivvii shorts, escorting clarity to the door, Raff/Ratt, boot day, mund logic, 126 Dock street, O.C.late night, flerndips, "gotta love roofies", trips to Bmore, the Dant, the Sup, the fleet, decorated E-dog, but the funny thing about E-Dogs is, so whats that make you? B.S.Gov, Head restrictee, alphabet soup chef, Black N with 4 stars, R&R veteran, naval aviator? It's all in the mix! PKO, BBL

Mommers, Big Dog, Moshy, and Kim. Without your love and support I would be lost, my thanks are infinite.

-"When all are one and one is all, to be a rock and not a roll."-RP, JP, JB, JPJ

-"Never doubt God's ability to change a man."-Les Mis

Andrew Humbird Myers
Yarmouth, ME
Surface Warfare

Brian Psolka
Yuma, AZ
USMC Pilot

Athos. Wombat. Smalls, owner of the lemon. Bulletproof…ha yeah right. NYC and RMPA!!! but not without at least one major pending…Remember "Midshipman STOP!" = never good. What are LCDRs doing in the bushes in the middle of the night anyway?? You're gonna join the…cheerleaders?? Youngster year…South African au-pairs…VIVA CANCUN…A ver!- "Where's Ian going....aww, he said he's going clubing...Dude, you guys were cork blockin me." "I from Costa Rica…I sweeear" and then Commissioning week…'nuff said…better think about how good that steering wheel feels boy. Later on you should have learned to "Use the force Luke"…oops too late. KCJ fraternity brothers baby! Intro the three musketeers, but who's gonna be D'Artagnan? A ha- Ring Dance damn your date is HOT…and that guy will be a great addition to the room. They gave you three stripes?! If you didn't know that in Life, Business, and USNA, it's all about who you know, you should be thanking me for teaching you this valuable lesson." Anyone for a little Alphabet Soup…sure and I'll have a double Jack and Coke and a bottle of Dom. -Seriously, good friend to all - I'll see you out there brother. SF – NHB, WJS, PWE, BER

Melissa Helena Rains
Gold River, CA
Marine Corps Ground

To be the dominat female you must be a A) slave driver B) hard worker excelling in everything C) selfless, loving, and tender woman D) spitfire thirsting for life E) financial economist or F) all of the above. To choose, recall the long-term investments preparing her to live in her dream state, Florida. Eating is a priority, but showers are optional, except for the 4-wheeled favorite son. Therefore, G must be the correct answer to produce the dominant female in my life. -BWF

BIG Sister: You showed me the world of tight shirts and the fact that women are actually smarter then men. For that, and for your cool charisma, quiet zeal, and insurmountable patience we are all grateful. I look forward to seeing the path you take. Just don't ever forget your favorite engineers when writing about Polynesian economic struggles!-DRM

We've been friends from the start... two Cali girls stickin' together. Four great years filled with soccer, dancing, EATING, and N-stars! Whether surviving long bus trips, the Heidelberg flasher, or celebrity status in Little Italy, you've always been there for a listening ear and caring hug. I am so thankful for the decicated and loyal friend I've had for four years and for life. -HLH

Charles Stuart Robb
Savannah, GA
Surface Warfare

Chuck, Chuckie, Charlie, C. Robb, Chuckalope! C++ 20 hours in a car over a short weekend. The UGA football game was worth it. Remember the Terrible Tuesdays, the 55's, the Renegade meets, and the bus rides with Al to Quiet Waters or Annapolis HS, but most of all 'Your Gone!' Chuck some how always was the quietest guy in class, until class got out and then he couldn't be shut up. Spending Saturdays at the Swallow drowning the sorrows of another week of running. But hey, these are the best days of your life, right? What is a dazzling urbanite like yourself doing in a rustic setting like this? Chuck had his own interests which did not often coincide with the Academy's. Listening to punk bands, reading classic literature, or off running. Engineering class? Dude, I'm in an English Major. Homey don't play that game! The new kid in the neighborhood. Partner in crime for the best ska shows on the east coast (we're in... Delaware); Almost knows more Simpsons quotes than I do. Only Chuck would walk down a "rue de ville" in France with two pounds of raw hamburger and a six-pack. Charles in charge!!" Thanks for being a friend and someone with whom I could always mock everything with from the Academy to classes to life. Keep laughing and keep it fun.

CK, DS, NB,SR,DM,BA,MG, SM

William Joseph Sandvig
Somerville, NJ
Submarine Warfare

Porthos. He did it. Not always the way everyone else did it. But he did it. And the whole way he did it with a smile. It was that smile that marked him, that smile which set him apart. Far enough apart that he left his upper class pulling their hair out after his plebe year. "You are on all calls for how long?" But still the smile, the seemingly effortless positive spin on things. His rose-colored glasses were too thick for the screaming of 2000. And so he smiled, the smile of knowing new lifelong friendship.

Sophomore year he discovered his unparalleled ability to get caught, and he could be seen smiling in the uniform of the day, three or more times a day, for 147 days. But he was certainly smiling. Because no matter how bad things were there were always things to be grateful for. And so he smiled, the smile of knowing lifelong friendship and a new family.

Then the duet of brotherhood became a trio, and the three musketeers began their climb to power, but who will be D'Artagnan? The fraternity Brothers could not be stopped. Sorry, we don't do inspections. And so he smiled but this time the smile was complete, for he smiled the smile of knowing lifelong friendship, family, and new eternal love.

Thank you for your love I made it because of you BDP THATJ JLS PWE DAD.

Mary Helen Schnurman
Midlothian, VA
Navy NFO

From YP's to the lacrosse field and literally to the ends of the earth and back, I couldn't have made it without you and hope to never have to. The doublemint twins who are interchangeable in each other's families and have too many memoriesto even know where to begin. You have a heart of gold and wish nothing but the best for people. It's been a hell of a ride and the fun has just begun! CS

Biggie mars... although we met so late in the game I feel like I have known you my whole lif. From the moment I met you you accepted me as one of your own without even thinking about it. I can't think of anyone I would rather spend my next five years with. You are an amazing person and an even better friend. Love, Ness

Great education. Incredible friends. You all have kept me sane, brightened my days, and changed my life. I could narrow it down to a few., but in reality everyone of you whomI calla friend are amazing people and I feel honored to have known you these part few years. Best wishes to ou all. To my family-- words cannot express how much each and every one of you mean to me. You have pulled me through so many times wihtout even realizing it. A single conversation could make the difference betweeen a good week or a bad one. I love you all from the bottom of my heart and knowing you will be there to return to will forever keep me sane. Love Always, MS.

Patrick Walsh Skora
San Diego, CA
Surface Warfare

Separated from a stunningly similar brother, Pat came all the way from the other side of the country. San Diego (best place on earth) to be exact. Frequently seen running through the yard, through 26.2 miles of Washington DC, or just about anywhere else that his two feet can carry him, Pat is by far the most motivated SWO the Navy will ever see. Who else could get the Supe to eat with his squad? Pat, stop asking how to gain weight. Don't worry about it. You're a good guy all around and the best squad leader ever. Your devotion to CMC matched no other; it wouldn't have been the same without you. And most importantly, you try harder than anyone else and have a heart of gold. We wish you fair winds and following seas.
-JFC,HEH, JO

—To all those who have helped me the last four years. Thanks for all you've done, I couldn't have made it without you guys standing by my side through both highs and lows. Especially furball, danimal, JFC and HEH See you all in the fleet!

Brian C. Smith
Hackettstown, NJ

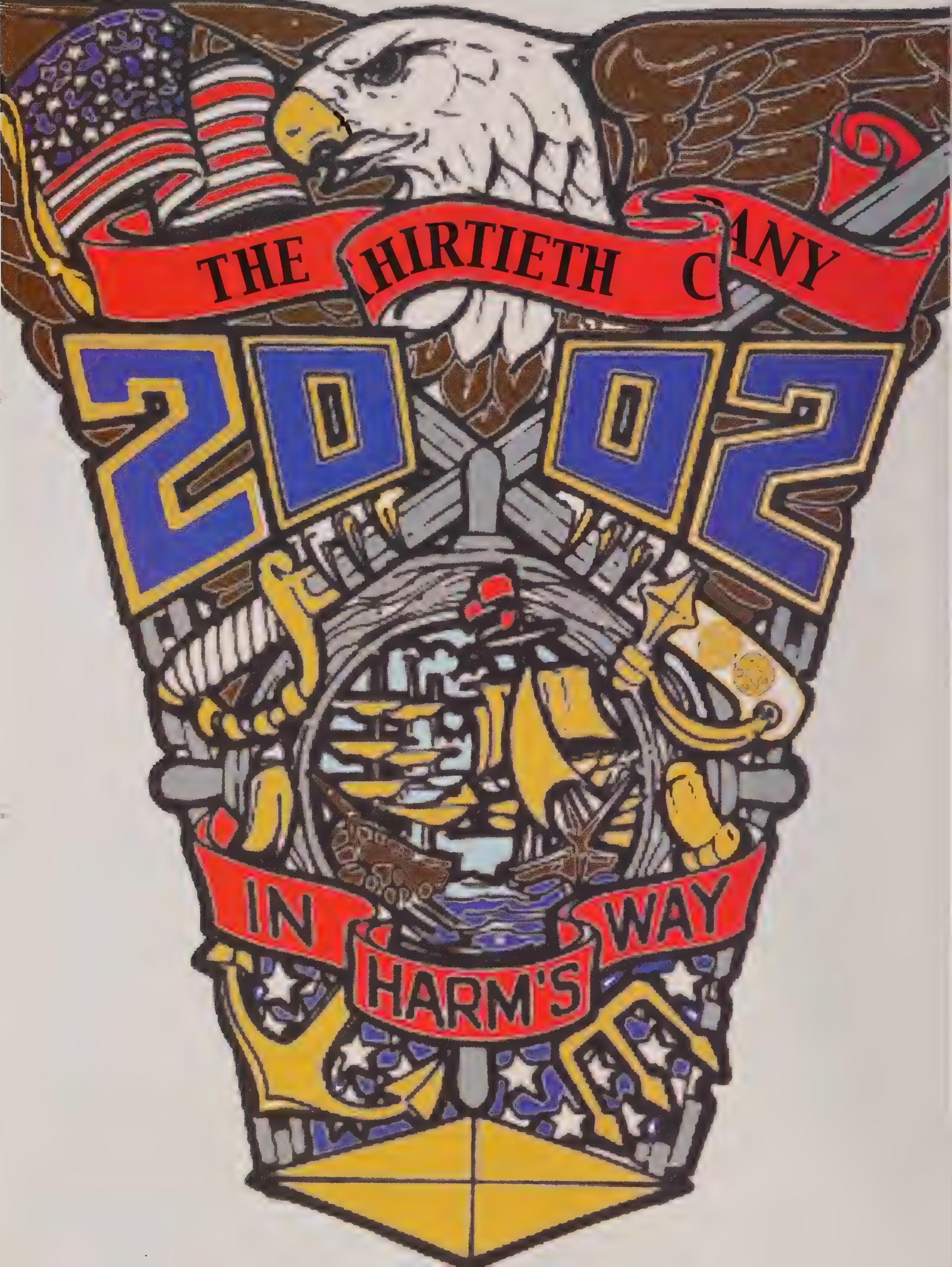
I would like to start out by thanking my family and friends for their support. I would not have made it through this without you. Thank you Dad for your inspiration and motivational help when I needed it most. Mom, I don't know where I would be without your love and support. To all of my friends I have met here at good old USNA, never forget what we have done here. I would not give this experience up for anything. To the members of Valhalla, keep it real. From summer school's 100+ heat waves, dodging the bullet more than once, YP's, Norfolk and San Diego it has been a blast. The 9th Company Barn, the Attic incident, cigars on the roof, the Big Blue van rides, '69 Tailgaters, Ocean City and countless of crazy parties. Jake's BBQ, Casey's Red Sox and my Yanks, DirtyDan and Biggy NJ is where you want to be, Steve and Andy we finally made it, FoFo, Speakdog, Papa Scott, Elmo, Soup, "m029999," Brubes, Bill n' Phil & The Mikes….I'll catch ya on the flip side. NH, DF, JH, CK, MB, DS, JC, SH, AM, JS, CF – Bros for Life.

Jeffrey Speakman
Coatesville, PA
USMC Ground

Speakman, Speakdog, Speaky…how many names can one person have? No matter what you call this prior-enlisted Devil Dog, it does not change who he is. A friend, a teacher, and the brother I never had. I don't think I would have ever made it through here without you, Speak. You and I at the bottom of the ranks, always knowing we would make it through somehow. Summers together were great. Can't wait to serve next to you in the Corps. Everything that you have done for me, everything that you have gotten me through, I love you for it and I always will. I just hope that I will be able to be as good of an officer as I know you are going to be.
-Chris Fodera

Daniel Sternberg
Moorpark, CA
Navy NFO

Daniel Sternberg is from a small town in California called Moorpark. Located not an hour from UCLA or Malibu. The weather was always fair and the sun always shines. He chose to attend the Naval Academy and this is his story. The guy I swam with back in the day, what a surprise to end up living with Dan during plebe summer. I got the impression you were a really great guy. Though you sounded really weird when you squared your corners, I don't think that either of us will forget that fortnight in the summer of '98! In four years, there's been leather and whips, the 9th Co plebe restriction squad and this filthy room with 5 alphas in 5 days, and two memos on room standards. Don't forget the weekends in the Snyder's basement, ski trips, 2/C scandals, and lately the weekends in Valhalla. Four years are over and now off to P-Cola where the tradition can continue. Is Dan listening to Weezer again? "You really want to know what I think about him sir?" Live long, prosper, and heed the words of Dr. Dre. Also, email stinks. So in conclusion, walk softly and walk even more softly at the Naval Academy.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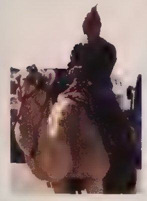
David Leonard Augustin
New Hope, PA
Submarine Warfare

Big I-tie, sweater vest, perhaps um...that's (pause), so not funny... The Cun, Bahamas, PV…repel the___, attract the___. Roommates for 3 years. This man slept more than RipVanWinkle, and still found time to create thousands of civilizations! Kent Island! DAVERAPE!! WHERE'S YOUR HARNESS?!...PUT ON YOUR HELMET! SUBWAY diet! A Smart kid who stumbled onto subs, a dominant force in street hockey, a HERO to everyone, and one of the greatest friends you could ask for! When you think back to all the good times you had at USNA "The Hog" is featured in every one. Its not a party until you show up. NbL. –DRM, VML, JEW, DHH, NPB, CKL, TWJ, DDT.

Notorious DAV, Crystal Diner, NDHS. You stole my throne just 'cause you knew all the nerds. "That's right baby"… "Lemme get in on this"… indecent proposals in Vegas. "Someone's barfing in your room!" My plebe told me an interesting story about you and my sister??? Proud Mary, RaysC5, Kent Island. Decadence weekend…what luck! Do you know Erica…I mean…oops?!, Minnesota on the beach and in the shower. "He's got no teeth, like dinosaurs"…What? ToiletBowl, Reilly, Carnavale, Bovasso, Schuler, where to begin? Long live SoufBrunfus and Jersey! -MJN

Nathan Paul Bastar
Murray, UT
Marine Corps Ground

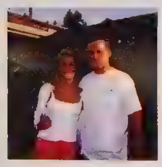
A five-foot nothing sand-blower, Nate's the most laid back cowboy from the streets of Salt Lake City. He should have been our Plebe Detailer, but Cadet Lieutenant N. P. Bastar enjoyed the zoom-brooming and saber- swats of NMMI too much to leave. More "mature" than the rest, we looked to Nate to show us the way… we got that and a whole lot more. From the famous flying squirrel, Princess Leia and the Atomic Mushroom, we got an education that will serve us well. Mostly lessons in what to do, but he sometimes showed us what not to do: Don't lose wingman in bar, where did Nate go?… "she's just a friend dude, no worries" What happened to Old Nate… Not sure, but New Nate earned himself some free weekends (Bastar on 7-2). A four year rugby veteran, and Original A Team member. From division II to Team Captain, when not herding goats, he's in the middle of a scrum… Holds the all-time record for throwing rugby balls at inanimate objects. Zulu at Penn St . . . where did UDT's clothes go? Nate, you're not going home with her are you? NATRONE MEANS BUSINESS!!!-DHH, CKL, RWK, TBS, RGS, BTC, TRC, BCO, CMF, CWC, JEP, NJJ, JCS, DPG



Charles Henry Becker
San Diego, CA
Surface Warfare

He gave up the California sunshine for the Maryland . . . well we never could figure out what was good about this state till his girlfriend showed up at Hood College. Chuck, you're an awesome dude and definitely made one of the hardest sports on the yard livable and at times fun. Best of luck from all the guys who ever had the pleasure of rowing with you in the undefeated 2002 class day boat as you return to tasty waves, cool breezes, and the warm California sun.

"So, you're from California, oh, but you're just a sponger. Us west coasters had to stick together in the uncertainty of the east coast hoopla. Who cares how we dress, we're Californians, we like our skate shoes. But the Grease has come a long way, and you even made me proud when you brought home your very own surfboard. Summer cruise in San Diego? Nah, the Navy was paying for our surf trip. The only LWT crew guys who could bench press more than 135lbs, and make sure you take those board shorts off around the boathouse. Many more margaritas in San Diego, it's gonna be a good one. -C.R."



Robert Ray Bocek Jr.
Arlington, VA
Special Warfare

Bobby Ray, shipwreck, what's that gash on your head? HOOYAH Boat Crew 6. Best swim buddy a guy could have. Adventure Races, West Virginia, Great Falls, IRONMANS, Boston marathon, what haven't you done? Robo-cek, steelyeyes7, Orion, Late nights on Farragut. Max PRT 2 days after a marathon. Real sports teams don't practice. So what exactly is a Hero-Salmon Leap? East Coaster the West never Won. God couldn't tempt us unless there was BUD/s. I'm going swimming….in the Severn? One of the few guys you could trust with your sister or girlfriend. When the going gets tough he'll pick you up and drag you along! What's that huge SOG knife for? One of the fearsome four. – Quiet, modest, by far deserves to be a shallow water diver. Dive school plebe year, Jump School, the strong silent tough guy for 4 years. You did it all! An honor and pleasure for all who know you brother! Your walk with the Lord is like none other. Iron sharpens Iron. When we meet again on the other side, there'll be a skull splitter for you! Proverbs 18:24. Can't wait to hear all your stories. Committed to His Cause!
D.C, D.J.B, R.E.A, C.R, B.Z G.K, M.T, K.J.W, J.T

Robin Michelle Boniface
Los Altos, CA
Navy NFO

Thanks... Amanda – for reminding us to stay young (who's engaged?!), Spring break in Cali… Shevonne – teaching me the importance of simple things, firepower, always giving me an earful ☺, & slumber parties Monterisi didn't think we could have… Beth – "Robin, you need to vent… it's ok!", your semper-HOORAH spirit…
Mike – keeping me from studying, naming my car Iko, & being a truly genuine friend since plebe year… Sharon – my study-buddy, library date, the hours of talking, young vato… Andrew – tennis teacher, endless games of hangman, & of course Cal & the Orioles … Rich, Nate, & John – my favorite room in the brigade, for teaching me to take life a little less seriously, my poster fly boys!… Jimmy D – for seeing things in me, boosting my ego, wine, good times, option 3, oh hell - wine … David – my best friend, mentor, teacher, and believer – you have this knowledge far beyond your years, big bro. How'd I get so lucky?… The Parents – sending love over the phone, through the mail, on a plane… for always believing in me and encouraging me. Norman Rockwell would have liked us… God – thanks beyond words… Really - who ever had it so good? - Robnirobin

Melanie Ann Burkovich
Fairmont, WV
Surface Warfare

The sign-throwing, ghetto-fabulous, 6 foot tall blonde SWOtivator from West Virginia, known to some as SEX, grew up to be a tall casino B#$*H with a fetish for Champaign tailgaters, sugardaddies, Sephora, and George W. Porn-starring it up at A/N 2000, RD 2001, SB2001 and many random rockstar DTA weekends made us appreciate Snoop Dogg hair, banana hammocks, hockey and water polo teams, and demand no less than Ja Rule and 22 inches. As an underclass, she attempted to repel off Dahlgren, went to boat parties, drank Sprite in the wardroom, and stood restriction. As an upperclass, she became interested in yacht parties, chugging vodka, fairies, breaking Piac, and standing restriction. Remember, PFL, don't hate, boob talk, and numerous walks of shame. "Hey, you wanna dance…NO…why not… because you're freaking ugly!!" "Whoa, I just totally zoned out!" "Wait guys, I'm confused!?!" Keep in mind, thongs rule and if they don't like it when you throw signs and sing your words, tell them to SHOVE OFF-but try not to get anyone relieved this time! I LOVE YOU! ~SEM, SKB, RJM

Louis Eugene Butler
Vale, OR
Surface Warfare

Appearing mysteriously into 30th Company, Louis Butler's only explanation for his two-year vacation involved a goat and Vaseline. Louis asserted himself immediately by taking one for the team, rooming with a debate team enthusiast and a drunken ex-rugby player. Somehow making it to first class year without disappearing for another two years, Louis found his way into a position of power through prostitution. Since this occurrence, he has managed to sleep through every formation and take extra liberty, but balanced it out with an average of seven hours of phone conversation a day. Luckily, not having friends, he managed to reduce the time down to six hours. Using the extra time he, discovered the wonders of ebay and the joy in tracking down plebes selling Army/Navy party packs. In his personal time, Louis practices sword drills in the shower, fights his insatiable urge to watch South Park episodes, and becomes the center of his roommates' gambling problem. Many sodas have lost their lives due to his phone addiction. Louis is a Gemini, enjoys long walks on the beach and the cream of wheat man, reading selections from the Oprah book-of-the-month club, and listening to repulsive Japanese music. Anchors away! MSS.

Michael Ted Conte
Venice, FL
Marine Corps NFO

Mike, the annoying plebe that always had to be out first, "Stackhouse, are you ready yet?" The 4th of July; Banks, Conte, and too many rides on the roller coaster. "Don't touch the Service Selection board…go away, its mine!" Floridians and Dark Ages don't mix. Sailing to Bermuda for cruise? Finally, the two-man room on T-Court, "hey, it's your turn to sweep." If it's a 3-day weekend, then he's home with the wife. The yellow Stang, taken better care of than most people's kids. Our company question guy. Hey, he's always training. Robin's picture framed, what's going on? Georgetown for the 21st, and who put Jefferson on an island? The voice above all, "6 inch voice Mike, I'm right here." Wow, Class Rings bounce. Total roommate attrition, 50% gone. Even a college dorm room, with air conditioning. He's just a wanna-be Hawaiian. How does he drink that much soda? All those nights on the phone with Margaret, 5 years and 2%. You want me to come by now? I'm studying. Ok, I'll be right over!! Flying Leatherneck. The brother, the mentor, and the truest friend. "In my mind's eye"... He will continually bless you Mikey…And then, there were 6.

Richard Andrew Hayes
Timonium, MD
Surface Warfare

Ricky dazzled the ladies with his smiling face, dashing looks, quick wit, Austin Powers chest and way with words. He had fun with the all-stars, augie and the undies, bogdanof and his weird ways, and all other freaks from the 4th Reich. Smarter than most of his friends, Ricky was much quicker to make the transition from JV to something that really mattered. Though few people have actually heard words leave his mouth, those that did were privileged to call him a friend. Known to most as Hurricane Hayes, he was always BRING'N DA THUNDA! Memories of Friday night Indian liberty, a nine fingered Puerto Rican, 3 years with chuck and mesa (steak), Loni, is that your sister? Hawaii-Breathless with Shane, Phil, Rich, Jarrod, and Teddy, charging cover at Nashville's, trip to N'awlins, hanging out at kk's, interrogation at the 99, steam with Sheila, Rico, and Pboz, ireland, g-funk, I got friends at duuuurty nelly's, Carlsberg, the BOOT, ring dance, booze cruise, summer with chuckles, csts hockey boat, myrtle beach, LB's in the pool, thong song, OOPS!! hockey games, road trips and the coldest walk from DTA back to the hall ever ensure that this Don will never be forgotten.

Dirk Hendricks Heron

Kensington, MD
Navy Pilot

From "All-Star" to Navy Pilot, you began your career as Grace Kelly's favorite scribe and will end it in the sky. Three years of cutting weight for football, and even though you had no food in your stomach we still had to light a candle in the room every night. No girl was ever good enough. . . except for Smelly Kelly. In four years we saw many sides of Dirk. There was James Bond in Cancun and his daring escapes from the federales, and scaling the walls of the hotel at 4 in the morning. The Indian Lake Phantom struck with a vengeance and we still have the pictures to prove it. Dirk, who taught us that you could make bodily noises and build paper airplanes in an advanced thermodynamics class, and still get an A. Rickover Hall will never be the same. Dirkules the advice giver, king of the dance floor (not), and a major contributor to the debauchery of 23 Linden. Your class and style are to be admired, and your friendship too valuable to forget. Thanks for keeping the room clean for so many years. . . you're a real midshipman. Best roommates, True Pals. . . Pensacola doesn't know what it's in for. I couldn't ask for a better roommate or friend. –NPB, CKL, DLA, DRM, ADS, RWK, JWW

Monica Renee Hurley

Evans, GA
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

First off I want to start by saying thank you to all the people who helped me make it through my trying times at the United States Naval Academy. These are the people that helped keep my prospective on the big picture that would happen at the end of my time here and during the rest of my life rather than focusing on the small things. So thank you Mom, Dad, and Coach. Remember, "Don't sweat the small stuff, and it's all small stuff." My time here started off really bad but I was surprised to see it get progressively better as the years went on. I think that joining the Gospel Choir was quite possibly the best thing I could have done. I don't know why I didn't do that sooner. Once I joined the choir during my Second Class year it seemed as if everything just got exponentially better. I made great friends and I learned to not focus so much on the trying times. So thank you Mrs. Garret and the entire choir.

Marcus Glenn Jackson

Missouri City, TX
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

It's funny how we have reached the end and we are just getting started. I don't know about everyone else, but I have spent the last four years working towards the top of the hill (graduation). After that I will be right back at the beginning of another hill. Crazy, huh! It's no big deal. If you're not constantly working to improve, you can only be doing one of two things. Sitting idle or going backwards. To those that know me "keep your head up". Control the game! Don't ever let the game control you. I wish everyone a lifetime happiness and a sea-bag of success.

MJ

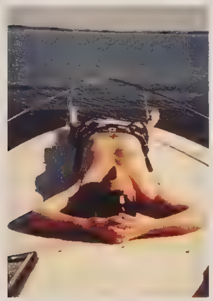
Amanda Marie James
Mayport, FL
Surface Warfare

For AJ, the first two years brought Freaks, pink tubes and a Chipmunk. Amanda taught that you are never too old to play. "Steerage coke" dance parties anyone? WAKE UP! Do you ever work? (Yes, at 0200). Welcome to Systems, today we are making hand turkeys and coloring. It's not the size of the calf, but the size of the heart. Who ever had it so good? "There's that one particular harbor..." Thanks playmate for sharing the scariest room of the spooky house. The YP 684 curse! A motivated SWO-Mama, Amanda is a true warrior. Who else will do body-hardening and laugh the whole time? As long as she doesn't sleep through her alarms and makes practice. Margarita Mondays! And Tuesdays and…She is tough as nails, a wonderful friend and teammate. –AM, BJ, RB, LG, BA

Thanks Mom and Daddy, I never would have made it without your love and support. I will outrank my brothers, but they will still protect me from worm throwing bullies. My seven bridesmaids help me remember the value of true friendship. My faith in Jesus Christ made everything possible, just like He said. My best friend WAS the reason that I got through my firstie year. Wishes do come true.

Elizabeth Alexandra Johnson
New Philadelphi, OH
Marine Corps Ground

Beth Johnson, Tough as Nails. 2nd LT Beth, when you become Commandant, the cover will be replaced by a tiara. And keep your pink All-Stars close by. You're the princess who wants to be a punk rocker, the crazy thug not afraid to take a dip in the eighth wing fountain. Oohrah Navy Softball! They made WHO the team captain? Ok, here's the plan: Attack, Attack, Attack!! Finally got a Shed. Semper Fi, Do or Die, Hoorah Bring it! - JMF, MGR 2002 on the scoreboard? Never have I ever. And there was Frat Four- couldn't let the tradition die. "I think it's in Reef Points this year." Semper Fi Guy, the playa, beth's thug- the biggest fight ever. Who's stalking who anyway? Gate 8 Crew 4-ever! Sunset Cliffs. Summertime, from Seal Team Six and a little strategizing to two absolutely Tough as Nails cruises in San Diego with Sara's tacos and Papas&Beer. The best feeling ever? Bud Light and Hotpockets, laughing at everything, Wiggy playing on the Bahamas trip gone awry. Beta Beta Beta! - LZ, Stace, Jules, Col, devildog T. Sorority Sisters take on Bourbon Street (Mardi Gras beads?), margaritas, late night rendezvous at Polyester's. Would you rather run a marathon with your shoelaces tied together or play eighteen holes of golf with a twizzler? Psalm 62:1-2
SKW, RMB, AMJ, MAB, CEN, ALS, BBB



Timothy William Johnson
Grafton, VA
Supply Corps

Hailing from the banks of the York River, Timothy William came to USNA to fulfill the jingoist fantasies of his youth. Although resigned to staff corps capacity due to a freak origami accident suffered as a child, Tim will be a welcomed addition to the supply corps. The son of an academy grad and coming from a family tradition of military service, Tim's keen sense of pro-knowledge and corporate know-how have allowed him to finagle his way through four years of Academy life. Owning a wide selection of Hawaiian shirts, this big fat party animal splits his time between throwing people into goat court and posing for candid photographs. Dedicated to the sacred arts of oral argumentation and enjoying awful music one wonders if the Navy will be able to handle Tim's ability to lead, learn, and eat his roommates' food.

Victor Marchant Lange
Huntsville, TX
Navy Pilot

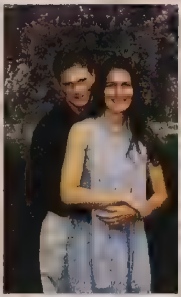
Dirty Vic. Plebe tennis-ball from the execution capital of the world. NWP. Sorority Girls love Vic. Youngsters drinking "Sprite" in the Wardroom. How did we miss CAP? The only person that locks the door to do laundry. Its Junior Officer time, stay out Chief. Drilling in your sleep. Youngster Ski Trip. Shady Youngsters, O-Club. I-Ball + Whiskey + German Girls. Best sponsor family, sisters and friends. Southern Decadence. PV, how did they lose your luggage & how many girls did you call at 5 a.m.? Vegas, San Diego, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Kent Island... could we have had more fun? Richmond, "Let's do this." Question: do you fall in love with every girl you meet? Just the ones you hook up with... remember, don't drink and dial or type! Vic...our hunter gatherer. What'd you kill over break? Grill Master. Bring meat for us, cook meat for us (tailgaters, room, Kent Island)...the all American man! Sugar Bowl. MCMarathon, lets not train for this. Busy Bee. Don't tell me about your weekend SK, that's T-M-info. Pensacola here we come, the sky's the limit. RCL DLA JEW DRM SKW and 30th Company.

Christopher Kenji Lemon
Beacon, NY
Navy Pilot

An "All-Star" from the start, motivated by the Corps. But at the end of Plebe Summer, "Gear Adrift" Lemon realized his place was on a ship and in the Navy. From PRK we lost "Professor" Lemon and found "Squeeze My" Lemon in his place, but still master of the one-liner -"What, just because I'm Asian?" "This is it, I'm moving in with Don and Mike!" A salty sailor from the beginning, he never got blown offshore. Chris worked the system: Never on the drill field, in foreign countries during school, summer training racing sailboats, and always with an excuse to miss class or formation. His physical training program was second to none, "Hey dude, the PRT is in two weeks, maybe I should start working out." Sometimes he'd wake us up late at night, either taking calls or finishing semester projects and papers due the next day. But Chris always seemed to come out on top and somehow learned the most here. He taught us that "Rugs are oriental and people are Asian," but more importantly how to be "the best roommate ever." Possibly the Navy's most liberal man, but maybe even the smartest too, we're glad he's on our side! Best of luck to this young Navy Pilot and our dear friend. –DHH, NPB, DRM, DLA, RWK

Patricia Elizabeth Leyland
North Chelmsford, MA
Surface Warfare

After dancing the night away upon the disco floor in Miami, the legacy began… Earning nicknames including "Lonnie," and "T-Dawg", she was a mathematics major by day, but a wild woman by night! Paying homage to her Irish roots, Trish took the pilgrimage to Dublin in order to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. Revving up the Irish, with a Smirnoff Ice and a twist, she headed a Congo line that poured out Temple Bar. Drama followed Trish. First it was the All-Stars. Then after taking a cycling crash on a turn during a Triathlon race, Trish was bloody and bruised. Without hesitation…Trish heaved the disfigured bike over her shoulder. No longer was she riding a bike, there was a bike riding a girl. Faster than a speeding bullet, Trish hobbled to the finish line with inspired fans cheering her on! Due to summer on Hawaii's beaches and golf with the LB's, Trish had no doubt this was the Navy she was destined for. But in the whirlwind of life, Trish had a radiant smile, an ear to listen, knew that if you give a hug you always get one in return…and knew the best place to get her nails done! Trish is truly a priceless treasure. BOL!—SG,RH,MH.



Richard Carroll Linnell
Rangeley, ME
Navy NFO

Coming down from the mountains of Maine, Richard Linnell was fortunate to be assigned to "Frat Four" and quickly made his presence felt at the Academy by attempting to hit on his plebe summer detailer. Their relationship continued in high fashion during the academic year, leading to his first of many marching tours when he caused the banning of all slam cadences. After several other minor incidents and many for which he was never caught, he continued to carve his path of excellence by becoming the notorious hacker of a non-existent website youngster year. He also qualified as low crawl champion by low crawling to and from the head, and qualified as official stealth on the company ski trip. Discovering his latent talents over spring break, he quickly fell into the lifestyle of gambling and dipping his feet in the hot tub, much to the enjoyment of his roommates. Second Class year he filled the all-important role of Happy Hour countdown timer. As a First Class, the aviation selectee managed to lose his roommate in a strange town, become engaged, and put his extensive knowledge of the conduct system to good use for the company.

Devin Richard Myler
Washington, D.C.
Marine Corps Pilot

Coming to us from DC, Old Man Myler, CAPTAIN America! Chesticles! Got lotion? Skin of an 80 year old! Is he Housebroken?...nah. Always training though. Feet=BAD PIECE OF GEAR. "Who's the man now dawg?" Always got a Cupa' coffee for breakfast…more like 6. Inspect my part of the room? "Inspect Joe's." Alpha time, floor, seventh coat of wax…hu-rah! Kill any plebes recently? Front desk has your pants. Finally let your hair grow out, only took 3 years and a girl's advice, tough guy. SB time… How'd you get all those girls? You don't even talk to them! He's into Navy Club soccer, or Club Clubbing…watch-out for "the gorrilla"...get some! A wannabe surfer. A man who eats 50lbs of food and LOSES weight! The only plebe that could wake-up, make rack, shower, shave, brush-teeth and wear 8 shirt stays in less then 2 minutes. Sweat! You sure drank alot for an Irishman. Who gets kicked out of Galway Bay at 9? Brought bro Chris and Mitch to the hall after a crazy night firstie year…and still had energy for soccer game the next am. Good times great friends awesome stories. See ya on the other side! The Corps really lucked out; they're getting one of the best guys we know! NBL –DLA, JW, NPB, DHH, CKL, VML, JEW, NHB, JEW

John Paul Nilles
Fort Dodge, IA
Submarine Warfare

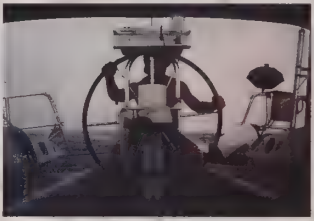
"Visually stunning."
- All Hands Magazine
"Nilles has the innate ability to heighten the senses."
- High Times
"At last, Odin has brought us a man who can both delight audiences and reach the upper levels of naval decorum." - Shipmate
"Step aside John Tesh, this is now sheriff Nilles' town."
- Entertainment Weekly
"Nilles' performance as a midshipman was nothing short of brilliant."
- The Trident
"... a triumph of the soul."
- Rep. Barney Frank

The Only Easy Day Was Yesterday is a gripping saga of a young man's quest for justice in an unkind world. Chesty Dooright (played by John Nilles), a naive young man from Iowa, must discover the truth about his past before it destroys his life and takes the woman he loves. Set in the now legendary towns of Annapolis, MD and Earle NJ, the story follows Chesty's journey from hardworking midshipman to Commanding Officer of a Seawolf Class submarine. If you enjoyed Paula Abdul's *Get Up and Dance*, you'll love *Yesterday*.

Hector Antonio Ojeda Jr.
Villa Carolina, PR
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Born into the Puerto Rican royal family, Hector sacrificed a life of power and privilege to come to USNA. After a short stay in Newport, Hector abdicated his throne and adopted the name "Bobby" given to him by his white oppressors. Once a future devil dog, Bobby has spent the last four years applying his major to his everyday life. Never one to shy away from an awkward moment, the nine-fingered man enjoys showing his unique physical attribute to anyone willing to look. Longing for a signing bonus and monthly tax-free supplements to his base pay, Bobby will be joining the ranks of the nuclear surface navy. A fierce competitor, prodigious lover, and closet pyromaniac Hector will be a welcomed addition to today's high-tech navy.

Timothy Bayford Shafroth
Breckenridge, CO
Navy NFO



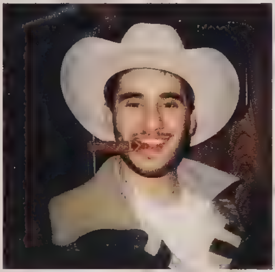
TIMMMYYYYYYY!!!!! ... Original member of the A-Team ... "I've got nothing left to take off" . . . getting lost was totally worth it ... GD it, Shafroth! ... Timmy quits, Timmy gets fat, Timmy makes a comeback ... B-side veteran ... "that Air Force player is blatantly offside" ... so you're playing hockey now? ... Dragged by Doc Owens to the ice rink and loving it ... Unhitch your wagon fat-ass ... "well dude after going out for a year you have to find ways to keep it interesting" ... Penn State Zulu ... The lone survivor or his original group of friends ... Liberty policy means nothing to him ... Wins the award for most Birthday's in a year ... To hell with Flanagan ... "I'm a fly-half." ... You've been a good a friend ... Its like one big dysfunctional family ... things have been "interesting" to say the least... been one hell of a ride with lots of ups and downs ... never afraid to tell us what he was really thinking ... "dude, what are you doing? I have watch tomorrow??" ... "You've been with Sarah for how long?!?" ... "Welcome to the mysterious place!!!"

Michael Steven Shelton II
Stafford, VA
Navy Pilot

Michael Shelton started the academy tiptoeing through the proverbial tulips of plebe year, quickly finding himself frolicking around, a starry-eyed youngster. Michael didn't have a care in the world until that fateful morning after boxing class. Too pumped from sparring to nap, Michael opted for a Quake Deathmatch. Jolted by a lucky frag he unwittingly knocked a bottle of steak-sauce onto his computer. The viscous fluid shorted his keyboard, electrocuting poor Michael leaving him convulsing helplessly on the ground. After recovering, a relieved Michael noticed himself.. changed. He felt a strange new energy radiating through his body: he had developed... superpowers! Michael found himself able to reshape the world with his mind. Plebes became Elvin rangers, his classmates: Dwarven monks. While exploring this realm of mystery and delight, Michael stumbled upon the OOW who was now an invincible ice dragon. He reached for his scimitar but was too slow. Low health with no cleric in sight, Michael faded away. He regained consciousness a few days later, out of his wonderland and powerless. Though humbled, Michael's brush with death instilled him with a zest for life, which he focused to develop himself into the fine future Naval Aviator he is today.-JPN

Donald Richard Stackhouse II
Henderson, NV
Surface Warfare

Don's tale of two cities, one on the Hudson, the other on the Chesapeake. Rates, chasing Reef Points, and "NOT YET COMMISSIONED SIR!!!" Roommates that attract Crap Juice, and those that make you glad you were asleep; 50% attrition. Wife-beaters that attract Rugby girls. "Hi mommy, Yes Sir…No Sir." Thank God for PCS and StarTAC. Academic excellence with a 200-Disc changer and the Final Fantasies that aren't final. Fun flag football, you can never have too many pairs of shorts. The infamous third roommate, "let him know…no wait, he's not here." Sportin the new fads; a Filipino cowboy, rollin in the Jeep with the Backstreet Boys boomin. Requisitioning a Florida vacation, "Wooh, napalm sticks to kids!" Watch out for Beth's Chemosphere. The second chance at detail, "Hey, those plebes love me!" Batt. Training Officer, "Mike, can you get those pro-quizzes out for me?" Go Army, what are you talking about? Remember, it's just easy access. No one knows why you picked Chief's Office, what a disaster. Please don't take my stripes away. Life is so confusing; SWO, no Marine, no SWO…I don't know, I just want a Corvette. Four years of great times and good friends... And then, there were 6.



David Daniel Teves
Mars Hill, NC
Surface Warfare

Attaining the rank of NJROTC Fleet Admiral young David Daniel decided he need a larger challenge in his life. He packed his bags, kissed his mom, and ventured into Union territory. Searching for truth and all things Che, he followed his idle Mr. Robinson on a winding path from Buncombe County to Annapolis. Our furry hero passed his time singing Ewok songs and praying to his god for the defeat of the Blue Devils. Part troll, Dave lived four years avoiding all forms of light except the eerie glow of a TV screen. Only indulging in the finest of theatrical selections Dave forced Cannibal the Musical and Manos Hands of Fate on anyone foolhardy enough to fall into his maniacal trap. David will leave Navy with degrees in both History and Play station, and not since Torgo started working for the Master has there been a better coupling then Dave and Surface Warfare. No matter where the Navy leads him Dave will always cough up phlegm, have hair on his toes, collect the lint from his navel, and call home as often as possible.

Jacob Jeffrey Tomlin
Kirkland, WA
Marine Corps

Jacob Jeffrey, the White Fresh Prince known for his lips and long fingers is the best friend a guy could have. Once he decided to be nice youngster year we did it all together. Yelling out rapper's delight while playing the drums on the steering wheel…where's the turn, 'bout 2 miles back that way. The true enforcer of PDOA watch at the I-ball. LOOKOUT, Mid hounds at the dance lessons. Scared of being UNSAT while getting a 3.0, takes longer to get ready than my sister and throws away everything. Go Huskies! Who else got 10 weeks of leave youngster summer? "Tape me up Jase, before we climb Herndon". Picking fights in flag football… The green room will never tell the times we had. Who can forget the late night ping-pong and darts? Any one seen Jake… there he is playing the djembe. Late night design projects… bode plots? What the heck?? "I wanna be a Navy pilot, no a Marine, no a SWO, no a Marine pilot…" Love'em and leave'em? Mr. Enthusiasm. Your faith inspires me. A man of God. R000FUS! FIRE IT UP FOR THE GREEN BOYS! YUTT!

PROV 18:24-RR CB SN JW RB JT

Andrew Charles Vanderlinde
Jacksonville, FL
Surface Warfare

CHOICE 97
PENNSYLVANIA
STATE POLICE
RIOT GEAR

Joseph Edward Walker
Hazel Green, AL
Navy NFO

Love those plebers,nothin but love, pudge, sex ED ,boodiboo, toughin out aero cause he's that kinda guy, shhh..they're working down there, searching the internet for ring dance dates, a good friend and gonna make a helluva officer, best to you buddy kjw "Joeballs", the object of many women's desires (too nice to take advantage). A trash talker that kept everyone laughing (at him). can always laugh at himself no matter what the situation. vomit comet, Crazy Ivan, Devil Girl,WignPistle (gum+junx =bad). wannabe space cadet, still looking for pants, sword, wallet, etc. Can't buy a car but has enough for a space cow. You got flight! Congrats...the path to the moon is there ! Joe, put on some weight? How old was she again?Clean up your Sh*%! And thisandthatandthisandthat! An awesome guy, an awful sleeper, its been a great time! Remember your sister service...DRM. (Chazznutz)"Yes Joey you can borrow my car." From Ring Dance to marathons you have been there with me every step of the way. I couldn't ask for a better friend. (Timmy J). Shrimy, the BOOT wanted to marry, duuuuurty nelly's, drinking carlsberg, and mediating all fights in between. And who could forget catfish.(Hurricane) I see pride…(PB30 days, no Black N, Joey the Rat, and beatdown in the hallway (Lanie)

Shevonne Katherine Wells
Newark, DE
Surface Warfare

NAVY
GO VON
10 MORE LAPS
U GOT TO BE KIDDIN

She-rah, Sha-ne-ne, Chevy, Shavette whatever we call you, you'll always be the Delaware girl that works the hardest, has the wildest stories, can talk unceasingly, and is forever full of surprises! Ummm, did someone say play dress-up—me!me! Strike a pose and Vogue. Get it up! Another Ace. Diehard for volleyball but better suited for pumpin' that iron! Doctor Wells? Betty Crocker….wait, no, only does desserts. So anyone for shopping? Dance til you drop…most definitely. Get outta here, that's not dancing it's grinding (ok, so it's not two-steppin' , just shoot me why don't ya)! And then there was San Diego , "a whole lotta fire power... ", The Hyatt! "Hi, we're cute girls in a BMW. Will you service us?" A little Corona and lime never hurt anyone. The flavor of Amaretto, yummy and simply Or…. Anyone game for a tour of the catacombs? Make-up…library? Always remember VT. I see London(and those hot Brits), I see France, and I see those "Go Navy Rugby" and "Beat Army"….. hmmm PJ…never forget, L.L., D.H., Shelt-Diggety the lifeline along with B.J. and M/C Chuck. Chuckles anyone….forever. And Naturally will never get enough of the Italian and my Cowboy. Watch out for the Swo-Mamma cuz here she comes!! -Robin, Beth, Amanda

Keagan Jase Wisdom
Dripping Springs, TX
Submarine Warfare

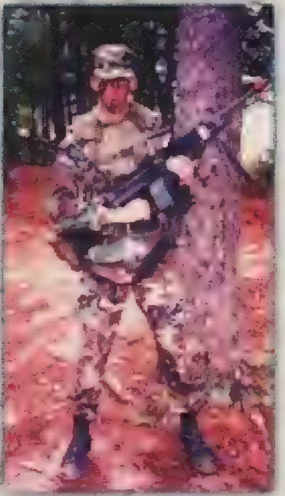
Polar Bear, Tasty Cakes, finally gotta girl. Disney to Notre Dame. Plebe girls better than no girls. Gaping holes in the pants are kewl. BUY SOME FRICKIN SPEAKERS. I'm hungry. Buy your own food. Ranch goes with everything. Thanks for not crushing me even though I deserve it. You're a good friend. NBL, Pudge Sally SWOJO to FOJO shipperoo, stop scratching!, its just three equations, nice rack marks, must've come from class, wanna go swim?, survived the mcgilla monster, never thought you the sub type, good luck with the geeks, God bless you brotha, can I double major?, Wisdom, isn't that ironic, needa answer? the man to turn to, don't kill Joe, master of the Texas meal cause the macaroni is soggy the peas are mashed and the chicken tastes like wood, first man of the faith I met at this place, how much would it take to get you in a sub, bout 10 grand, 21 years and off the NBK list, 2 dates for ring dance?, Texas flag flyin high, from Robert Earl Keen to Pat F&*kin Green, Shiner Bock, Mustangs and F-150's, how many cars do you have? Proverbs 18:24 forever JJT, RRT, CEB, SKN, RRB

Firstie Outtakes

2002

First Company Firsties

Second Company Firsties



Third Company Firsties

Fourth Company Firsties

Fifth Company Firsties

Fifth Company

Sixth Company Firsties

Sixth Company

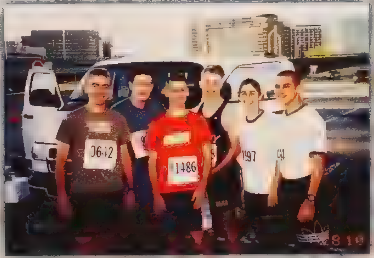
Seventh Company Firsties

Eighth Company Firsties

ONLY
LAKERS

Ninth Company Firsties

Tenth Company Firsties


0612
1486
197

Eleventh Company Firsties

Twelfth Company Firsties

Thirteenth Company Firsties

Fourteenth Company Firsties

Fifteenth Company Firsties

Sixteenth Company Firsties

FREE
THE
PLEBES!
27

Seventeenth Company Firsties

FREE
THE
PLEBES!
27

Eighteenth Company Firsties

We're
BEAVERS

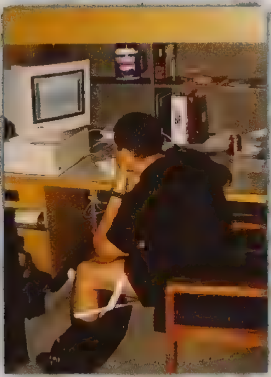
Ninteenth Company Firsties

Ninteenth Company

Twentieth Company Firsties

Twenty-First Company Firsties

Twenty-Second CompanyFirsties



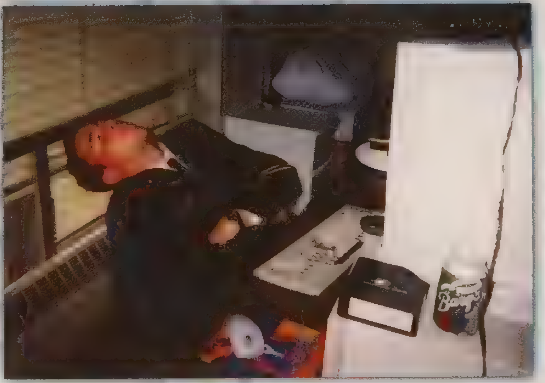
Twenty Second Company

Twenty-Third Company Firsties

Angels
6
Ring Dance

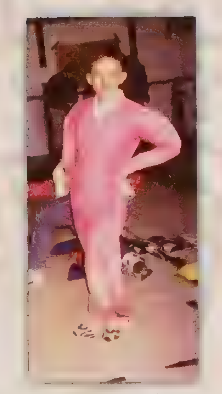
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

Twenty-Fourth Company Firsties



Twenty-Fifth Company Firsties

Twenty-Sixth Company Firsties



Twenty-Seventh Company Firsties

27TH SENIOR ENLISTED

Twenty Seventh Company

Twenty-Eighth Company Firsties

MARKET HOUSE

Twenty-Ninth Company Firsties

Thirtieth Company Firsties

PEP
PEP
PEP
PEP
PEP

Parent Advertisements

Section 1

2002

"When you pass
through
the waters,
He will be with
you."

CONGRATULATIONS
RION W. MARTIN

"What the mind can see
and believe;
The body can achieve."

* * * * *

You are AWSOME!

With love and Pride,
You Family

The 2002 David Woolsey ODE TO JOY

Thanks for all you've given us, lo, these 22 years. Best part...
We know there's even more, even better to come!

Remember always where you're from-
deep in the heart of...
FAMILY,
FRIENDS,
FAITH,
FUN,
and
TEXAS!

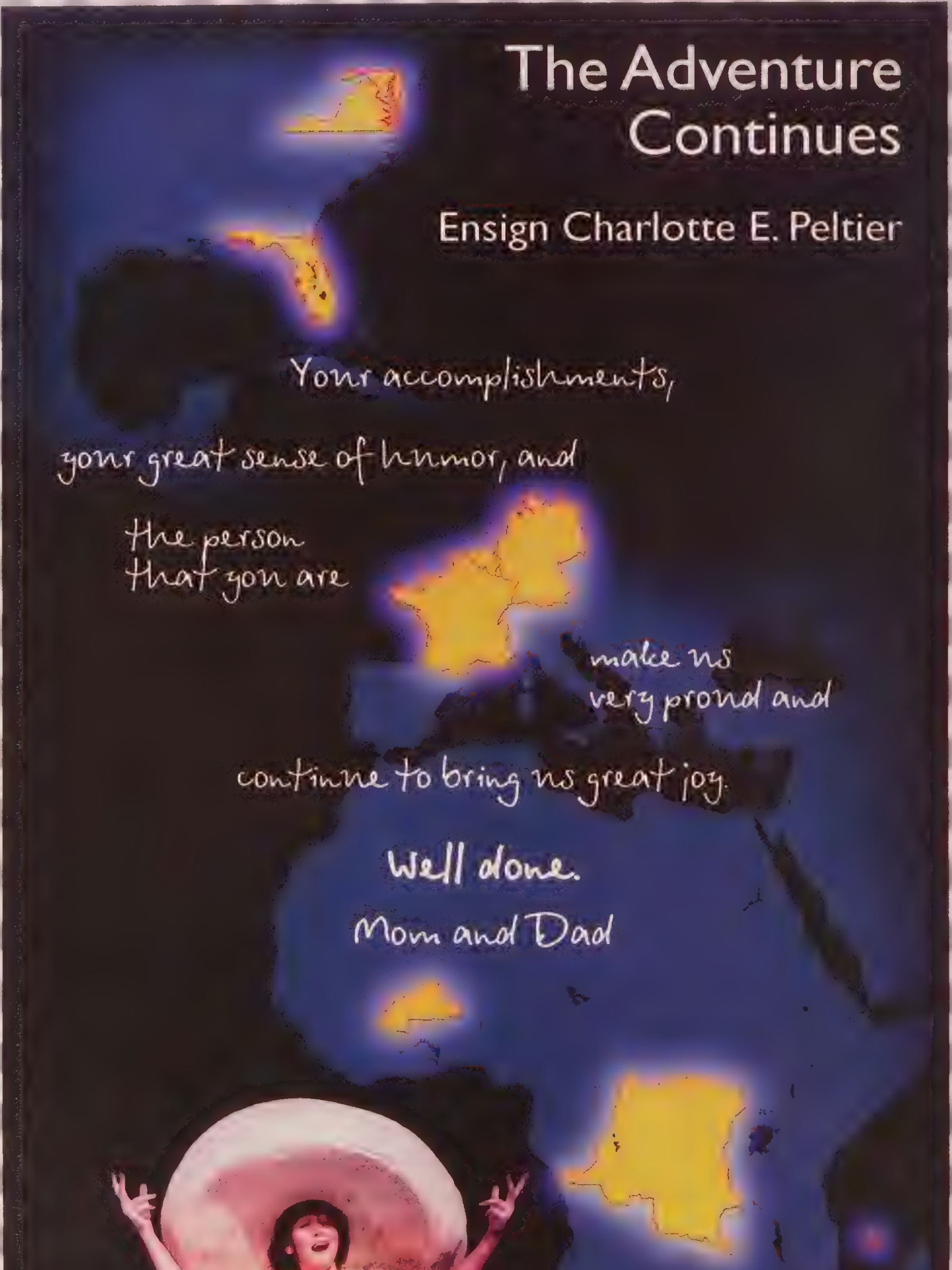
Live large,
dream large!
Dream it,
do it!

There's so much more to see and do, there's so much more to be! We're supremely proud of all you've accomplished and where you're going. But most of all, we're proud of who you are: the officer and gentleman.

With absolutely all our love always,
your MOM and DAD

The Adventure Continues

Ensign Charlotte E. Peltier



Your accomplishments,

your great sense of humor, and

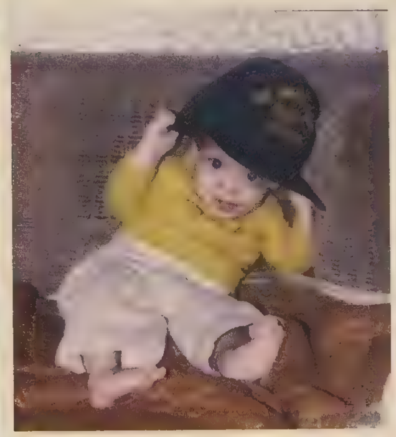
the person
that you are

make us
very proud and

continue to bring us great joy.

Well done.

Mom and Dad



CONGRATULATIONS

Chad H. Harvey

You are the first of a new generation. We all knew that you would make the grade. Well done.
MOM, DAD, YOUR GRANDPARENTS, LINDA, CHUCK E., BARRY and your family and friends.

Carrie Elizabeth Stocker

For our little girl, who is all grown up, for the competent and beautiful young woman you are now, we wish all the best that life has to offer. Take our love and support wherever you go, from our hearts to yours. We are so proud of you!!

Mom, Dad, Charlie, Champe & Susan
XOXOXOXOX

Parents Club of Michigan

www.usna-pcom.com

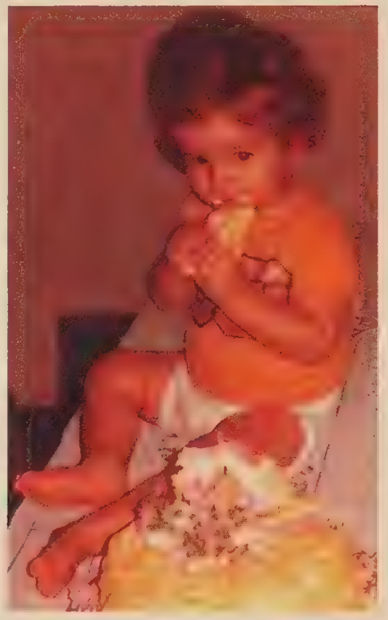
Congratulations to
the Class of "Aught Two" and the
newly commissioned Officers from the Great Lakes Water
Wonderland State of Michigan

2002

Allison L. Beamer – Grand Blanc
Peter A. Bosler – Farmington
Robert Breakiron – Flint
Daniel W. Caroffino – Midland
John S. Ciaravino – Harper Woods
Randall P. Craft–Clinton Township
Jessica R. Crocker – Westland
Drew W. Harris – Grosse Pointe Farms
Theodore Huebner – Grosse Pointe Shores
Kevin LaFrenier – Grand Rapids
David L. Masterson, Jr. – Northville
Jonathan P. Nelson – Lake Orion
Jonathan E. Page – Canton
Sarah Pezzat – West Bloomfield
John Sheridan – Saline
Gregory D. Waterson – Benzonia

Ensign Kent Simodynes

Congratulations. We are proud of you!



Grown, from a boy to a man.

Your first day of school, so much excitement, and always a quest for learning.

Just as important as the lessons that you've learned in the classroom are the ways that you've grown as a person: the friendships you have formed and the deeper understanding you have formed and the deeper understanding you have acquired of yourself as you celebrate this milestone in your life and look towards a new horizon.

Never forget what has brought you this far. You have always set high standards, and always achieved those goals, in academics, athletics, and in you life. Remember the love of your family and friends. Remember your own sacrifice and hard work. God blessed you with unique talkents and abilities, and you provided the attitude and effort. You've taken nothing for granted; rather, you have worked hard to prepare for a challenge future.

You have so much to be thankful for and so much to look forward to! May today mark the beginning of many new joys and accomplishments... and a continuation of all the good things that you have already achieved.

Love,
Mom,
Dad,
Raelynn &
Kyle

Querido Hijo:

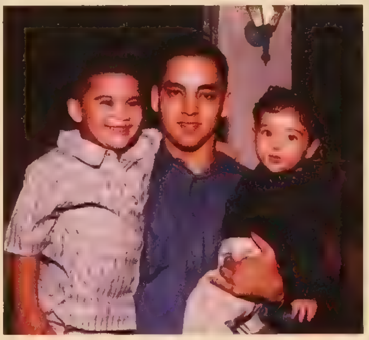
Hoy tienes la satisfacción y la alegría de ser un "OFICIAL" graduado de la Academia Naval de los Estados Unidos de América (U.S.N.A.). Tu alegría es nuestra alegría, por eso toda tu Fmilia nos unimos en una sola voz para decirte … "FELICIDADES HECTOR ANTONIO, ESTAMOS MUY ORGULLOSOS DE TI." Te mereces todo lo bueno que estas viviendo y todo lo bueno que viviras en un futuro cercano.

Tu graduación es la recompensa que has obtenido por el esfuerzo, el empeño y la dedicación que pusistes a tus estudios, dando siempre el máximo de Ti.

Fueron muchos los Retos durante los años de estudio en la Academia; los cuales supistes utilizar sabiamente para demostrar que podias salir adelante; superandote en todo y ante todos; como Estudiante, como Militar y como Puertorriqueno. Retos que te permitieron crecer como persona. El Reto mas díficil para Tí fué y citamos tus palabras, "el estar sín mi Familia"; igualmente nosotros enfrentamos ese Reto al tenerte tan lejos de Casa; pero gracias a la unión familiar y al Amor que existe en nuestro Hogar, la distancia era solo físicamente, pues el Amor que tenemos por Ti, nos mantiene unidos en pensamiento y Corazón siempre y fue esto TU APOYO EN TODO MOMENTO.

Ahora comienzas una nueva etapa en Tu vida y diriges tus pasos por nuevos caminos para alcanzar nuevas Metas. Hay una Frase que dice "CAMINANTE NO HAY CAMINOS, SE HACE EL CAMINO AL ANDAR". Estamos seguros que andarás esos Caminos con cautela, prudencia y sabiduría; haciendo uso de los valores, los principios y las cualidades que te han distinguido siempre. Confía en Tí mismo; Piensa seimpre positivamente, te sentirás seguro y tendras el ánimo, la energía y la fortaleza para seguir adelante con tu Frente en alto. Confía en DIOS, el te llevará de su mano y estará contigo en todo momento. No importa como ni donde te encuentres, tendras su Bendicion; "DIOS ES TU ESCUDO PROTECTOR".

Hector Antonio, cuando en tu diario vivir, surja alguna situación que te haga sentir deprimido y triste, Simplemente cierra tus ojos, visualizanos en tu mente dándote un Beso y un fuerte Abrazo y escucharas nuestras voces didiendote al oído DIOS TE BENDIGA PAPITO, ESTAMOS CONTIGO; TE QUEREMOS MUCHO, NUESTRO CORAZON ESTA CONTIGO SIEMPRE.



!TE AMAMOS Y ESTAMOS MUY ORGULLOSOS DE TI PURRUTU!

MAMI Y PAPI

JOHN KARL KARANTONIS

Congratulations!

From the beginning, we were proud...
You defined your goals
You worked without complaint
You never gave up
You succeeded... ... ... YTBS
We remain proud

With love,
Mom, Dad, Bethany, Teale & Simon

United States Naval Academy
Class of 2002

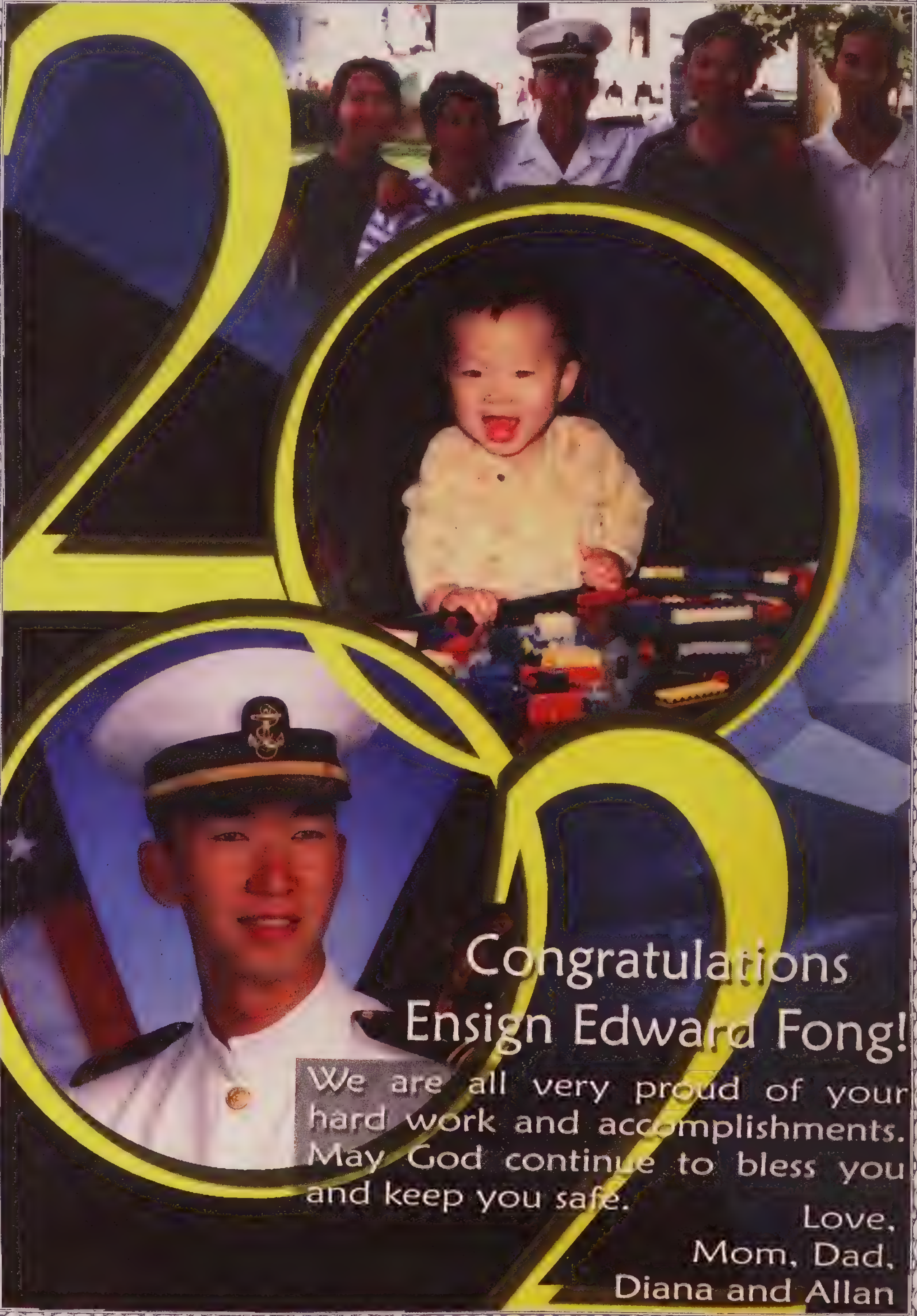
FAIR WINDS and FOLLOWING SEAS

The United States Naval Academy Parents' Club of Arizona

Salutes the Class of 2002 and the
Newly Commissioned Officers
from the Grand Canyon State

Jamie Bartz
Travis Z. Bode
Ashley E. Church
Steve J. Cobos
Benjamin A. Drew
Anja Easterly
Justine L. Fisher
Joshua F. Jones
Ryan A. Maple
Sean McClintock
Donald H. Muller
Eric J. Olsson
Nels E. Peterson
Daniel C. Polese
Brian D. Psolka
Steven W. Ranes
Daniel E. Sears
Courtney L. Senini
Elizabeth A. Steffen
Ethan C. Taranta

Photo Taken By Susan Armer (Glibert, AZ)



Congratulations Ensign Edward Fong!

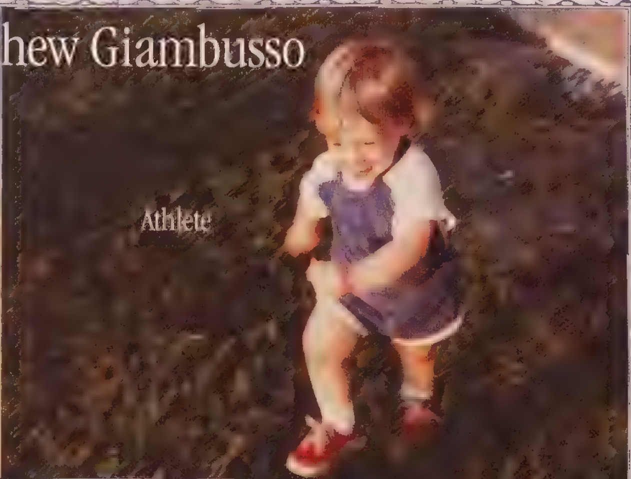
We are all very proud of your hard work and accomplishments. May God continue to bless you and keep you safe.

Love,
Mom, Dad,
Diana and Allan

Congratulations Matthew Giambusso

Desert Warrior

Athlete



Thespian

Heavy is me heart. Haar!
Since ye be gone.

But proud be we. Hoho hehe
At what y've become

Love,
Mom, Dad, Carolyn, Elizabeth,
and Blackbeard

Science

Intelligent

The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom, and before **HONOR** is humility. *Proverbs 15:33*

Be strong and of good **COURAGE**, do not fear nor be afraid of them; for the Lord your God, He is the One who goes with you. He will not leave you nor forsake you.
Deuteronomy 31:6

Dear Jeremy,

We are so proud of you! We thank the Lord for the joy He has given us in watching you develop into the man He will use for His purposes. You continually acknowledge the power of prayer as you purpose to be obedient to God. Your perseverance in walking with the Lord has produced your godly character.

*As you embark to the fleet always remember **Whose Name** you bear – the **Anchor** of your soul. Chart your course with the **Holy Spirit** as you navigate your way in honoring Him. Continue to be that example of a godly man as you carry out the most important commission, the **Great Commission**.*

We dearly love you,
Mom and Dad

Check your "12"

Remember "96"

COMMIT your works to the Lord, and your thoughts will be established.
Proverbs 16:3

Walk in wisdom toward those who are outside, redeeming the time. Let your speech always be with grace, seasoned with salt, that you may know how you ought to answer each one.
Colossians 4: 5,6

Four Years Together By The Bay

The USNA Parents' Club of Northern California

Congratulates Graduating Midshipmen:

- Aaron Arpi
- Leslie Boegel
- Robin Boniface
- Meg Burns
- John Cauthen
- Jarrod Day
- James Elmore
- Thomas Genest
- Cheriene Griffith
- Patrick Haines
- Benjamin Heineike
- Andrew Helchinger
- Benjamin Hobbs
- Heather Honnette
- Nathan Hood
- Justin Huber
- Katerina Iannios
- Jason Jackson
- Rashaad Jamal
- David Kissner
- Joseph Knipp
- Patrick O'Connor
- Melissa Rains
- Julie Rawson
- George Roland
- Lee Smallwood
- James Smith
- Michael Vlachakis

Live the life you love with strength, integrity and virtue

Fair Winds and Following Seas!!

Micah,

How proud of your accomplishments we are How proud of you we have always been. You have faced each challenge with strength of body and spirit and have come through with honor. You are a great brother and a wonderful son.

Love Always,
Mom & Dad, Sarah & Tom, Rachel and Jake

Thanks along the way to:
God, Matt hogan, Mr. Jeffrey, LKS,
John Kirby, Beth & Web, Mr. Croft

Let not loyalty and faithfulness forsake you;
bind them about your neck,
write them on the tablet of your heart.
So you will find favor and good repute
in the sight of God and man. Prov 3:3-4 RSV

Do Justly, love mercy, walk humbly with your God. MIC 6 8

Ensign Megan Mulhem Smith

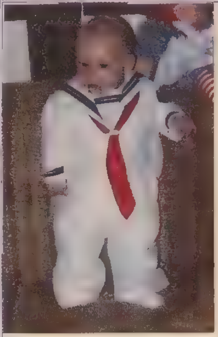
"Time it was and what a time it was..."

From I-Day to Commissioning, your four short years by the bay have passed quickly. We have watched you pursue your dreams and marveled at your accomplishments. We have supported you and prayed for your success. You never cease to amaze us. As you seek to soar with the eagles, may the Eternal Father protect you and all your classmates from peril upon the sea. We are so very proud of you. You will always be our little (big) girl.
Love,
Mom & Dad

"Tower, this is Ghostrider, requesting flyby..."

Never, when I watched Top Gun thousands of times when I was younger, did I think my sister was going to be a naval aviator. Just know that you've got one incredibly proud little brother, and I'm amazed at all you've done at the academy, things I could never do. I hope you do well at flight school and are happy wherever your travels take you, in the Navy and beyond. Congratulations

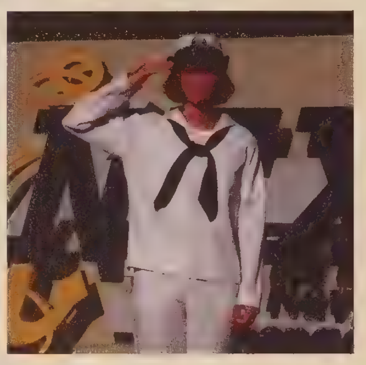
Love,
Brian



Ensign Joshua Patrick Wolf,

Eight months old and born to be a sailor. Look at you then, and look at you know. Josh, as you know, our expectations of you were always high, but who would have ever thought you would take it this far. We did! We believed in you then, and we believe in you know. Remember: Desiny is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of choice (you took it). It is not a thing to be achieved (you have). Your biggest fans will always be there to support you, just as we've done the last five years. Congratulations, and may the winds be always at your back.

AS ALWAYS,
LOVE, Mom, Don, Crystal and Frances



Ensign Wolf, this one's for you.
Love,
your little sister,
Crystal

"A part of you has grown in me, together forever we shall be, never apart, maybe in distance but not in heart."
-Unknown

I love you and I'm so proud of you. Congratulations Ensign Wolf

Love Always,
Frances, Jake and Henry

Josh,

You have been a great son and brother. You have always been there to protect your Loved one. Now you will be doing it for the entire country. We are very proud of the man you have become, all that you have already accomplished, and all that you will in the future. Congratulations, Ensign Wolf

Love Dad and Cindy

Josh,

I couldn't have picked a better son-in-law if I had chosen one myself! As you begin your new career and your new life, all my best wishes go with you and your bride-to-be, Frances. And remember the famous words of Yogi Bera, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it."

Love, Karen Early

NAVY
57
NAVY

You are the wind beneath our wings...

Love from All of us whose lives you have touched and from those whose lives you will continue to touch. Thanks for the ride - God bless you, Matt.

Love,
Mom, Dad,
Stephen and
Andy

Almighty God, we commend to your gracious care and keeping all the men and women of our armed forces at home and abroad. Defend them by day with your heavenly grace; strengthen them in their trials nd temptations; give them te courage to face the perils and trials which beset them; and grant them a sense of your abiding presence wherever they may be; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN

Ephesians 6:10,13

Finally be strong in the Lord and in His mighty power... Therefore put on the full armor of God, so that when the day of evil comes, you my be able to stand your ground, and after you have done everything, to stand.

Bale,
From start to finish we are all so proud of you. May God continue to bless you!
Love, Mom, Dad, Taylor, Lea, and Mack

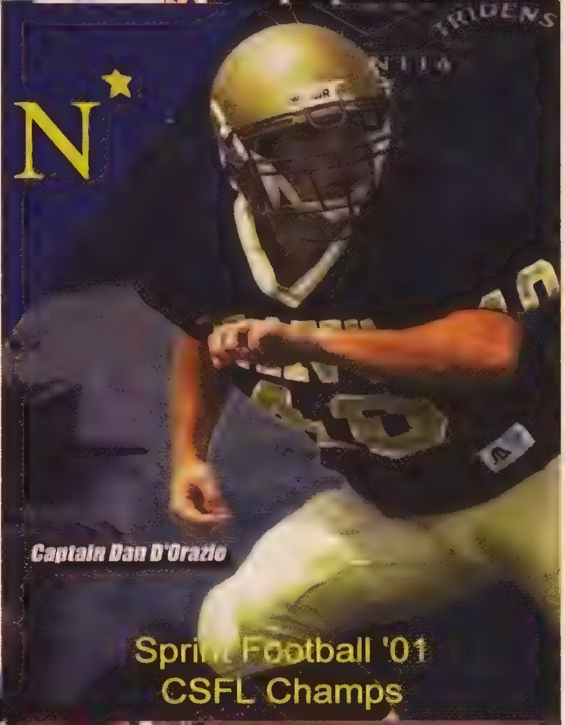
Congratulations Dan D'Orazio

CARPE DIEM, DAN D'ORAZIO

Seize the day,
Seize the moment ,
Seize the opportunity!!

In these four years, you have proven yourself a winner and a leader. We are blessed and honored to have a son like you and are so happy to see your dreams come true. "Walk worthy of the vocation to which you've been called. (St. John Baptist de LaSalle) Serve your country proudly, bravely and remember: …
"YOU LORD ARE A SHIELD AROUND ME."
You're our hero!
We love you, Mom and Dad

Growing up with you as our brother wasn't easy but it sure was fun! You will always be in our thoughts and in that special place in our hearts that only a brother can fill. We love you and wish you all the best.
GO DAN!!
Ri, Lou and the Hols.



Congratulations Cousins Jon and Chrissy!

We are so proud of you!

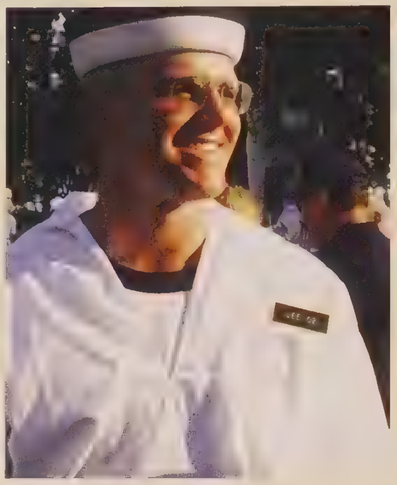
With lots of love from the Piringer and Higdon families

Congratulations

To our friend Brendan T. Cremins

and the Class of 2002

Donald J. Trump and Melania Knauss



UNITED
STATES
FREED

Congratulations
Bobby!

From July 1, 1998 to May 24, 2002, you never quit.
The world in now before you, we are behind you and your dreams are within reach. We are very proud of you,
Ensign Robert E. Lee

Mom, Dad, and Samantha
Eccl. 12:13

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY PARENTS' CLUB OF LONG ISLAND, NY

WE PROUDLY SALUTE OUR NEWLY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS FROM THE LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 2002!

Anthony Eugene Amodeo
Christopher Stephen Cisek
Christopher Jean Coderre
George Dominick Economou
John Robert Esposito
Michael John Esposito
Michael Dominick Famularo
Richard Edward Ferrari
Christopher Michael Fodera
Edward Hsiang-Lung Fong
Bradley Michael Hay
Jonathan William Lang
James Eric Lucas
David Richard Marino
Timothy David O'Brien
Matthew Thomas Orr
John Paul Pontrello
Bryan Wayne Schneider
Colleen Margaret Stephens
Philip Jason Uranga
Michael Francis Wendelken

"We Wish You Fair Winds,
Following Seas
And A Peaceful Journey."

Dan Polese, Ensign USNR

Hookup car
No ditches
Wonder woman
Pi Kappa Phi
Master Yi
BCP
Dan Whitehead
Red Sofa
Joe Magulie

Airborne Jeep
Rojo
Older Women
Floc de gasogne
Coca Cola
Rocky Marval
Poof you're a waffle
Jimmy Buffet

Heart attack
Dance class
Boon dockers
Snorkling
Jet Skis
Impra files
Grilled cheese
Medicine attack
Aerobatics
Shooting Range
Running to the castle
Jugheads
Carcharodon carcharias

Ice machine
Homemade incendiaries
Alligator
Shell Answer Man
Dynamite fish sandwich
Barshala
Legos
The Harem

So many memories, so many more waiting to be made. We are glad you are part of our lives.

Love from your very proud family

My Lamb, you were so very small
When first you heard the Eagle's call.
But to that purpose, straight and true,
That seed within you grew and grew.

Now stand you perched upon the edge,
Surveying from the Eagle's ledge.
Raised in Duty, Courage, Strength;
Ready, now, to try your wing.

Destiny calls, as long you've known
To serve your country, flag, and home.
We're proud of you, son, so straight and tall,
To know you've met the Eagle's call.

Your class will now receive its due;
New adventures wait for each of you.
Your strength and wisdom will be your guide;
Your parents' and the Navy's Pride.

Congratulations to the Class of Aught Two,
And to our very own Son of a son of a Sailor,
Ensign James D. Huddleston.

We're very proud of you,
Love,
Mom and Dad

NASA
Space & Rocket Center
Huntsville, Alabama
U.S. SPACE CAMP
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
SPACE SHUTTLE

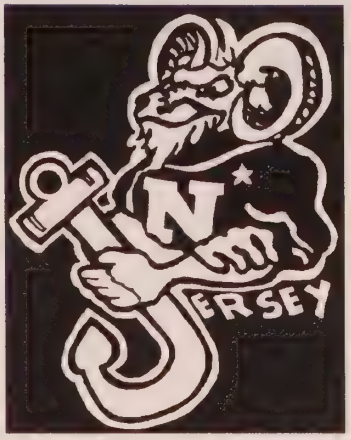
Mike,

I remember when you first expressed interest in joining the military. We had gone together to register for your junior year at Orange Park High School. You asked about the Naval Leadership courses the school offered and wondered "what is this NROTC stuff all about, anyway?" That was the summer of '95, and now, seven years later, your journey in pursuit of a commission has finally come to an end. **CONGRATULATIONS!** You made it and made the family all very proud. You now have a firm foundation upon which to build the rest of your life. Either way, if you choose the Marines as a life long career or only a short stop along the way, this foundation will forever serve you well. As you begin the next leg of your life's journey remember three things. First, success in the military is best measured by how well you lead others. Learn to care for your Marines and their dedication to you will be repaid tenfold. Your success really depends on their success. Help them and you help yourself Look after them and you look after yourself. Second: never stop in your quest for knowledge. You should always strive to know more about your chosen profession than the other guy, always challenging yourself to be the best at whatever you do. Anything less will be selling yourself short. Third and last:: don't forget your parachute.

We are very proud of your accomplishments, Son. Take care and may God continue to bless you.
Love, Dad, Mom, Jared, Justin (and Pancho)

USNA PARENTS CLUB OF NEW JERSEY

GO NAVY



BEAT ARMY

PROUDLY SALUTES THE CLASS OF 2002

Welcome Aboard Picnic – June 1998

Victor Walker Wells
Love,
Your family

MY DADDY HELPED
DELIVER ME

Dear Cheriene,

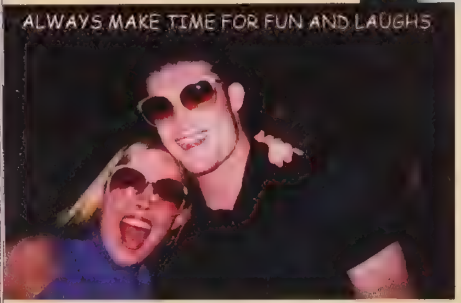
From the day you were born you have given us a purpose in life. You have filled our lives with much happiness. We have had many adventures, from Red Bluff to Fiji, and will cherish them all. Time has passed too quickly.

We want you to always remember that wherever life takes you, whatever dreams you follow, and no matter how "grown-up" you are that you will always be our little girl. You will always have our love and support, now and forever.
We are very proud of you!

Love,

Mom
&
Dad

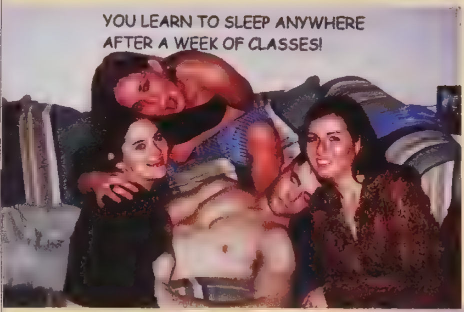
I DAY~ LETS GET IT GOING!!!!!


ALWAYS MAKE TIME FOR FUN AND LAUGHS

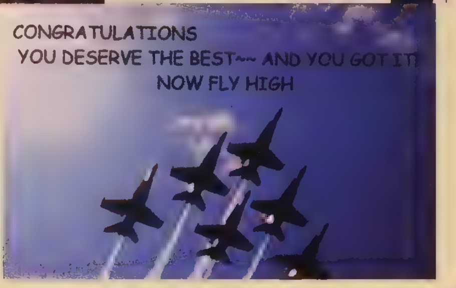
EXPERIENCING A TASTE OF THE FUTURE

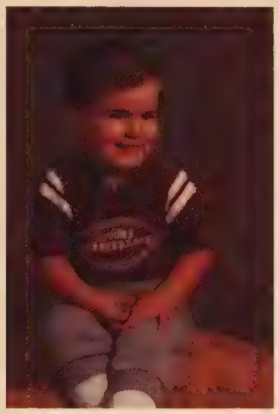
We will never forget the statement you made in one of your letters to us during your Plebe year at USNA. It said, "What did I do to deserve this?" After four years at the Academy, we all can look back at the last four years and answer that question adequately now. You've met every challenge and have proven yourself worthy by fulfilling the intensive and demanding regimen to be called ENSIGN JUSTIN ANDREW MASON.

We salute you and love you,
Mom, Dad, Leslie, and Holly


YOU LEARN TO SLEEP ANYWHERE
AFTER A WEEK OF CLASSES!

LIFE LONG FRIENDS


CONGRATULATIONS
YOU DESERVE THE BEST~~ AND YOU GOT IT!
NOW FLY HIGH



"For I know the plans that I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans for good and not evil to give you a future and a hope." Jeremiah 29:11

You started with a dream that was very important to you. Through hard work desire, discipline, sacrifice, commitment to excellence, and a strong will the ideal situation evolved; you made that dream come true. You achieved your dream; "the goal of a lifetime." Your willingness to work hard and make the necessary sacrifices paid their dividends. Congratulations, you did it!!!!!!
We know you will serve your country with honor, pride, and dignity. We are all very proud of you.

Love,
Mom, Dad and Leon

Congratulations Rocky Checca and the Class of '02!

SCOTT ALEXANDER McCORD

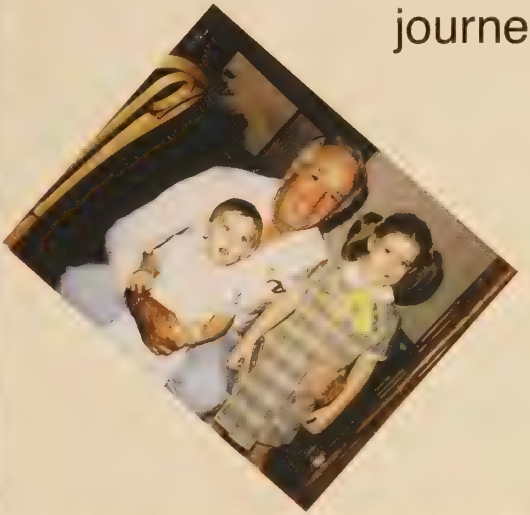
WE ARE PROUD OF YOU!

YOUR GRANDFATHERS
&
THE WHOLE FAMILY

Congratulations on your accomplishments and continued success in the future.

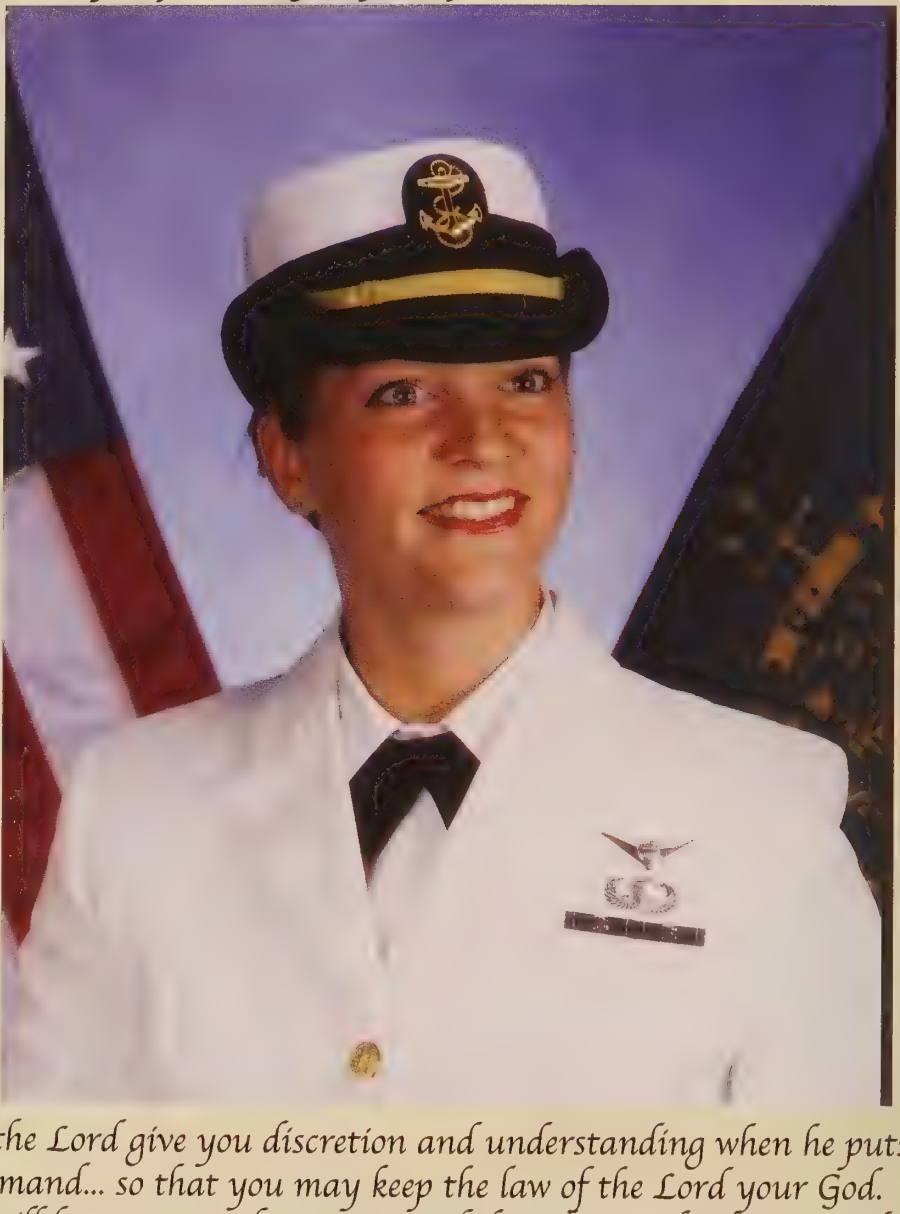
You have been reaching for the highest since you've known you could. Now you're reaching for the sky.

We're proud to take the journey with you!



Ensign Allision Leigh Rogde

For I know the plans I have for you, plans to prosper you and not harm you, plans to give you a future. Jeremiah 29:11



May the Lord give you discretion and understanding when he puts you in command... so that you may keep the law of the Lord your God. Then you will have success if you are careful to observe the decrees and laws that the Lord gave... Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid or discouraged. Now begin the work and the Lord be with you.
1Chronicles 22:12-13

To the Lord we gave this child. Be there! Dad and Mom

GEORGIA MIDS ARE ALWAYS ON OUR MINDS

Parker Burke
Joseph Campbell
Kristen Cartus
Timothy Collins
Raul Dominguez
Matthew Freeman
Daniel Hancock
Stan Hanley
Karlton Holston
Jim Huddleston
Jimmie Hughes
Monica Hurley
John Jeffery
Nicholas Jones
Casandra Koistinen

ROBUR
INTEGRITAS
VIRTUS
2002

David Kunda
Jeffrey Lee
Carlos Martinez
Justin Mason
Anthony McGraw
Brandon Neighbors
Wes Pass
Stephen Ray
Charles Robb
Brian Sparks
Mariclair Tan
Scott Tintle
Doug Waller
Timothy White

Congratulations 2002 Mids!

2nd LT Michael D. Famularo, USMC

What had once seemed like an impossible dream,
Far beyond your reach,
Has now become your reality,
At your fingertips.
In four short years you've achieved your goal,
With the unexpected gifts of friendship and love
That will endure the test of time.

WE ARE SO PROUD OF YOU!
LOVE
MOM, DAD, and your FAMILY

SEMPER FIDELIS

GARRETT

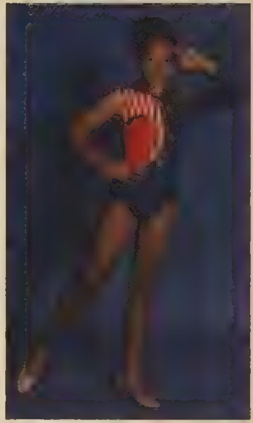
No dream could have prepared us for all that you've done and achieved in your short life. You've colored our lives with laughter and love.

Follow your dreams.
Follow your heart.
We love you.
Mom, Dad, and Jan

Congratulations
Ensign Monica R. Hurley, USN

To our dearest daughter,

What happened to the little girl that cried about everything? In what seems like a flash, she has become an Ensign and an admired leader. Smart, tough, committed, honorable, courageous, and sharp as a tack now describes you. We are so proud of you, but mostly we hope you are proud of yourself. What you have been able to achieve during the past four years will forever set you apart from most. You have already accomplished what others can only dream about. Those that so cruelly teased you, played dirty tricks on you when you weren't aware, criticized and discouraged your efforts, laughed at your thought that you could get accepted, be successful, and make it through the Naval Academy, are long forgotten. They are now indebted to you for their safety and security. Looking back, that first year was rough, full of pain, confusion, fear and self-doubt. We felt your pain and doubted our wisdom to let you make that choice. Your determination to succeed and honor to your mother and father stands above all other assets.



You are now the "LEAD DOG,"
strong, out front, and leading the way.
All our love and may God bless you
and your future.

Much
Pride and Love,
Mom and Dad

ESPRESSO
Gameday
NAVY
$1
43
6
5
7

Beth & Web, the greatest sponsors ever!

**Congratulations to
Marshall Croft & Paul Habenicht
for their seventeen years as classmates at
St. Christopher's School, Richmond, Va. and the U.S.N.A.**

CONGRATULATIONS
2ND LT STACY ALICE SPIGLER, USMC

You have come a long way from your "cabbage patch days" to your graduation day! You have always done your best and have always made us so very proud! You continue to amaze us with your dedication and commitment in all that you do! Become a great Marine, but remain the wonderful and lovable person you are today. Set your sights high and shoot for the stars! Make history! Achieve your dreams! Semper Fi!

Love always,
Mom, Dad, Family, and Friends

UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
DED 1845

Congratulations, Sam!

You've always been a wonderful guy and thanks for sharing your adventure with us.

Love,
The Family

2nd LT. SEAN MCAULEY MULCAHY, USMC

The moment you were born, I knew you were meant to do great things. From that first "perfect wave" you rode when you were only a little guy to becoming Company Commander your final semester, you have met each challenge, each new situation with the determintion and conviction of the United States Marine that you have now become.

Making a diference was always important to you - and clearly you have succeeded. You have been instrumental in helping me raise your two brothers. You have made a difference in their lives. You have taught them by example and with the love that only a big brother knows They admire the man you have become. You are their hero. As a son you have always made me proud - every single day of your life. I feel very blessed to have been chosen by God to be your mother, to have the opportunity to raise such a fine son, my first born child. On your graduation I want you to remember that you are one of God's instruments He has created to help make our world a better place... so do your part, be the man you are meant to be and always remember that you are loved.

Mom

The difference between the ground and the heights one achieves will only be limited by one's desire. For nothing in this world is impossible to a willing heart!
Chris Navarro

Congratulations
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Love,
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ensign Stanton Richard Hanley

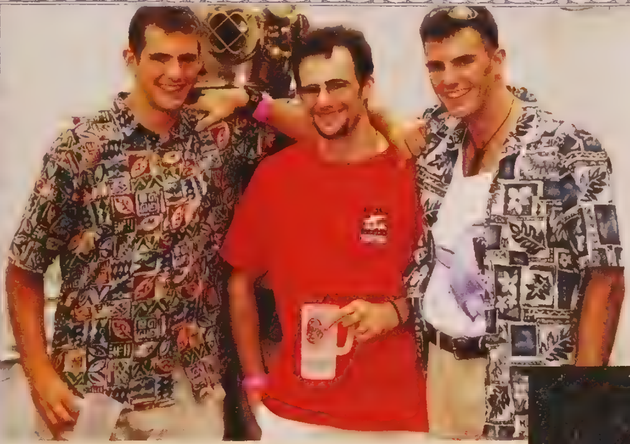
The beginning of the dream...

The dream comes true...

It's all because of your discipline, determination, and dedication.
We are so proud of you.

CONGRATULATIONS! NAVY PILOT
Enjoy living your "DREAM"

We love you,
Mom, Dad, Stacy, and Clint



BRAVO ZULU, Sailors!
Our prayers are for "FAIR WINDS and FOLLOWING SEAS" Throughout Your Naval careers!
WELL DONE, Guys
May you continue to always dare to do what is right!

We are so proud of you!
LOVE
MOM and DAD

'Hoo-yah' -- You made it, Ancient Bee-bee. Looks like all those beatings did you good. Congrats from your older, wiser (and better-looking) brothers."

CONGRATULATIONS,

Ensign Anthony E. Amodeo

and the entire Class of 2002

201
REACH YOUR

Anthony, we are so proud of you and all your accomplishments.
Our love will always be with you.

Mom, Dad, Cristina, and Michael

Congratulations!

Ensign Nathan J. Christensen

Distinguished Honors Graduate
Cox Fund Recipient
CO of Drum and Bugle Corps

Thank you for your character
conduct and commitment to God.
We are very proud of you!
"Be on the alert, stand firm in the faith,
...be strong,
Let all that you do be done in love" (1 Corinthians 16:13-14)
Love, Mom, Dad, Stephanie
"My grace is sufficient for you, for power is perfected in weakness"
(2 Corinthians 12:9)

Christopher Swisher

Then

Now

We are so proud of you. From then to now has been a great experience. We are all enriched because of you. And oh... the places you'll go from here! We're all excited to be a part of your life. You've taken the name far. We love you.

Mom, Dad, Joe, and Pet oxox

Dear Jamie,

Congratulations, Ensign Nero!

In your four years at the Academy, you have endured all of its challenges with honor and integrity. This was a difficult path in life for you to choose. Only a select few who possess the characteristics of leadership, responsibility, and discipline can make it. Your determination, perseverence, and maturity with all that has confronted you are admirable. You certainly have the right stuff!

We are so very proud of who you are and what you have accomplished. You have been an inspiration to all of us.

We love you always,

Mom, Dad, Gregory, Erik and Nicole

John Anthony, Congratulations!

"Papi," we think of you always with pleasure and wish you nothing but the best and happiness everyday, you've always meant something wonderful.. you're one of the greatest gifts life has given me. We love you beyond any telling; you're our pride and joy! Remembering years gone past, brings tears, joy, laughter, but most of all a feeling of pride. We're proud of who your are, what you've done, and where you're going. We're honored to be your parents.

God's Blessing, Love, Protection, and Wisdom always,

Love,
Dad Larry and Mom

"Fair winds and following seas!"

Congratulations
Ensign John Anthony Augusto

Son,
Congratulations! You have accomplished a great achievement in your academic career.

It is a joy to remember you as a little boy, but an even greater joy to see the man you have become.

We are absolutely certain you will always be successful in your every endeavor in life. As your parents, we could not be more proud. We have been blessed with a son who is loving, humorous, talented, and strong. Our support and love are always with you.
Love and admiration,
Dad, Carol, and family
Never lose your enthusiam and ambition!

Congratulations Ensign Darren J. Bounds!

You have accomplished just about every goal you have set for yourself. We recognized early on that you are gifted in many ways and feel blessed to be a part of your life. We are certain that you will continue to achieve great things. The path you have chosen will not be easy but it will be extremely rewarding. Like most of the Class of 2002, you are this country's best and brightest who will serve with distinction while protecting America's freedoms. We all love you very much and wish you the best in the challenges yet to come.

Hoo-yaa!!!

Love, Dad, Mom, Sister Hilary,
Grandma Lois, and Aunt Barbara

CONGRATULATIONS, HARRY!

LOVE,
MOM, DAD, GRETTA,
& FRED

Congratulations, Guy.

We are proud of the man you have become
and all of your accomplishments.
May love, luck, laughter, and happiness be
with you always as you follow your dreams.

Wishing you fair winds and following seas,
Love, Dad, Mom, and Greg

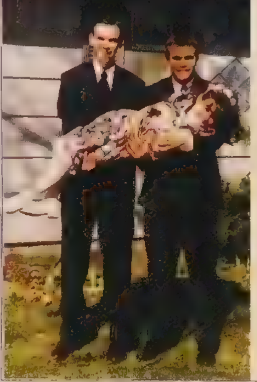
Congratulations

Ensign Jennifer Isabelle Young

Dearest Jennifer,
You continue to be a joy to us everyday of your life. You have always had high goals and the determination to achieve them. We wish you much happiness and success as you embark on your next adventure.
We are so very proud of you!

We love you dearly,
Mama, Daddy, Blair, and
Patrick

Sean,
From your 'apparent' early interest in sailing, to your competitive spirit and to your present achievement of a Naval Academy commission, we know that you will help make America stronger. May God continue to strenthen your resolve and desire for justice.



Congratulations
Ensign Jerome "Sean" Petron -

We are so proud of you!

Mom, Dad, Tim, & Megan

...from space camp to Marine Pilot

2nd LT Kevin H. Koyama
USMC

In all you do, remember to shoot for the stars. Follow your dreams and we will always be there to support you. We are so proud of you.

Love, Jenny, Ryan, Mom, Dad, and Grandma

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their own dreams."

Congratulations, Allison. We're so proud of you.
Love- Dad, Mom, Becky & Bryce

Congratulations 2nd LT Christopher Forman, USMC

So be truly glad! There is a wonderful joy ahead, even though it is necessary for you to endure many trials for awhile. These trials are only to test your faith, to show that it is strong and pure. It is being tested as fire tests and purifies gold - and your faith is far more precious to God than mere gold. So if your faith remains strong after being tried by fiery trials, it will bring you much praise and glory and honor on the day when Jesus Christ is revealed to the whole world. You love him even though you have never seen him. Though you do not see him, you trust him; and even now you are happy with a glorious, inexpressible joy. Your reward for trusting him will be the salvation of your souls.
1 Peter 1:6-9

From: Your Proud Family

From Where Do Dreams Come?

Days at the beach? Adventures with your brother? The tales of your grandfathers? A sense of honor? Riding waves? Team sports? The classroom? The spirit of God?

Jacob Earl Wilson,
United States Navy

We don't know, but you have accomplished your dreams, Son!

OXO Keep dreaming! XOX
Mom & Pop

Congratulations
Ensign Colin J. Bernard, USN

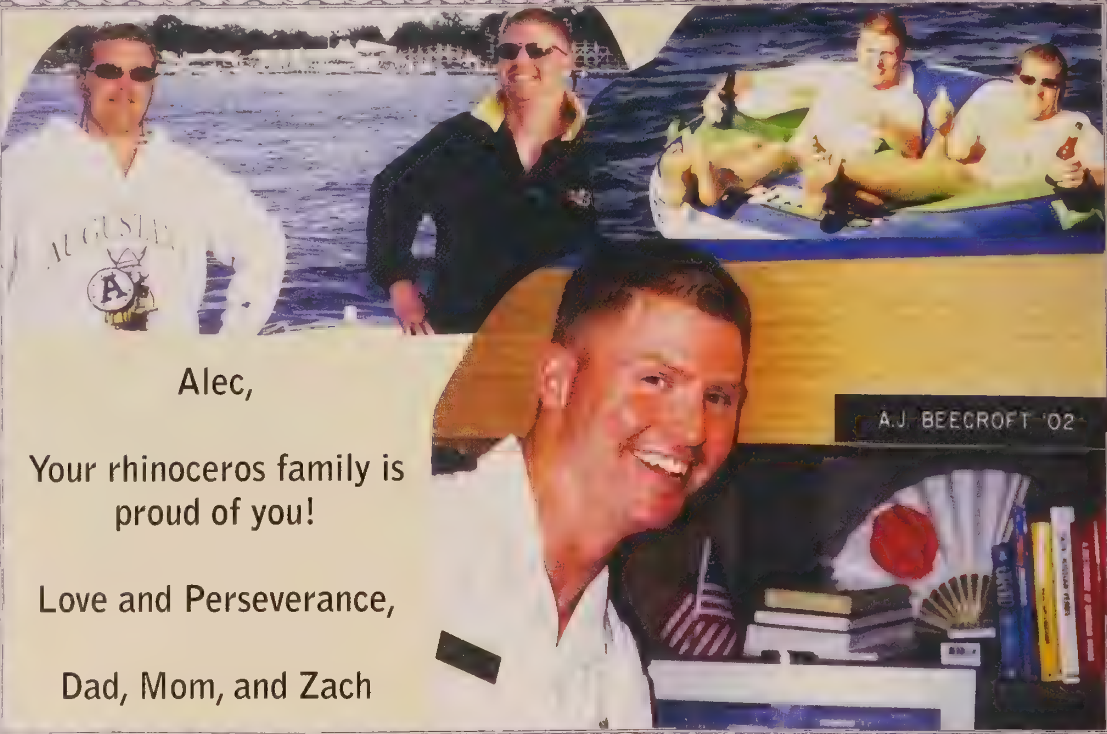
Our greatest joy in life has been having you as our son. You have filled our life with love and laughter, always our sunshine on a cloudy day. Your smile is infectious and your beautiful blue eyes reflect a heart filled with kindness and compassion.

Over the last four years, you have transitioned from childhood to adulthood and we are so proud of the man you have become.

As you begin your career as a Naval Flight Officer, remember to reach for the stars, listen to your heart, and always do your best.
May God always watch over you and keep you safe from harm.

With all our love,
Mom & Dad
May 24, 2002

"Be patient and tough, some day this pain will be useful to you." - Ovid



Alec,

Your rhinoceros family is proud of you!

Love and Perseverance,

Dad, Mom, and Zach

Congratulations

Ensign Joseph Lee Campbell, USN

How can we begin to express our pride and our Love in such a great son, brother, and Grandson. You are a wonderful person and you have an Exciting future awaiting.

Remember:

1. Family is family and we will always be there for one another, no matter what.

2. To those that much is given, much is expected.

3. Your faith is to be cherished... forever.

Love you,

Dad, Mom, Rob, Grandma & Grandpa H. and Grandpa C.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Second Lieutenant Luke Anderson

We are very proud of you!

Mom, Dad, & Paige
Isaiah 40:31

2nd LT Kelli A.M. O'Neil, USMCR

From 4lb preemie to one of the country's Few and Proud, you have continued to amaze and delight us with your perseverance. In spite of everything - in spite of the sacrifices of growing up a Marine Brat, of deployments without end, of the injustices of a system - our Sunshine decided, on her own, to go to the Academy and strive to be a Marine!

You have stayed the course. You have made it up the rope. Oh daughter of courage, you have done it! Continue to be true to yourself, maintain your faith and spirit, take care of your Marines, and remember "who's the Mama." We are honored and proud... now let's go PT!

Love -
Mom "The Big Cheese," Dad "Lutcall,"
and Naomi "Peanut"

Congratulations
Ensign Clinton Blankenship
Class of 2002

In leaves no step
had trodden black...
I took the road less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
-Robert Frost

We are so proud of you!
Love,
Mom, Dad, Ethan,
Catie and Mimi

CONGRATULATIONS DREW

"Let your heart be like the
sea,
Ever open, brave, and free."

Love, Mom, Dad, and Brad

Damien
Lipke

GOD BLESS YOU
In Your Service
For Our Country

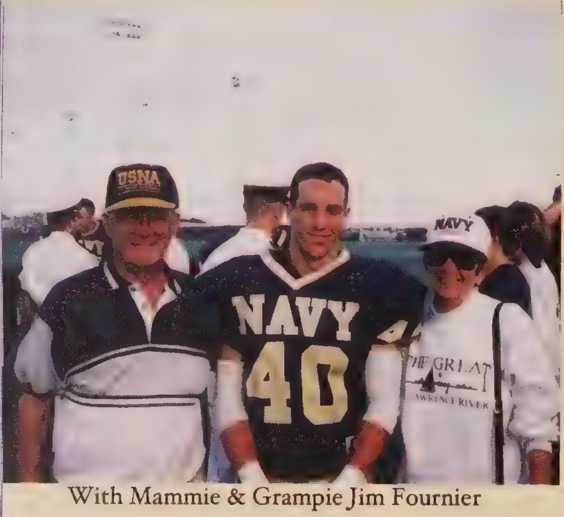
We're Proud!

Love,
Mom & Dad
And The Four Rugrats

Matthew Kirkland Garcia

Words cannot express our pride...
Always remember how much you are loved.
Your Family

Daniel A. D'Orazio



With Mammie & Grampie Jim Fournier

"Turkey"

Dan, We are so proud of you, your accomplishments and the goals you have set for yourself. Where ever life takes you we will always be with you in spirit.
Remember "He who flies highest sees farthest." JLS
All our love, Mammie and Grampie Jim Semper Fi.

Ensign John - Paul A. Falardeau, USN

Congratulations on your great achievement! We wish you God's blessings as you follow your dreams.

Love,
Mom and Dad
Celeste and Justin...
and your entire Kuhn and Falardeau family

Richard John Cannici

We are so proud of you, and wish you every success as you step into the Marine Corps. Bring the things which have been the foundation of your success: you integrity, your respect and appreciation for the people around you, and your focus on doing your best.

You are an inspiration to your family and friends. God's speed in the challenges that await you. Go forward and make your mark on this world that so desperately needs the influence of good men with your kind of character.

We love you,

Mom, Dad, Kim and Juilet

Congratulations
Ensign Amanda James!!

We are so proud of you,
Emanna!
Fair winds, following
seas, and
fa ra ra ra ra!

Love,
the
family

Kevin

As you ready to sail away we'd like to say

May the good Lord be with you
Down every road you roam
May sunshine and happiness surround
you when you're far from home

And whatever road you choose
We are right behind you win or lose
Be courageous and be brave
And in our hearts you'll always stay

Forever Kevin

With love and pride
Mom, Dad, Chris and Carrie

Congratulations

Ensign Scott A. Halvorsen

Scott, we realize you sacrificed much
but our thanks are seldom shown.

We're afraid it's taken for granted
this precious country we know.

So we're asking God to bless you
with his love so abundantly.

Thank you for serving America
and helping to keep us free!

Godspeed Honey
All our Love!
Mom, Dad, and Ernie

Scott "Goods" Williams

You will never do anything in this world
without courage. It is the greatest
quality of the mind next to honor.

What an unbelievable NAPS and Academy
experience. We now look forward to Pensacola
where you will learn to fly like an eagle.

Love always,
Dad, Beth & Megan

Congratulations
Ensign Richard Andrew Hayes
30th Company

Ricky,

Son and brother we salute you. You have always been a winner and a leader.

We take great pride in your accomplishments, and now as you embark on another great adventure, may you continue to be successful.

We will miss your sense of humor and caring nature but hope you will always remember us as you experience the wonderful opportunities that lie ahead.

May God continue to watch over you.

With all our love and support,
Mom, Dad, Michael and Christine

CONGRATULATIONS, ROB!

You've made us proud from the first graduation to the last one. You worked very hard the past four years and accomplished what you set out to do. May you alwasy have the faith and perseverance to follow your dreams - and may God bless you every step of the way. Love Dad & Mom

---

No love, no friendship can cross the path of our destiny without leaving some mark on it forever. Francois Muriac (1885-1970)

Dear Nate and Friends, Justin and Earl,
We wish you success and happiness.
May your paths cross again and your friendships endure.
Love, Dad, Mom, Ryan, John and Nick.

Ensign Andrew John Bellina

Fly Navy

Fly Navy

YES, You are the Man!
We are so proud of you.
Congratulations!

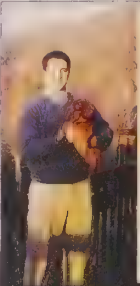
With love, Mom, Dad and Matt

Did you always know...
Did the voyage begin before we knew...
Your course... constant as the Northern Star...
It went so fast...

CONGRATULATIONS
ENSIGN
JOE THOMPSON!

You have made us so proud...
Smooth sailing... calm seas and happiness...
our wish for you.
We are with you always...
Love, Mom and Dad xoxox

K.Y.H.O.O.Y.A.



Congratulations
Ensign Hayward
Warren
Hargrove, III

Isaiah 6:8

Trey, you have been and are a blessing to your family and many others. We appreciate and respect the young man you have chosen to become. While visiting the Academy after your 8th grade year, you told your Dad, "Dad, this is where I am going to school." On May 24, 2002 you achieved a very rewarding goal which required personal sacrifice, dedication to excellence, and perseverance that only a few will ever know. Thank you for honoring us with your personal standards, ideals, integrity, and most of all for your love of the Lord. May He always guide you and show you the way He has planned for you (Jeremiah 29:11). Put your trust in Him and believe in yourself and you will never fail. We love you very much and are so proud of you. We wish for you much love, happiness, and success. Now... mount up with Eagle's Wings. God Bless you, Trey!
Love, Dad, Mom, and Morgan
Phillipians 4:13 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

Congratulations, Danno!!

Danno,
Always remember the people that have helped and supported you along the way, but never forget taht it's been YOUR hard work and perseverance that got you here. Keep the same attitude and faith as you row through life.

We're very proud of you. God grant You Many Years!
Love Always,
Mom, Dad, AJ, and Murphy

"May you have warm words on a cold evening, a full moon on a dark night, and a smooth road all the way to your door..."

Congratulations, Ted.
You are one of our
favorite characters!

CHARACTER

What lies behind us
And what lies before us
Are small matters compared to
What lies *within* us.

How do we spell Erik?

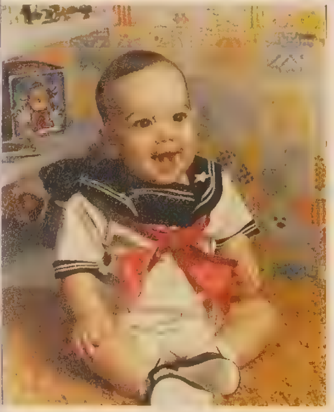
- **E - Exuberant**
- **R - Responsible**
- **I - Intelligent**
- **K - Kind**

ALL-AMERICAN

Congratulations!
Erik, we are so proud of you, and your accomplishments,
Always remember the friends you made, especially your roommates
John Esposito and Tom Clark.
Continue to follow your dreams.
You have a great and wonderful future ahead.
We feel greatly honored to be your parents.

Love,
Mom and Dad

"He's not just my son - he's my hero!"



Tommy,

"... How life is one big party when you're still young and
who's gonna have your back when it's all done?
It's all good when your little, you have pure fun.
Can't be a fool son, what about the long run...
We were there through your incarceration, we want to show the nation our appreciation...!"

"My darling angel"

You have far surpassed our expectations. We are so very proud of you and your accomplishments!
We've got your back for the long run!

We love you very much,
Dad, Mom, and Marissa

FROM "COWBOY X" TO ENSIGN MELLO
YOU HAVE MADE US PROUD.
FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS, CHARLES.
LOVE MOM, DAD, BEN, & SARAH

CONGRATULATIONS 25TH COMANY!

GOOD LUCK TO MIKE, TIM, CHAD, DAVE, BRIAN, PAT, AND COLLIN

CONGRATULATIONS ENSIGN JUSTIN WHITE

You're a wonderful son, great brother and you'll make an outstanding Naval officer. We are proud of all your accomplishments and ask God to Bless You as you "take flight" and continue life's journey.

Executive Sweet

We Love You,
Mom, Dad, and Todd
XO XO XO

Congratulations

2nd LT
Ryan A. Maple
USMC

We
love
you.

Mom, Dad,
Calona, &
Tuffy

Remembering the years gone by brings joy, tears, and laughter, but most of all, a feeling of pride. We are so proud of all you have accomplished and for the way you have endured the toughest of times - never giving up.
May God watch over you as your new journey begins.

Congratulations Ensign Westley N. Simancas!

WE are very proud of you and all of your accomplishments. You are a talented young man with a lot to offer, always remember that. We wish you the very best for a bright future. We pray God's continued blessings on your life. God bless you! Que Dios te bendiga sienpre.

Love,
Mom, Dad, Johnny, Jr., Jennifer, and Grandma

sport card™ '90

Christopher Sillman,

now it's our turn...

"Golly, golly, golly!"

Mom, Dad, Brian, Nana, Granddad and Spot

You have always filled our lives with proud moments.

Always
love what you do,
and do
what you love.

Love, Mom & Dad

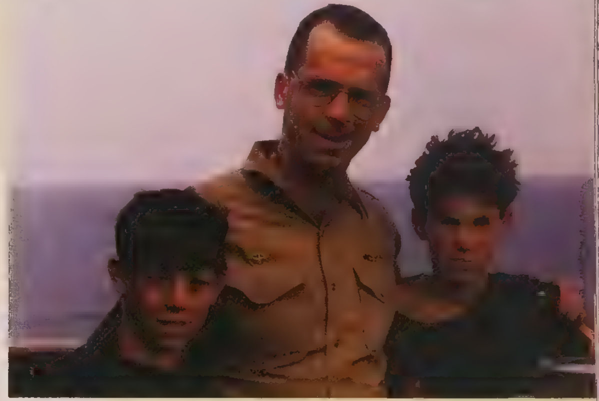
Congratulations
Ensign Timothy O'Brien

As your journey through life continues you have reached many milestones along the way. After 4 years of hard work determination and perseverence, your graduation from the Naval Academy is the culmination of all your dreams.

We are so proud of who you are and for the man you have become. May God always be with you as you begin your life in the Navy.

Congratulations to the Class of '02,
With Love and Pride,
Mom and Dad

John Stewart Mullen



Jack, we are the proudest parents in the world. You have brought us great joy from the moment of your birth. Your kind heart, geniune friendship, and remarkable ability to overcome tough challenges will always serve you well. Your future will be filled with success. God bless you.

Lots of love, Mom, Dad, and Mike '03

USNA Parents' Club of Central Florida

PROUDLY SALUTES OUR NEWLY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS
OF THE CLASS OF 2002

ROBUR
INTEGRITAS
VIRTUS
2002
IN
HARM'S
WAY

ENS Daniel F. Chiafair
ENS R. Bale Dalton III
ENS Richard G. Glasgow III
2LT Erin Kellogg
ENS Erin Kenny
ENS G. Garrett Kulczycki
ENS Richard T. McCandless
ENS Steve Reis
2LT Darren Szerdy

To Ensign Chris Stephens,

You have known all through the years that we love you and are proud of you. You have become more than even we silently dreamed. All of our love, pride, and respect will accompany you where ever life takes you. May you always have fair winds and following seas.

Mom and Dad

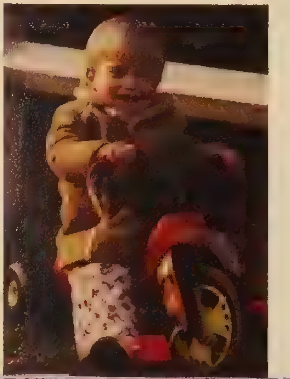
GO NAVY!

George,

We, as a family, could not be happier for you and our pride in what you've accomplished is tough to measure. You are a wonderful son, a tremendous role model for your brother, and a true man in every way. God bless you in your future and may all dreams come true.

Love Mom, Dad, Brett

Congratulations 2nd LT Parker Burke
Your dream came true. It's all yours because of your determination, courage, and strength of character. We are so very proud of you. Wishing you God's speed and success in all your endeavors.
Love,
Mom, Dad, Howell, Sara Elizabeth, and Will

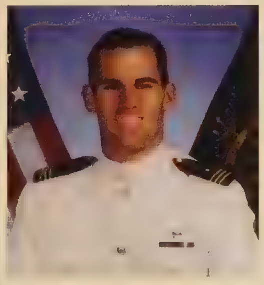


Congratulations
Ensign Craig Merchant Replogle

We should
have known
you would
want to be a
Navy SEAL

Ensign Replogle's first salute was to his brother LT Sean Replogle

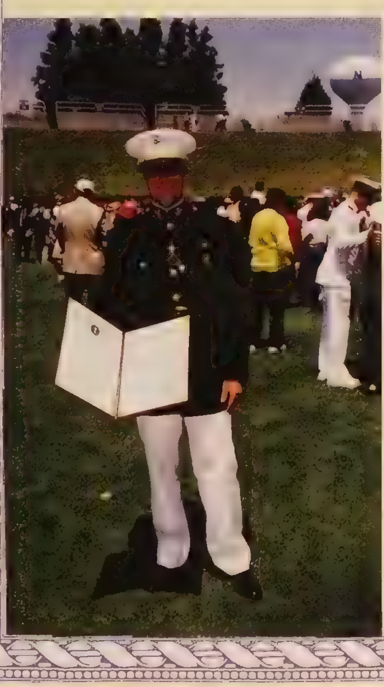
1st Company
Commander



We are so proud of your accomplishments
Our love always, Mom, Dad & Sean
- Proverbs 3.5&6 -

Dear Kevin,

We selected these pictures because, as you have done your entire life, they show you ascending, mastering, and achieving. You are one of those rare individuals who look life squarely in the eye and, without flinching, meet its challenges head-on.



God has great plans for you. Listen keenly to the soft whispers of his voice.

We are exceedingly proud of you.

Love,
Dad and Mom

Congratulations

Devil Pup!

Party on Gomez!

We are so proud of you

Live your Dream!

love,

Mom, Dad,

and Alexander

Parent Ads Continue on Page 936 of Book II

The Parents Club Of Greater Boston Congratulates the Class of 2002

Robert Aho
Colin J. Bernard
Michael L. Bower
Jason A. Cipriano
James V. Consalvi
Matthew E. Curnan
Jeffrey M. Desmond
Paul M. Dort
Brian C. Eng
Doyle P. Galvin
Alexander E. Goodno
Stephen M. Troy

U.S.S. Contstitution

Wayne G. Lewis Jr.
Patricia E. Leyland
Nathan W. Lyon
Charles M. Mello III
John P. Merchant
Sean D. Mollahan
Mathias K. Roth
Jonathan A. Savage
James C. Southerton
Daniel N. Tereshko
Justin L. White
Daniel J. Oberlander